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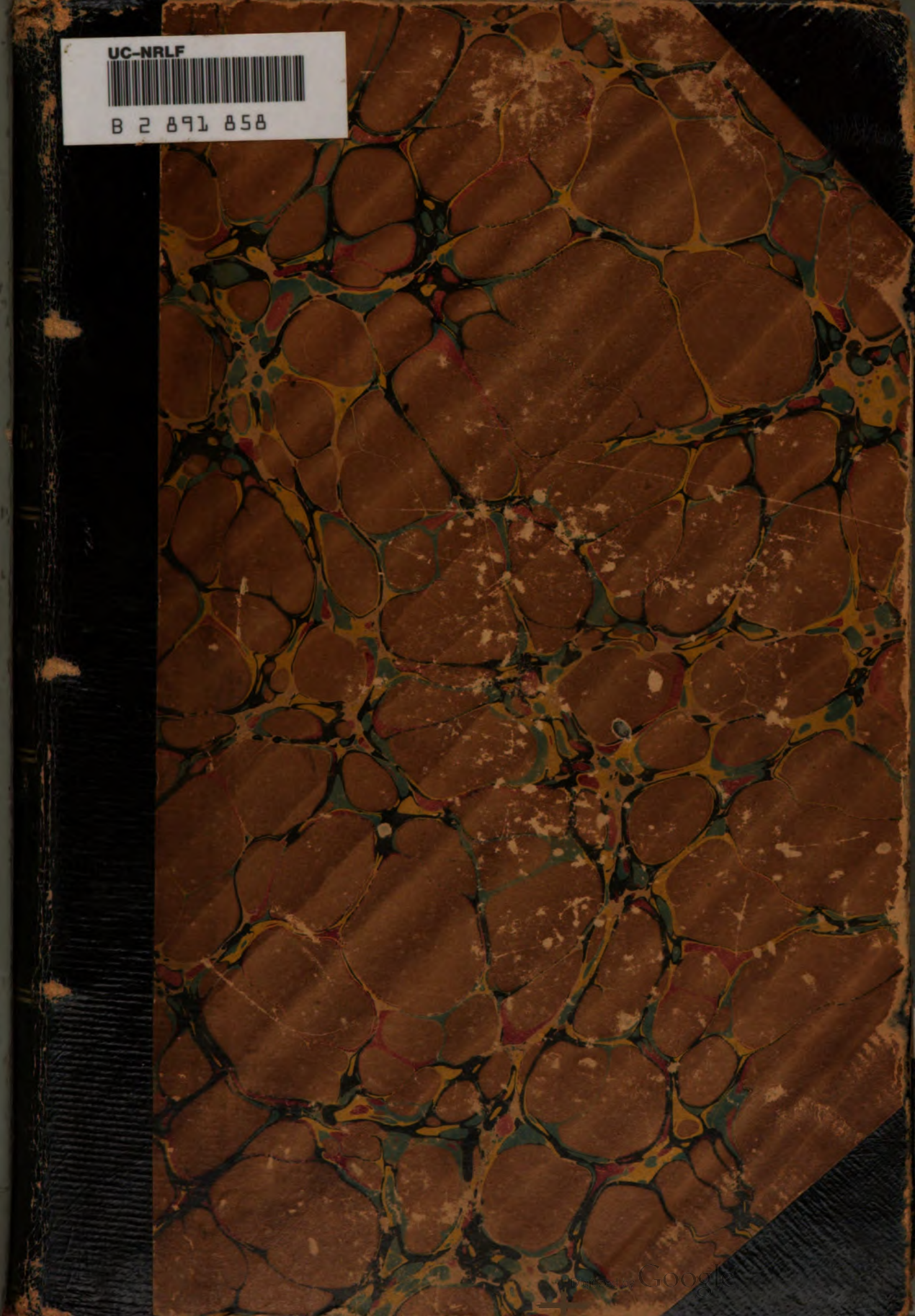
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John Baker
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Painted by J. Burnet.

Engraved by A.L. Dick.

THE DANCING DOLLS.

THE
HOME MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR.

VOL. IV.

From July to December, 1854.

PHILADELPHIA:
T. S. ARTHUR & CO.

1854.

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CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

The fourth volume of the HOME MAGAZINE closes with this number. From the beginning we have sought to improve and add fresh attractions with every new volume. We commenced without any embellishments whatever, and did not anticipate more than a limited circulation; but subscriptions came in so rapidly, that we were encouraged to introduce both steel and wood engravings freely, and the liberal expenditure has been amply justified. Our circulation now is more than double that of last year, and everything looks towards a very large increase for the coming volume.

The HOME MAGAZINE for 1855 will be improved in many respects. It will be *printed on new types and fine paper*, and be more choicely embellished than heretofore. Among the illustrations will be a series of elegant Colored Engravings, a specimen of which appears in this number. More attention will be given to the introduction of matters specially desired by home lady readers, such as patterns for embroidery and other kinds of needle-work; drawings of new costumes, and various articles of dress as well for children as others.

In the literary department the same elevated tone will be observed, and the same plan of introducing the largest variety of choice reading followed. In every respect we shall strive to make our periodical just what its name imports, a Magazine for the Home Circle.

TO VIRAL
AIRBORNE

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THE WIFE.

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THE COUNTRY GIRL.

SUMMER IN THE HEART.

WORDS BY EPES SARGENT

MUSIC BY W. R. DEMPSTER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1843, by SARGENT & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New-York.]

MODERATO,
CON
ANIMA.

The cold blast at the casement beats, The window panes are white, The snow whirls through the

empty streets, It is a dreary night! Sit down old friend! The wine-cups wait;

SUMMER IN THE HEART.

cres.

Fill to o'erflow --- ing fill! Though win - ter howl - eth at the gate - In our

cres.

f *cres.*

hearts 'tis summer still! In our hearts 'tis summer still!

f *f* *f*

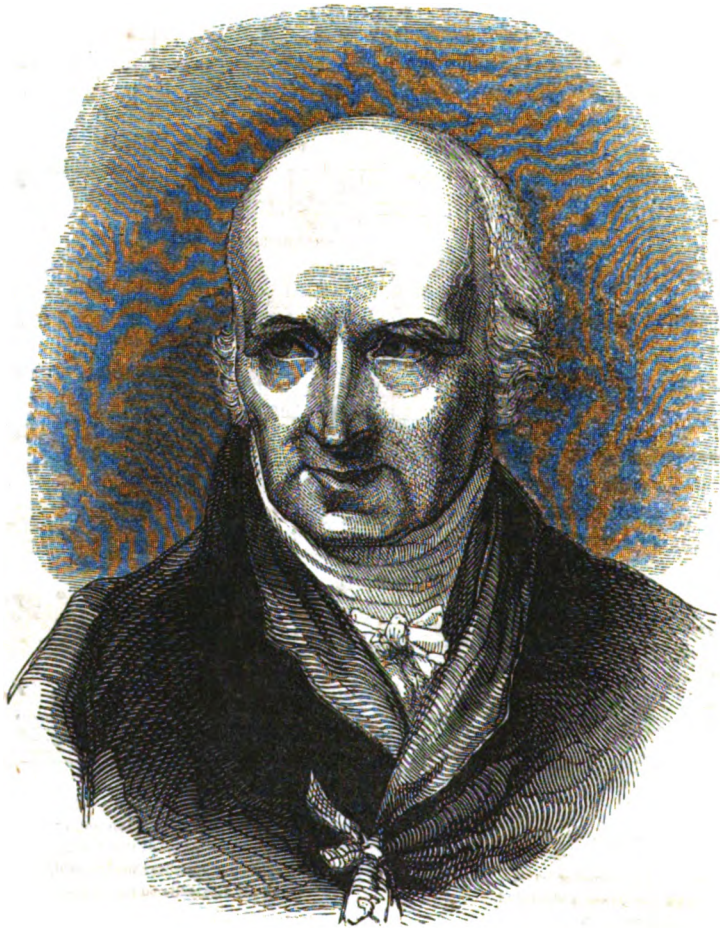
p *p*

For we full many summer joys,
And winter sports have shared,
When free and ever-roving boys,
The rocks, the streams we dared.
And as I look into thy face,
Back, back, o'er years of ill,
My heart flies to that happy place,
Where it is summer still.

What though, like sear leaves on the ground,
Our early hopes are strewn,
And summer flowers lie dead around,
And singing-birds are flown.

The verdure is not faded quite!
Not mute all tones that thrill,
For seeing, hearing thee to-night,
In my heart 'tis summer still.

Fill up! the olden times come back
With light and life once more;
We scan the future's misty track
From youth's enchanted shore,
The lost return—through fields of bloom,
We wander at our will;
Gone is the winter's angry gloom—
In our heart's 'tis summer still!



BENJAMIN WEST.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA: JULY, 1854.



THE SUMMER'S CALL.

Come away! the sunny hours
Woo thee far to founts and bowers!
O'er the very waters now,
In their play,
Flowers are shedding beauty's glow—
Come away!
Where's the lily's tender gleam
Quivers on the glancing stream—
Come away!

All the air is filled with sound,
Soft, and sultry, and profound;
Murmurs through the shadowy grass
Lightly stray;
Faint winds whisper as they pass—
Come away,

Where the bee's deep music swells
From the trembling foxglove bells—
Come away!

In the skies the sapphire blue
Now hath won its richest hue;
In the woods the breath of song
Night and day
Floats with leafy scents along—
Come away!
Where the boughs with dewy gloom
Darken each thick bed of bloom—
Come away!

In the deep heart of the rose
Now the crimson love-hue glows;

Now the glow-worm's lamp by night
Sheds a ray,
Dreamy, starry, greenly bright—
Come away!
Where the fairy cup-moss lies,
With the wild-wood strawberries,
Come away!

Now each tree by summer crown'd,
Sheds its own rich twilight round;
Glancing there from sun to shade,
Bright wings play;
There the deer its couch hath made—
Come away!
Where the smooth leaves of the lime
Glisten in their honey-time—
Come away—away!

Mrs. HEMANS.

THE USES OF TOBACCO.

While the general means for the preservation of health have been materially advanced in our society by attention to exercise, by the external use of cold water, by moderation in food, by the curtailment of dinner parties, and more especially by the fast extension of abstinence from stimulant and intoxicating drinks, there is in one particular a decided and unhappy deterioration of our social habits—the increased use of tobacco.

Many persons, and some of them wise and valuable men, impair their health and shorten their lives by this poison. If we look around in a company of our legislators, judges, and even of our venerable clergy, we see a certain number of them marked by pallid countenances, relaxed muscles, yellow-colored lips, and a languid, listless posture. We may set these down as chewers of tobacco. If we follow them to their homes, we find some of them complaining of lost appetites, pains in the chest, occasional palpitations, daily indigestion, and, finally, some irremediable disease, which carries them to their graves. The number of persons of intellectual pursuits who voluntarily place themselves in this suicidal list, is too great to be counted; and this country, we are sorry to say it, exhibits an immense proportion of such instances among its best men. In my experience, a great number of cases simulating disease of the lungs and stomach have been explained by the discovery of the habit of chewing tobacco, and the relinquishment of

the practice has been followed by restoration to health.

Of the three modes of using tobacco, *smoking* is that which seems to have insinuated itself most extensively among the young men of our community. This practice impairs the natural taste and relish for food, lessens the appetite, and weakens the power of the stomach. As to the pleasure produced by it, it is, I believe, a well-known fact, that a person smoking in the dark is often unable to determine whether his cigar is lighted or not.

Tobacco, employed in this way, being drawn in with the vital breath, conveys its poisonous influence into every part of the lungs. These organs, by the countless number of cells which form their internal structure, have a surface greatly exceeding that of the whole exterior of the body. The lining membrane of these cells has a wonderful absorbent action, by which they suck in the air destined to vivify the blood. If this air is impregnated with the fumes of tobacco, even in a weak degree, the great extent of surface in which the absorbent action takes place must necessarily produce an impregnation of the blood with the deleterious properties. The noxious fluid is entangled in the minute, spongy air cells, and has time to exert its influence on the blood, not in vivifying, but in vitiating it. The blood, having imbibed the narcotic principle, circulates it through the whole system, and produces, in consequence, a febrile action in most individuals, and especially in those of a delicate habit. The peculiar effects of the narcotic action must, of course, be developed to a greater or less extent; and eruptions on the skin, weakness of the stomach, heart, and lungs, dizziness, headache, confusion of thought, and a low, febrile action, must be the consequences. Where there is any tendency to phthisis in the lungs, the debility of these organs, consequent on the use of tobacco in this way, must favor the deposit of tuberculous matter, and thus sow the seeds of consumption.

Snuff, received into the nostrils to some extent, enters the cavities opening from them, fills those cavities, and makes a snuff-box of the olfactory apparatus. The voice is consequently impaired, sometimes to a remarkable degree. I knew a gentleman of the legal profession, who, from the use of snuff occasionally, lost the resonance of his voice and the power

of speaking audibly in court. Moreover, portions of this powder are conveyed into the lungs and stomach, and exert on these organs their deleterious effects.

The worst form in which tobacco is employed, is in *chewing*. This vegetable is one of the most powerful of narcotics; a very small portion of it, say a couple of drachms, and perhaps less, received into the stomach, might prove fatal. When it is taken into the mouth in smaller portions, and there retained some time, an absorption into the system of part of it takes place, which has a most debilitating effect. If we wished to reduce our physical powers in a slow yet certain way, we could not adopt a more convenient process. Who, among the chewers of tobacco, has not felt that deadly sickness which it occasionally produces? Those who have experienced these effects will not, I think, deny its great power of relaxing the whole animal system.

Tobacco is by some persons recommended as beneficial to the teeth; but while it can have no material effect in preserving the bony substance of the teeth, it has a real influence on their vitality, by impairing the healthy action of the gums. These, and also the adjacent parts, are very subject to cancer, particularly the tongue and lips. For more than thirty years I have been in the habit of inquiring of patients, who came to me with cancers of these parts, whether they used tobacco; and if so, whether by chewing or smoking. If they have sometimes answered in the negative as to the first question, I can truly say, that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, such cases are exceptions to the general rule. When, as is usually the case, one side of the tongue is affected with ulcerated cancer, it arises from the habitual retention of the tobacco in contact with this part. The irritation from a cigar, or even from a tobacco pipe, frequently precedes cancer of the lip. The lower lip is more commonly affected by cancer than the upper, in consequence of the irritation produced on this part by acrid substances from the mouth. Among such substances, what is more likely to cause a morbid irritation, terminating in disease, than the frequent application of tobacco juice?

Aged persons are very liable to cancer, especially about the face; and when an irritating substance is applied habitually, the skin be-

comes disordered, and takes on a cancerous action. This irritation may be produced, as already stated, by the use of tobacco in the interior of the mouth, by the habitual application of a cigar to the lips, and even by a pipe applied to the same parts. Few days pass without my having an opportunity of witnessing the verification of these facts; and at the moment of writing this, such a case presents itself for my opinion. The patient is a farmer, healthy, except that he has formerly used spirituous liquors, about fifty years old, an habitual smoker, who, two years since, was affected with cancerous ulceration of the lower lip. The primary disease was removed by an operation, and the wound healed; but soon after numerous lymphatic glands on both sides of the neck began to display the effects of cancerous poison: and there are now developed a number of large, very hard bunches, which must continue to grow until they produce a fatal termination.

The want of attention to cleanliness often connected with this practice, and the consequent lodgment of the particles of tobacco on the surface of the lip, has, as already suggested, a great influence in these cases. This would naturally suggest an inquiry, whether those, who have been in the regular habit of general and exact cleanliness, are so often affected with external cancer as others. My experience would lead me to believe that they are not so; but this is not the proper place to enter into an inquiry upon this subject.—*Dr. Warren on the Preservation of Health.*

ROWLAND HILL.—The late Rev. Rowland Hill was remarkable for his eccentric rebukes from the pulpit. He once said, on observing some persons enter his chapel to avoid the rain that was falling—

“Many persons are to be blamed for making their religion a cloak; but I do not think those are much better who make it an umbrella.”

Again, after receiving some anonymous letters from some of his congregation—

“If you wish me to read your anonymous letters, you must enclose a £5 note in them for some good charity.”

On another occasion—

“I do not want the walls of separation between different orders of Christians to be destroyed, but only lowered, that we may shake hands a little easier over them.”



HOW ARE DANDIES MADE?

This is a grave question, for fops are like veal pies—in the opinion of the waggish Weller—the crust may be rather respectable, but the making up of the interior is “werry duberous.” Exquisites at this present writing, are a conglomeration of lanky legs, hairy heads and creamy countenances. Such are their natural peculiarities. But it is evident that in considering this subject, the great topic of inquiry is, What is a dandy sartorially? Here description will proclaim him to be a being stuck into tight trousers, ditto coat and vest, ditto boots, not so much ditto overcoat, and crowned with a cylindrical structure of felt, which is called a hat. Mentally the subject of dandyism offers little field for remark, because the weakness which distinguishes the unfortunate class of our fellow-citizens now under consideration, is caused by natural imbecility and want of common sense.

It is a topic of inquiry worthy of the most acute philosophical research, whether buckishness is a natural or acquired folly. Some who have argued upon the matter have taken the ground, that all such vanities are the consequence of the great fall, and that as the expulsion from Eden was followed by the assumption of apparel, good Mother Eve was tempted and overcome by the fascinations of dress. For support of this view of the subject it may be

urged, that with the fall came dress, with dress came fashion, and with fashion came the Dandy. Others suggest that such an argument as this, going back beyond the flood, is far-fetched, and they profess to be able to assign a much better cause for dandyism. According to these philosophers every fop has “a soft place in his head,” which has been very beautifully described by the poet as

“The greenest spot
In Memory’s waste.”

They affirm that this weak portion of a skull otherwise thick, is the chosen place of the “organ of dandyism,” and controls the habits of its possessors. If this were so, we might pardon a failing which cannot be remedied, but, with Combe in our hands, we in vain run over the head to find this organ, which is certainly not a hand-organ. None of the phrenological authorities—it is a striking fact—give the locality of this bump.

No; “the milk of human kindness” which was “poured into Gall,” forbade him from making known the situation of the protuberance, and Fowler unfairly dodges the question.

Nothing is to be made out of this inquiry, and after considering the matter with great gravity, we are driven to the conclusion that Dandyism is like a bad cold, caught nobody knows how, when, or where, or why. Some

may be afflicted because they have the pores of vanity open—others who sit in the draught of affectation, may suddenly be seized by a fashionable influenza—going suddenly from the warm room of common sense into the cold air of ostentation, may give the “grippe” to some—but with many it is chronic, having been acquired in childhood when their dear mammas tricked them out in fantastic velvets and fine caps, with feathers, making them juvenile dandies among the little boys of their neighborhood.

But all this may be tiresome. We must get to the important theme, and respond categorically to the inquiry, “how are dandies made?” Answer: by eight honest mechanics, to wit, the tailor, hatter, boot-maker, linen-draper, haberdasher, glover, hosier and jeweler. Take away the articles fabricated by these men, what is he but a helpless mortal, a mere man and terribly unfashionable. We might once have added to the list of dandy manufacturers, the barber—but our modern exquisites have so little to do with that artist that the claims of Figaro to the distinction would be strongly controverted.—*Graham's Magazine*.

PARLOR AND KITCHEN;

OR, THE TRIALS OF BIDDY McCARTY.

BY MRS. S. F. DOUGHTY.

“An’ is this the place where I am to be after paying my fifty cents an’ find a situation to my liking, yer honor?” enquired a rosy cheeked, good humored looking Irishwoman, presenting herself at the door of one of the most extensive intelligence offices in the city.

“The same, my good woman,” replied the spruce little man within. “Pay me your fifty cents and I will register your name on my books. Places are plenty as blackberries. You have only to tell me what wages you desire and what kind of work you are best suited for.”

“As to the wages, I want all I can get, and as to the work, I’ll leave it entirely to yer honor. Just set me about what ye like.”

“But what have you been accustomed to doing? Every one has a preference, you know.”

“Faith an’ I have no preference at all. I will just turn my hand to anything.”

“How long have you been in the country, my friend? and what is your name?” asked

the little man in a more formal and business-like manner, as he turned over the leaves of his book.”

“Biddy McCarty, please yer honor, an’ I landed in Ameriky just twelve hours ago.”

“Twelve hours ago! A regular greenhorn!” ejaculated the dealer in “domestics of every description,” holding his pen suspended. “How did you find your way here so soon? Have you friends in the city?”

“Not a bit of a friend, barring those that I make by my own conduct, and I hope to call yer honor one of the number,” was the smiling reply. “Here is the fifty cents, and when will you give me the place?”

“As soon as possible, good woman. These things take a little time you know; I have no one on my books just now, who wishes for a greenhorn, but there are always plenty coming. Of course, you will go for low wages while you are learning?”

“Perhaps so yer honor,” was the doubtful reply, “but the larning is the hardest. I’m aisy taught, though.”

“That’s a good thing, Biddy. Will you try a situation as general housemaid? or will you keep to one branch, say cooking, chamber work, or taking care of children?”

“The childer are too much bother intirely, yer honor, bless their swate faces; and as to the cooking and chamber work, I would make a poor hand at them. What is the other place ye mentioned?”

“General housework. In a place of that kind, you would be expected to do a little of a good many things.”

“That will suit me, yer honor. It’s dull work doing one thing all the time. And now, if it please you, my trunk is fornenst the door, and I will be after taking it where yer honor may direct.”

“Your trunk! Oh, that must be left at your lodgings until a suitable place is procured.”

“Not a bit of a lodging have I, save the ship, and glad was my heart to get out of her. But sure I have paid my fifty cents, and yer honor will befriend me and find me a home.”

“As soon as possible, Biddy. In the meantime, look out for some decent place to lodge, and take your trunk there at once. Come here for an hour or two every morning, and if you like, in the afternoon also.”

“An’ shall I tell the good people who will

take me in, that yer honor will be accountable?" enquired Biddy, looking somewhat perplexed.

"By no means. I have nothing to do with your boarding place," replied the astonished clerk.

"Then give me the fifty cents, if you please, and I will settle for myself."

A long explanation at length set Biddy right, and she comprehended that the payment of fifty cents did not insure her bed and board for the next three months, so fully as she had supposed.

"An' what will become of me while ye are seeking for a suitable situation?" she enquired with a crest-fallen countenance. "In troth it is the desolate craythur I am in this land of strangers."

"Is it from county Longford ye are?" inquired a respectable looking Irishman, who stood upon the steps of the open door.

"The very same, an' a sorra day it was when I left it."

"Only relation to Dennis McCarty?" continued the querist.

"First cousin to him, may it please you, an' a likely man he is."

"Mayhap ye are a kin to my wife, who was Esther McCarty before she became Mistress O'Riley, an' if ye like to share our poor lodgings, ye are intirely welcome, until the gentleman can find you a place."

A torrent of thanks from Biddy were cut short by the Irishman shouldering her trunk and leading the way to the one small attic room, where his wife and four children gave their guest a friendly welcome, and felt themselves well repaid for the temporary inconveniences to which the visit subjected them. by the pleasure they felt in aiding the new comer, and in hearing from the very spot which still seemed to them their home.

For several succeeding days did Biddy present herself at the intelligence office, but without success. More experienced help was generally desired.

At length, however, a family living in the outskirts of the city, in a situation deemed too far out by the domestic aristocracy, consented to receive her upon trial.

"You will not find our work difficult, Biddy," remarked her mistress, as she visited the

kitchen, upon being informed of the arrival of the new comer.

"I dare say not, ma'am, when I once get the fashion of the place. I'm aisy tached, ma'am."

"Well, Biddy, we have just breakfasted, as you see. The first thing to be done is to clear up."

"Of course, yer ladyship; jist to wash the dishes an' tidy the house."

"Exactly, Biddy. After that is done, come to me for directions concerning dinner."

Mrs. Anderson retired with the pleasing reflection that she had given Biddy all necessary instructions. She was but a new housekeeper, for the first eight or nine years of married life had been passed at a boarding house. Since entering an establishment of her own, she had been blessed with one of those all accomplished domestics who require neither assistance or direction from the mistress, but are quite competent to conduct the household affairs themselves. But she wearied of the quietness of an almost country life, and found a more desirable situation in the centre of the city.

"Let us try a greenhorn," suggested Mr. Anderson. "You have leisure to teach her, and she will be more contented than one who has lived in the city for several years."

No doubts of her own capability of directing entered the mind of his wife, and she willingly assented.

"On the whole, I think I should prefer it," she remarked. "An ignorant person will be more respectful. I disliked to enter the kitchen when Catharine was here. She evidently regarded herself as my superior."

So the greenhorn was decided upon, and our friend Biddy—as favorable a specimen perhaps as could be found—was introduced as we have seen.

Alas, poor Biddy! Her trials had commenced. The task of clearing up was a simple one to be sure, to an adept in these matters, but a South Sea Islander suddenly transported to the centre of a large city, and desired to perform some common labor, could hardly have been more confounded than she at the heterogeneous mass by which she was surrounded.

In her own country, her father's house had been her home. A bed, two or three chairs, a rude table, and the most essential domestic utensils, were all it contained. No wonder that she looked around with surprise, and some

consternation at the variety and extent of her new domains.

"An' sure I am afraid to touch the cups themselves," she exclaimed, as she surveyed the breakfast table, from which the family had just risen. "Woe is me if I should chance to break one; an' them so dilicate like. The glasses will not need washing, for sure the water was clane which they drank in them. I may give them a bit of a wipe with the tail of my dress."

And suiting the action to the words, Biddy expeditiously whipped up the skirt of her dress and cleared the glasses in the twinkling of an eye.

Happy Mrs. Anderson! Quite unconscious of the duties devolving upon her with a green-born installed as mistress of the kitchen, she had arranged the portion of the house more immediately under her charge, and was now luxuriating on the sofa with the last new publication of the day in her hand.

Occasionally a slight remembrance of Biddy's inexperience would steal over her, but the quieting reflection that she had directed her to come to her room after clearing up, made all right again, and she continued her employment undisturbed.

At length, the door opened, and her only child, a lovely little girl of seven or eight years old, appeared.

"Well, Mary, my love," said the fond mother, closing her book, "what have you been doing so long? playing with your dolls or walking in the garden?"

"Neither, mamma. I have been looking at Biddy. She does work so funny."

"She is unaccustomed to our ways, dear. No doubt she will soon learn. But how does she get along?"

"She is sweeping up now, mamma. The dishes are all washed, and put in the closet. Bat, only think, she washed them in the hand-basin, and wiped the tumblers with the skirt of her dress."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mrs. Anderson, springing to her feet. "Why did you not tell her, Mary?"

"Because, mamma, you told me, when Oatharine was here, never to interfere with her in any way."

This was an unanswerable argument, for

the little lady could not be expected to know that Oatharine and Biddy were two persons.

In haste, Mrs. Anderson repaired to the kitchen. Experience had not yet taught her circumspection, and she exclaimed, as she entered—

"What pan did you use to wash the dishes, Biddy?"

"The one fornenst your ladyship, may it please you," was the reply.

"But it does not please me at all, Biddy. That is the hand-basin."

"An' sure, ma'am, I used clane water, an' not the same at all which we used for our hands."

"The dishes must all be washed over again," replied the mistress. "We could not think of eating off of them. Here is the dish-pan, Biddy; and here is a drawer full of dish-towels. Pray, do not use the skirt of your dress. It is too dirty to think of."

A slight survey of unswept corners and furniture covered with dust, and Mrs. Anderson retreated in disgust, while Biddy, with her temper considerably roused, commenced her task of rewashing the dishes.

"There's not a dacent family in county Longford than Biddy McCarty's," she muttered; "an' to think of her calling me dirty. Sure, my frock is as clane as her own. I'll not be long with her, I'm thinking."

A short time, however, cooled Biddy's resentment, and, with a smiling countenance, she presented herself at the door of the parlor, to ask for directions concerning the dinner.

"Our dinner is a very simple affair, to-day, Biddy; merely a beefsteak, potatoes and a rice pudding. Have it ready at two o'clock; Mr. Anderson will be home at that time."

"I will do my best endeavors, ma'am, but your ladyship remembers that I do not altogether understand the cooking. I'm aisy tached, however."

"Certainly, Biddy, I will give you all necessary directions. The steak is to be broiled, the potatoes boiled and mashed, and the pudding baked in the oven."

Mrs. Anderson paused as if somewhat amazed at the amount of her own knowledge; but the cloud still rested upon Biddy's brow.

"How will I make the pudding, ma'am?"

"Oh! a common rice pudding, Biddy. Just milk and eggs and rice. I do not know the

exact proportions, but you cannot fail of getting it right. It is the easiest pudding of all to make."

"And is it in the stove I will cook the dinner, ma'am?"

"Of course. Have a good fire, Biddy."

"If you please, ma'am, I'm quite ignorant like of a stove. I never made a fire in one in my life. I'm aisy tached, ma'am, if your ladyship will take the trouble."

"Just clear it all out, Biddy, and then kindle the coal with pine wood."

"Thank you, ma'am," replied curtsying Biddy, as she left the room.

Half an hour elapsed, and the dense smoke which poured through the house summoned Mrs. Anderson to the kitchen.

"Och, ma'am, an' don't ye be coming to the like of this," exclaimed Biddy, as she entered. "Your sweet eyes will be clane out intirely."

"What is the matter, Biddy?"

"Indade, ma'am, an' that's what I'd be glad to know. The chimney is burning, I'm thinking."

"Perhaps you have not managed the stove right," suggested Mrs. Anderson, hastily retreating to the front basement.

"I put in the pine wood and the coal, as your ladyship directed," replied Biddy, giving the fire a vigorous poke as she spoke. But, indade, the life is worried out of me with the smoke."

Mrs. Anderson had little knowledge of the necessary rules in making a fire or managing a stove, but the emergency was a pressing one.

"Are the dampers open, Biddy?" she asked, after a moment's thought.

"And what may those be, my lady?" was the natural inquiry.

Quite in despair, the "greenhorn" mistress forced her way to the stove, followed closely by the "greenhorn" maid.

All tight, of course. A desperate pull or two opened a passage for the smoke. The fire began to burn.

"It will go now, Biddy. Keep the dampers open," gasped Mrs. Anderson, as with streaming eyes she left the kitchen.

The place of the experienced Catharine had been temporarily supplied until Biddy's arrival. This was the first time the mistress had been called upon, and little was she prepared for the exigency. The various preliminary

steps necessary to the proper appearance of a beefsteak, potatoes and rice pudding, were entirely above or below her comprehension. She had heard it called a simple dinner, and as such had selected it for her new handmaiden's first attempt.

Quite elated that she had discovered the cause of the smoke, and had succeeded in making the fire burn, she took it for granted that all would be ready at the appointed hour; and quietly seated herself to fit a new dress for Miss Mary's doll, to the great delight of the little girl.

The clock gave notice that it was half-past one when Biddy again appeared.

"Fire clane out, ma'am," she exclaimed, with the same good-natured smile upon her countenance. "I'm not after finding out the way of the stove, at all."

"And Mr. Anderson will be home to dinner in half an hour. How near is it ready, Biddy?"

"Sure, an' is it the dinner ye mane? Troth, an' it's far enough from being ready. It's working at the fire I've been every blessed moment."

In mute despair, Mrs. Anderson repaired to the kitchen; but her presence availed little.

Mr. Anderson appeared. No fire; no dinner. Happily, he was a man of great equanimity, not easily disturbed by trifles, and still more happily, perhaps, it was a leisure day, and he was in no haste to return to his business. He kindled the fire himself, and encouraged the two inexperienced cooks, until the proposed dinner, minus the pudding, was upon the table.

"We can never get along with Biddy," exclaimed Mrs. Anderson, as she sunk into a chair, quite exhausted with heat and unusual exertion. "Only think, she does not even know now to kindle a fire, or cook a steak!"

"And Biddy can never get along with us," replied her husband, "for we do not even know enough to teach her;" and, in spite of his good nature, he looked somewhat doubtfully at the half-burnt, half-raw pieces of meat which were placed before him.

"You advised me to try a 'greenhorn,'" continued the lady, somewhat reproachfully.

"I did, my dear," was the playful reply, "because I was not aware that you belonged to the same class yourself. Nay, do not be

offended. It was a mistake of mine, I acknowledge. Send Biddy away as soon as you please. I will find you an experienced girl, before night."

Mrs. Anderson's clouded brow cleared at once. The dinner was soon despatched, and, in another hour, Biddy, somewhat consoled by a bright half dollar, which had been generously bestowed upon her as a remuneration for her valuable services, again presented herself at her old haunt, and requested that another situation might be procured for her.

"An' be sure that ye ask the ledly if she is a 'greenhorn,'" she continued, after stating the case to the gentleman within. "Don't be after serving me the shabby trick again."

"Ask the lady if she is a 'greenhorn!' shabby trick!" ejaculated the person addressed. "What can the woman mean?"

"Jist this, an' it please ye. The ledly you sent me to knows no more than myself; an' was it not a mane trick to expose me to sich ignorance?"

"Well, well, Biddy, there are an abundance of places. Let me see. There is Mrs. Williams, in Hamilton avenue. She is in need of a girl for general housework, and expects to give low wages. So, of course, she will take a new comer. That's the place for you, Biddy. She is a smart, working lady, I understand."

"That will suit me, long life to yer honor! I want the mistress who knows how to tach me. It's aisy tachd I am."

So, with the number of Mrs. Williams' residence in her hand, Biddy departed, and, before nightfall, was again installed in a new home.

Very different was her present mistress from Mrs. Anderson. A bustling, little body, well versed in the uses of pots and kettles, and by no means averse to lending a helping hand herself, as, indeed, well became the mother of a large family, and the wife of a man with a very limited income.

Here Biddy was regarded merely as an assistant, a sort of drudge ready to do what no one else could make up their minds to undertake. No danger that the tumblers would be wiped on the skirt of her dress. Tumblers were far too valuable an article to be entrusted to her charge. She might scrape the sauce-pan, wash the iron-pot, scrub the floor, sweep the side-walk, run of errands, make the fire, and, above all things, be ready at all times and sea-

sons to take the baby. No matter what Biddy was doing—washing, ironing, scrubbing, or cooking, baby must be taken.

There was nothing to be said against this. Children must be taken care of, and Mrs. Williams herself was always busy. But then it was hardly just to blame poor Biddy for the non-performance of certain tasks which she would gladly have performed had her hands been at liberty.

"Is the side-walk cleaned off, Biddy?"

"No, ma'am, not yet; but I am after going to it directly."

"And why is not done before this hour? Did I not give you particular directions to clean it every morning while we are at breakfast?"

"Yes, ma'am, but, may it please you, I had the baby this morning."

"Well there has been time enough to do it, if you had managed right. You must learn to step quick. I always do."

Poor Biddy! it was all step with her. Rise early, hurry up the work as quick as possible, leave all in order, and seizing a few leisure moments in the afternoon, steal to her own room, hoping to put a few stitches in a torn frock, or ragged apron. The needle is hardly threaded ere the summons comes.

"Biddy, have you cleared up?"

"Yes, ma'am. All is right."

"Hurry then, and get ready to take the baby."

Work must be put by at once. Biddy hastily smoothes her uncombed hair, slips on a clean dress and descends. Baby is teething and fretful. The mother gladly resigns her charge, and takes up her needle. The girl keeps baby till evening. She looks tired and out of spirits. The mistress wonders what ails Biddy. "She cannot be tired, nothing to do but to tend baby all the afternoon. There are few places where the help has an easier time."

The week passes. Biddy's frock is not mended, and, for want of a change, must be worn in rags. Then comes a reprimand for being so untidy. Cannot she use her needle? Alas, poor Biddy! there is little use in replying. Silence is her only refuge.

Once more she presents herself at the intelligence office.

"An' sure ye must be after finding me a situation where there is no baby."

"No baby! That is rather difficult. I thought you loved children."

"An' troth an' I do. Blessings on their swate faces, but not when I'm doing general housework. The two trades don't agree."

The man of business smiles, and directs her to another number.

New trials present themselves. Biddy's present mistress passes but little time in the kitchen. No matter for that. Biddy has acquired considerable knowledge within the past few weeks, and feels quite competent to go on by herself. But the lady pays a daily visit of inspection. Nothing escapes her scrutinizing eye, and all must be set right at once, no matter how inconvenient the time, or how various the duties. There is no telling at what hour she will appear. Perchance, Biddy's hands are in the dough. A glance at one of the closets shows many errors.

"Biddy, just wash your hands, and step here."

Biddy obeys. The mistakes are pointed out, and the mistress waits till they are rectified. The kneading of the bread is recommenced, but there is little hope that it will be finished without another interruption.

Washing day arrives. The lady informs her new girl that she is very particular about the washing.

Biddy "hopes she will give satisfaction." She rises early, and exerts herself to the utmost. Breakfast-time comes, and she places it upon the table. After the meal is over, she hopes for a little help about the dishes and clearing up, but none appears. Wishing to give the clothes "the best of the day," she sets by the dishes for awhile, gives the floors a hasty brush, and returns to the tub.

The usual visit of inspection is made. Things certainly have a disorderly appearance. Biddy is summoned imperatively, and reprimanded for her neglect. She pleads washing-day as an excuse, but is assured that a tidy girl will have everything as nice on that day as on any other. Then comes the dinner. No regard to Biddy's convenience. The heavy wash-boiler must be moved to make room for various required delicacies, and the washing must be put aside while they are prepared. Yet the clothes must all be completed in one day—washed, dried, and neatly folded for the ironing. No kindly word is spoken, or helping

hand extended to poor Biddy. Weary enough, she creeps to her comfortless room in the attic, so fearful that she will not be up by times in the morning. There must be no delay about breakfast. It must be ready to a moment. But very seldom are all the family prepared at the appointed hour. One by one they come straggling along, each claiming attention, delaying the morning work, and preventing Biddy, whose turn comes last, of course, from breaking her own fast, which has, doubtless, been a long one.

Sunday arrives—the day of rest. But the prospect is no more favorable. This is the day for company. The mistress herself aids in the preparations. A great dinner is necessary. If it ended here it would be well, but those never-ending dishes—Biddy may relinquish all hope of attending church or vespers, or even a run in the evening. It would be impossible. She may drag through her work, and then hurry to bed, for another washing-day is approaching.

There is no redress but the intelligence office, and in a sort of despair she again crosses its threshold.

It is early in the day, and there are few in, but the agent is busily engaged in conversation with a lady, and Biddy takes a seat at a respectful distance to await his leisure. Meanwhile she lends a listening ear to their conversation.

"I've no doubt I can suit you, ma'am. There are few in at present, but in the course of the day I will send one."

"My family is large," replied the lady, "and as my own health is poor I should prefer an experienced person. I suppose, however, it is more difficult to procure one of this kind on reasonable terms."

"A little more so, ma'am, but help of all kinds is abundant. Even the best girls, with few exceptions, are continually changing their places. They are never contented."

"The fault is not altogether theirs," was the reply. "There is a great want of consideration on the part of the employers. They forget that their servants are members of the same great human family with themselves, and that there are mutual obligations between them."

Biddy sprang to her feet in great excitement. "Now blessings on ye for a rale lady as ye

are, and a Christian beside. It is Biddy M'Carty who will serve ye till her dying day."

Though somewhat astonished, the lady could not forbear smiling pleasantly at the interruption, and said in a kindly tone:

"I fear you are not experienced enough in household work to answer my purpose, my good girl. You look like a new comer."

"Not long over, ma'am; but I've had a dael of experience in a short time. I'll do my best endeavors to suit you, ma'am, and indade I would be happy to live with a lady like yourself. I've had queer luck in Ameriky, an' that is the truth. The ladies have but little feeling for the poor girls. They must know what they were never tached, and what the mistress does not know herself. They must do everything at the proper time, even when their hands are tied when they should be about the work. They must always be ready for every body, and never mind it at all, if nobody's ready for them. In troth it is a hard life, all work, no play, and no kind words. That's the hardest part of all, ma'am."

Biddy paused for breath, and the agent fearing that she was troublesome, signed to her to retire behind the screen, but the lady interfered.

"Let her step this way, if you please; I will ask her a few questions."

A short conversation proved that Biddy knew how to do but little, but was willing to learn to do a great deal.

"Only try me, ma'am," she said, earnestly. "I will work day and night for one who can feel for a poor servant. My very heart leaped for joy when I heard your kind words about the 'obligations.' I cannot repate them, for I've not the larning, but I know the meaning well. It is the same as the rule in the Good Book, 'Do as ye would be done by.'"

"Exactly so, Biddy," replied the lady, quite affected by the girl's appeal. "That rule applies to all in whatever station of life they may be placed. I will take you on trial, Biddy," she continued after a pause; "and after you have been with me a week we will decide what your wages will be if you continue with me."

"Little care I for the wages, ma'am. I will be content with whatever ye allow me."

"I will endeavor not to abuse your confi-

dence, Biddy. At what hour in the day shall I expect you?"

"Indade, an' I will follow ye home, an' it please you. I will not be after losing sight of the blessing which it has placed Providence to send me. Good morning to ye, sir, an' many thanks for the trouble I've given you," continued Biddy, as following her new mistress, she crossed, for the last time, the threshold of the door of the intelligence office.

Her honest countenance was never seen there again. She had found her home, and, happy in doing and receiving good, she went on her way.

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—Ike Marvel, in his "Reveries of a Bachelor," thus writes:—"A man without some sort of religion is at best a poor reprobate, the football of destiny with no tie linking him to infinity, and to the wondrous eternity that is begun within; but a woman without it, is even worse—a flame without a heat, a rainbow without color, a flower without perfume. A man may in some sort tie his frail hopes and his honors to this weak, shifting ground-tackle, to his business or the world; but a woman without that anchor called Faith, is a drift and a wreck! A man may clumsily continue a sort of moral responsibility out of relations to mankind; but a woman, in her comparatively isolated sphere, where affection and not purpose is the controlling motive, can find no basis in any other system or right action but that of spiritual faith. A man may craze his thoughts and his brain to truthfulness, in such poor harborage as fame and reputation may stretch before him, but a woman—where can she put her hope in storms if not in Heaven? And that sweet trustfulness—that abiding love—that enduring hope, mellowing every page and scene of life—lighting them with pleasant radiance, when the world's storms break like an army with smoking cannon—what can bestow it all but a holy soul, tied to what is stronger than an army with cannon? Who has enjoyed the love of a Christian mother, but will echo the thought with energy, and hallow it with a tear?"

How can I come to know myself? Not by contemplation; by action only. Do your duty, and you will know your value.

COLULA, THE INDIAN SYBIL.

BY THOS. E. VAN BEBBER.

[“In each ear they have commonly three great holes, wherent they hang chains, bracelets or copper. Some of the men wears in those holes, a small greene and yellow-coloured snake, near half a yard in length, which crawling and lapping itselfe around his neck, oftentimes familiarly would kiss his lips.”—From “*the generall historie of Virginia and the Summer Isles, &c.*,” by Captaine John Smith, sometime Governour in those countreyes and Admirall of New England. From 1584 to 1626.”]

Six moons Colula was a bride;
How quick such moons aye wax and wane!
Her heart's love on the seventh died;
Colula never smiled again.

An hour she sat without a tear
Beside the stiffened corpse I ween,
Then slowly from each clay-cold ear
She took a snake of vivid green.

Colula's ears have rosy tips,
From which hang pearl and precious stone;
These now must suffer dim eclipse,
“My ear-rings now be snakes alone.”

“Come! coil around my heaving heart,
Come! nestle in this long, black hair,
And where my lips prophetic part,
Red quivering serpent-tongues be there.”

Then often on the dizzy verge
Of that tall bridge by nature reared,
She sings her hero's funeral dirge
Midst wailing winds and echoes wierd.

Oft to Weyer's magic cave she hies
Where heaves tall shaft and crystal spar,
And onwards there, with Sibyl-eyes,
Without a torch she wanders far.

Sorrow has sharpened so her sight,
The future on her vision breaks,
And thronging red men with affright
View that young Sibyl with her snakes.

For who would press those lips, though red,
Where toying serpents have been seen,
Or who caress the lovely head,
Round which those tangled coils have been?

By Shenandoah long she roams
And by Potomac's broader tide,
Till plunging where his cataract foams,
Adown the cliffs Colula died.

THE CHILD'S COMPANION.

A little child went wandering
Through life's uncertain ways,
With never changing purity
Upon his cherub face.

His hand seemed clasping tenderly
A dear, though viewless guide,
He gently moved, as keeping step
With some one at his side.

When overcome with weariness,
With hunger, pain or grief,
He pressed the hand beseechingly,
And quickly found relief.

He suffered not from loneliness,
That friendless orphan child,
For he had sweet companionship
In town and desert wild.

To join in strife or revelry;
If he inclined to stray,
He felt a touch restraining him,
And leading him away.

He chafed not at this watchfulness,
But blest his loving care,
Who walked with him so faithfully,
Amid the silent air.

At length that childish countenance
Grew pallid with disease,
His frame was weak and tottering,
And trembling were his knees.

Then on support invisible,
More fondly he would lean,
And added peace and holiness
Were on his features seen.

He smiled to see how rapidly
He wasted to the bone,
For thus he felt more certainly
The hand that clasped his own.

One morning he was motionless—
Relaxed his tender hold—
The body of the wanderer
Was lifeless, stiff and cold.

But when amid the dawning light,
Above, he seemed to die,
Two shining spirits, hand in hand,
Went soaring up the sky.

The Schoolfellow.

HARD TIMES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER I.

"Now, what I want is, Facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but Facts. Facts alone are wanted in life. Plant nothing else, and root out everything else. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon Facts: nothing else will ever be of any service to them. This is the principle on which I bring up my own children, and this is the principle on which I bring up these children. Stick to Facts, sir!"

The scene was a plain, bare, monotonous vault of a school-room, and the speaker's square forefinger emphasised his observations by underscoring every sentence with a line on the school-master's sleeve. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's square wall of a forehead, which had his eyebrows for its base, while his eyes found commodious cellars in two dark caves, overshadowed by the wall. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's mouth, which was wide, thin, and hard set. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's voice, which was inflexible, dry, and dictatorial. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's hair, which bristled on the skirts of his bald head, a plantation of firs to keep the wind from its shining surface, all covered with knobs, like the crust of a plum-pie, as if the head had scarcely warehouse-room for the hard facts stored inside. The speaker's obstinate carriage, square coat, square legs, square shoulders,—nay, his very neckcloth, trained to take him by the throat with an unaccommodating grasp, like a stubborn fact, as it was,—all helped the emphasis.

"In this life, we want nothing but Facts, sir; nothing but Facts!"

The speaker, and the school-master, and the third grown person present, all backed a little, and swept with their eyes the inclined plane of little vessels then and there arranged in order, ready to have imperial gallons of facts poured into them until they were full to the brim.

CHAPTER II.

Thomas Gradgrind, sir. A man of realities. A man of facts and calculations. A man who proceeds upon the principle that two and two are four, and nothing over, and who is not to

be talked into allowing for anything over. Thomas Gradgrind, sir—peremptorily Thomas—Thomas Gradgrind. With a rule and a pair of scales, and the multiplication table always in his pocket, sir, ready to weigh and measure any parcel of human nature, and tell you exactly what it comes to. It is a mere question of figures, a case of simple arithmetic. You might hope to get some other nonsensical belief into the head of George Gradgrind, or Augustus Gradgrind, or John Gradgrind, or Joseph Gradgrind (all supposititious, non-existent persons), but into the head of Thomas Gradgrind—no, sir!

In such terms, Mr. Gradgrind always mentally introduced himself, whether to his private circle of acquaintance, or to the public in general. In such terms, no doubt, substituting the words "boys and girls" for "sir," Thomas Gradgrind now presented Thomas Gradgrind to the little pitchers before him, who were to be filled so full of facts.

Indeed, as he eagerly sparkled at them from the cellars before mentioned, he seemed a kind of cannon loaded to the muzzle with facts, and prepared to blow them clean out of the regions of childhood at one discharge. He seemed a galvanising apparatus, too, charged with a grim mechanical substitute for the tender young imaginations that were to be stormed away.

"Girl number twenty," said Mr. Gradgrind, squarely pointing with his square forefinger, "I don't know that girl. Who is that girl?"

"Sissy Jupe, sir," explained number twenty, blushing, standing up, and curtsying.

"Sissy is not a name," said Mr. Gradgrind. "Don't call yourself Sissy. Call yourself Cecilia."

"It's father as calls me Sissy, sir," returned the young girl, in a trembling voice, and with another curtsy.

"Then he has no business to do it," said Mr. Gradgrind. "Tell him he mustn't. Cecilia Jupe. Let me see. What is your father?"

He belongs to the horse-riding, if you please, sir."

Mr. Gradgrind frowned, and waved off the objectionable calling with his hand.

"We don't want to know anything about that, here. You mustn't tell us about that, here. Your father breaks horses, don't he?"

"If you please, sir, when they can get any

to break, they do break horses in the ring, sir."

"You mustn't tell us about the ring, here. Very well, then. Describe your father as a horse-breaker. He doctors sick horses, I dare say?"

"Oh! yes, sir."

"Very well, then. He is a veterinary surgeon, a farrier and horse-breaker. Give me your definition of a horse."

(Sissy Jupe thrown into the greatest alarm by this demand.)

"Girl number twenty unable to define a horse!" said Mr. Gradgrind, for the general behoof of all the little pitchers. "Girl number twenty possessed of no facts in reference to one of the commonest of animals! Some boy's definition of a horse. Bitzer, yours."

The square finger, moving here and there, lighted suddenly on Bitzer, perhaps because he chanced to sit in the same ray of sunlight which, darting in at one of the bare windows of the intensely whitewashed room, irradiated Sissy. For, the boys and girls sat on the face of the inclined plane in two compact bodies, divided up the centre by a narrow interval; and Sissy, being at the corner of a row on the sunny side, came in for the beginning of a sun-beam, of which Bitzer, being at the corner of a row on the other side, a few rows in advance, caught the end. But, whereas the girl was so dark-eyed and dark-haired, that she seemed to receive a deeper and more lustrous color from the sun when it shone upon her, the boy was so light-eyed and light-haired that the self-same rays appeared to draw out of him what little color he ever possessed. His cold eyes would hardly have been eyes but for the short ends of lashes which, by bringing them into immediate contrast with something paler than themselves, expressed their form. His short-cropped hair might have been a mere continuation of the sandy freckles on his forehead and face. His skin was so unwholesomely deficient in the natural tinge, that he looked as though, if he were cut, he would bleed white.

"Bitzer," said Thomas Gradgrind. "Your definition of a horse."

"Quadruped. Graminivorous. Forty teeth; namely, twenty-four grinders, four eye-teeth, and twelve incisive. Sheds coat in the Spring; in marshy countries, sheds hoofs, too. Hoofs hard, but requiring to be shod with iron. Age

known by marks in mouth." Thus (and much more) Bitzer.

"Now girl number twenty," said Mr. Gradgrind. "You know what a horse is."

She curtsied again, and would have blushed deeper, if she could have blushed deeper than she had blushed all this time. Bitzer, after rapidly blinking at Thomas Gradgrind with both eyes at once, and so catching the light upon his quivering ends of lashes that they looked like the antennæ of busy insects, put his knuckles to his freckled forehead, and sat down again.

The third gentleman now stepped forth. A mighty man at cutting and drying, he was; a government officer: in his way (and in most other people's, too) a professed pugilist; always in training, always with a system to force down the general throat like a bolus, always to be heard of at the bar of his little Public-office, ready to fight all England. To continue in fistic phraseology, he had a genius for coming up to the scratch, wherever and whatever it was, and proving himself an ugly customer. He would go in and damage any subject whatever with his right, follow up with his left, stop, exchange, counter, bore his opponent (he always fought All England) to the ropes, and fall upon him neatly. He was certain to knock the wind out of common-sense, and render that unlucky adversary deaf to the call of time. And he had it in charge from high authority to bring about the great public-office Millennium, when Commissioners should reign upon earth.

"Very well," said this gentleman, briskly smiling, and folding his arms. "That's a horse. Now, let me ask you, girls and boys, Would you paper a room with representations of horses?"

After a pause, one half of the children cried in chorus, "Yes, sir!" Upon which the other half, seeing in the gentleman's face that Yes was wrong, cried out in chorus, "No, sir!"—as the custom is, in these examinations.

"Of course, No. Why wouldn't you?"

A pause. One corpulent slow boy, with a wheezy manner of breathing, ventured the answer, Because he wouldn't paper a room at all, but would paint it.

"You must paper it," said the gentleman, rather warmly.

"You must paper it," said Thomas Gradgrind, "whether you like it or not. Don't tell

as you wouldn't paper it. What do you mean, boy?"

"I'll explain to you, then," said the gentleman, after another and a dismal pause, "why you wouldn't paper a room with representations of horses. Do you ever see horses walking up and down the sides of rooms in reality—in fact? Do you?"

"Yes, sir!" from one half. "No, sir!" from the other.

"Of course, no," said the gentleman, with an indignant look at the wrong half. "Why, then, you are not to see anywhere, what you don't see in fact; you are not to have anywhere, what you don't have in fact. What is called Taste, is only another name for Fact."

Thomas Gradgrind nodded his approbation.

"This is a new principle, a discovery, a great discovery," said the gentleman. "Now, I'll try you again. Suppose you were going to carpet a room. Would you use a carpet having a representation of flowers upon it?"

There being a general conviction by this time that "No, sir!" was always the right answer to this gentleman, the chorus of No was very strong. Only a few feeble stragglers said Yes; among them Sissy Jupe.

"Girl number twenty," said the gentleman, smiling in the calm strength of knowledge.

Sissy blushed, and stood up.

"So you would carpet your room—or your husband's room, if you were a grown woman, and had a husband—with representations of flowers, would you?" said the gentleman. "Why would you?"

"If you please, sir, I am very fond of flowers," returned the girl.

"And is that why you would put tables and chairs upon them, and have people walking over them with heavy boots?"

"It wouldn't hurt them, sir. They wouldn't crush and wither if you please, sir. They would be the pictures of what was very pretty and pleasant, and I would fancy——"

"Ay, ay, ay! But you mustn't fancy," cried the gentleman, quite elated by coming so happily to his point. "That's it! You are never to fancy."

"You are not, Mary Jupe," Thomas Gradgrind solemnly repeated, "to do anything of that kind."

"Fact, fact, fact!" said the gentleman. And "Fact, fact, fact!" repeated Thomas Gradgrind.

"You are to be in all things regulated and governed," said the gentleman, "by fact. We hope to have, before long, a board of fact, composed of commissioners of fact, who will force the people to be a people of fact, and of nothing but fact. You must discard the word Fancy altogether. You have nothing to do with it. You are not to have, in any object of use or ornament, what would be a contradiction in fact. You don't walk upon flowers in fact; you cannot be allowed to walk upon flowers in carpets. You don't find that foreign birds and butterflies come and perch upon your crockery; you cannot be permitted to paint foreign birds and butterflies upon your crockery. You never meet with quadrupeds going up and down walls; you must not have quadrupeds represented upon walls. You must use," said the gentleman, "for all these purposes, combinations and modifications (in primary colors) of mathematical figures which are susceptible of proof and demonstration. This is the new discovery. This is fact. This is taste."

The girl curtsied and sat down. She was very young, and she looked as if she were frightened by the matter of fact prospect the world afforded.

"Now, if Mr. M'Choakumchild," said the gentleman, "will proceed to give his first lesson here, Mr. Gradgrind, I shall be happy, at your request, to observe his mode of procedure."

Mr. Gradgrind was much obliged. "Mr. M'Choakumchild, we only wait for you."

So, Mr. M'Choakumchild began in his best manner. He and some one hundred and forty other school-masters had been lately turned at the same time, in the same factory, on the same principles, like so many piano-forte legs. He had been put through an immense variety of paces, and had answered volumes of head-breaking questions. Orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody, biography, astronomy, geography, and general cosmography, the sciences of compound proportion, algebra, land surveying and levelling, vocal music and drawing from models, were all at the ends of his ten chilled fingers. He had worked his stoney way into Her Majesty's most Honorable Privy Council's Schedule B, and had taken the bloom off the higher branches of mathematics and physical science, French, German, Latin, and Greek. He knew all about all the Water Sheds of all the world, (whatever they are,) and all

the histories of all the peoples, and all the names of all the rivers and mountains, and all the productions, manners, and customs of all the countries, and all their boundaries and bearings on the two and thirty points of the compass. Ah, rather overdone, M'Choakumchild. If he had only learnt a little less, how infinitely better he might have taught much more!

He went to work in this preparatory lesson, not unlike Morgiana in the Forty Thieves: looking into all the vessels ranged before him, one after another, to see what they contained. Say, good M'Choakumchild! When from thy boiling store, thou shalt fill each jar brimful by and by, dost thou think that thou wilt always kill outright the robber Fancy lurking within—or sometimes only maim him and distort him!

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Gradgrind walked homeward from the school, in a state of considerable satisfaction. It was his school, and he intended it to be a model. He intended every child in it to be a model—just as the young Gradgrinds were all models.

There were five young Gradgrinds, and they were models every one. They had been lectured at, from their tenderest years; coursed, like little hares. Almost as soon as they could run alone, they had been made to run to the lecture-room. The first object with which they had an association, or of which they had a remembrance, was a large black board with a dry Ogre chalking ghastly white figures on it.

Not that they knew, by name or nature, anything about an Ogre. Fact forbid! I only use the word to express a monster in a lecturing castle, with Heaven knows how many heads manipulated into one, taking childhood captive, and dragging it into gloomy statistical dens by the hair.

No little Gradgrind had ever seen a face in the moon; it was up in the moon before it could speak distinctly. No little Gradgrind had ever learnt the silly jingle, *Twinkle, twinkle, little star*; how I wonder what you are; it had never known wonder on the subject, having at five years old dissected the Great Bear like a Professor Owen, and driven Charles's Wain like a locomotive engine-driver. No little Gradgrind had ever associated a cow in a field with that famous cow with the crumpled horn who

tossed the dog who worried the cat who killed the rat who ate the malt, or with that yet more famous cow who swallowed Tom Thumb; it had never heard of those celebrities, and had only been introduced to a cow as a graminivorous, ruminating quadruped, with several stomachs.

To his matter of fact home, which was called Stone Lodge, Mr. Gradgrind directed his steps. He had virtually retired from the wholesale hardware trade before he built Stone Lodge, and was now looking about for a suitable opportunity of making an arithmetical figure in Parliament. Stone Lodge was situated on a moor within a mile or two of a great town—called Coketown in the present faithful guide-book.

A very regular feature on the face of the country, Stone Lodge was. Not the least disguise toned down or shaded off that uncomplimentary fact in the landscape. A great square house, with a heavy portico darkening the principal windows, as its master's heavy brows overshadowed his eyes. A calculated, cast up, balanced, and proved house. Six windows on this side of the door, six on that side; a total of twelve in this wing, a total of twelve in the other wing; four and twenty carried over to the back. A lawn and garden, and an infant avenue, all ruled straight like a botanical account-book. Gas, and ventilation, drainage and water-service, all of the primeest quality. Iron clamps and girders, fire-proof from top to bottom; mechanical lifts for the housemaids, with all their brushes and brooms; everything that heart could desire.

Everything? Well, I suppose so. The little Gradgrinds had cabinets in various departments of science, too. They had a little conchological cabinet, and a little metallurgical cabinet; and a little mineralogical cabinet; and the specimens were all arranged and labelled, and the bits of stone and ore looked as though they might have been broken from the parent substances by those tremendously hard instruments their own names; and to paraphrase the idle legend of Peter Piper, who had never found his way into their nursery. If the greedy little Gradgrinds grasped at more than this, what was it for good gracious goodness sake, that the greedy little Gradgrinds grasped at!

Their father walked on in a hopeful and satisfied frame of mind. He was an affectionate

father, after his manner; but he would probably have described himself (if he had been put, like Sissy Jupe, upon a definition) as "an eminently practical" father. He had a particular pride in the phrase eminently practical, which was considered to have a special application to him. Whatsoever the public meeting held in Coketown, and whatsoever the subject of such meeting, some Coketowner was sure to seize the occasion of alluding to his eminently practical friend Gradgrind. This always pleased the eminently practical friend. He knew it to be his due, but his due was acceptable.

He had reached the neutral ground upon the outskirts of the town, which was neither town nor country, and yet was either spoiled, when his ears were invaded by the sound of music. The clashing and banging band attached to the horse-riding establishment which had there set up its rest in a wooden pavilion, was in full bray. A flag, floating from the summit of the temple, proclaimed to mankind that it was "Sleary's Horse-riding" which claimed their suffrages. Sleary himself, a stout modern statue with a money-box at his elbow, in an ecclesiastical niche of early Gothic architecture, took the money. Miss Josephine Sleary, as some very long and very narrow strips of printed bill announced, was then inaugurating the entertainments with her graceful equestrian Tyrolean flower-act. Among the other pleasing but always strictly moral wonders which must be seen to be believed, Signor Jupe was that afternoon to "elucidate the diverting accomplishments of his highly trained performing dog Merrylegs." He was also to exhibit "his astounding feat of throwing seventy-five hundred weight in rapid succession backhanded over his head, thus forming a fountain of solid iron in mid-air, a feat never before attempted in this or any other country, and which having elicited such rapturous plaudits from enthusiastic throngs it cannot be withdrawn." The same Signor Jupe was to "enliven the varied performances at frequent intervals with his chaste Shaksperian quips and retorts." Lastly, he was to wind them up by appearing in his favorite character of Mr. William Button, of Tooley Street, in "the highly novel and laughable hippo-comedietta of The Tailor's Journey to Brentford."

Thomas Gradgrind took no heed of these trivialities, of course, but passed on as a practi-

cal man ought to pass on, either brushing the noisy insects from his thoughts, or consigning them to the House of Correction. But the turning of the road took him by the back of the booth, and at the back of the booth a number of children were congregated in a number of stealthy attitudes, striving to peep in at the hidden glories of the place.

This brought him to a stop. "Now, to think of these vagabonds," said he, "attracting the young rabble from a model school!"

A space of stunted grass and dry rubbish being between him and the young rabble, he took his eyeglass out of his waistcoat to look for any child he knew by name, and might order off. Phenomenon almost incredible though distinctly seen, what did he then behold but his own metallurgical Louisa peeping with all her might through a hole in a deal-board, and his own mathematical Thomas abasing himself on the ground to catch but a hoof of the graceful equestrian Tyrolean flower-act!

Dumb with amazement, Mr Gradgrind crossed to the spot where his family was thus disgraced, laid his hand upon each erring child, and said:

"Louisa!! Thomas!!"

Both rose, red and disconcerted. But, Louisa looked at her father with more boldness than Thomas did. Indeed, Thomas did not look at him, but gave himself up to be taken home like a machine.

"In the name of wonder, idleness, and folly!" said Mr. Gradgrind, leading each away by the hand: "what do you do here?"

"Wanted to see what it was like," returned Louisa shortly.

"What it was like?"

"Yes, father."

There was an air of jaded sullenness in them both, and particularly in the girl; yet, struggling through the dissatisfaction of her face, there was a light with nothing to rest upon, a fire with nothing to burn, a starved imagination keeping life in itself somehow, which brightened its expression. Not with the brightness natural to cheerful youth, but with uncertain, eager, doubtful flashes, which had something painful in them, analogous to the changes on a blind face groping its way.

She was a child now, of fifteen or sixteen; but at no distant day would seem to become a woman all at once. Her father thought so as

he looked at her. She was pretty. Would have been self-willed (he thought in his eminently practical way) but for her bringing-up.

"Thomas, though I have the fact before me, I find it difficult to believe that you, with your education and resources, should have brought your sister to a scene like this."

"I brought him, father," said Louisa, quickly. "I asked him to come."

"I am sorry to hear it. I am very sorry indeed to hear it. It makes Thomas no better, and it makes you worse, Louisa."

She looked at her father again, but no tear fell down her cheek.

"You! Thomas and you, to whom the circle of the sciences is open, Thomas and you who may be said to be replete with facts, Thomas and you who have been trained to mathematical exactness, Thomas and you here!" cried Mr. Gradgrind. "In this degraded position! I am amazed."

"I was tired, father. I have been tired a long time," said Louisa.

"Tired? Of what?" asked the astonished father.

"I don't know of what—of everything I think."

"Say not another word," returned Mr. Gradgrind. "You are childish. I will hear no more." He did not speak again until they had walked some half-a-mile in silence, when he gravely broke out with: "What would your best friends say, Louisa? Do you attach no value to their good opinion? What would Mr. Bounderby say?"

At the mention of this name, his daughter stole a look at him, remarkable for its intense and searching character. He saw nothing of it, for before he looked at her she had again cast down her eyes!

"What," he repeated presently, "would Mr. Bounderby say?" All the way to Stone Lodge, as with grave indignation he led the two delinquents home, he repeated at intervals, "What would Mr. Bounderby say?"—as if Mr. Bounderby had been Mrs. Grundy.

CHAPTER IV.

Not being Mrs. Grundy, who was Mr. Bounderby?

Why, Mr. Bounderby was as near being Mr. Gradgrind's bosom friend, as a man perfectly devoid of sentiment can approach that

spiritual relationship towards another man perfectly devoid of sentiment. So near was Mr. Bounderby—or, if the reader should prefer it, so far off.

He was a rich man: banker, merchant, manufacturer, and what not. A big, loud man, with a stare and a metallic laugh. A man made out of a coarse material, which seemed to have been stretched to make so much of him. A man with a great puffed head and a forehead, swelled veins in his temples, and such a strained skin to his face that it seemed to hold his eyes open, and lift his eyebrows up. A man with a pervading appearance on him of being inflated like a balloon, and ready to start. A man who could never sufficiently vaunt himself a self made man. A man who was always proclaiming, through that brassy speaking-trumpet of a voice of his, his old ignorance and his old poverty. A man who was the Bully of humility.

A year or two younger than his eminently practical friend, Mr. Bounderby, looked older; his seven or eight and forty might have had the seven or eight added to it again, without surprising anybody. He had not much hair. One might have fancied he had talked it off; and that what was left, all standing up in disorder, was in that condition from being constantly blown about by his windy boastfulness.

In the formal drawing-room of Stone Lodge, standing on the hearth-rug, warming himself before the fire, Mr. Bounderby delivered some observations to Mrs. Gradgrind on the circumstance of its being his birthday. He stood before the fire, partly because it was a cool Spring afternoon, though the sun shone; partly because the shade of Stone Lodge was always haunted by the ghost of damp mortar; partly because he thus took up a commanding position, from which to subdue Mrs. Gradgrind.

"I hadn't a shoe to my foot. As to a stocking, I didn't know such a thing by name. I passed the day in a ditch, and the night in a pigsty. That's the way I spent my tenth birthday. Not that a ditch was new to me, for I was born in a ditch."

Mrs. Gradgrind, a little, thin, white, pink-eyed bundle of shawls, of surpassing feebleness, mental and bodily; who was always taking physio without any effect, and who,

whenever she showed a symptom of coming to life, was invariably stunned by some weighty piece of fact tumbling on her; Mrs. Gradgrind hoped it was a dry ditch?

"No! As wet as a sop. A foot of water in it," said Mr. Bounderby.

"Enough to give a baby cold," Mrs. Gradgrind considered.

"Cold? I was born with inflammation of the lungs, and of everything else, I believe, that was capable of inflammation," returned Mr. Bounderby. "For years, ma'am, I was one of the most miserable little wretches ever seen. I was so sickly, that I was always moaning and groaning. I was so ragged and dirty, that you wouldn't have touched me with a pair of tongs."

Mrs. Gradgrind faintly looked at the tongs, as the most appropriate thing her imbecility could think of doing.

"How I fought through it, I don't know," said Bounderby. "I was determined, I suppose. I have been a determined character in later life, and I suppose I was then. Here I am, Mrs. Gradgrind, anyhow, and nobody to thank for my being here but myself."

Mrs. Gradgrind meekly and weakly hoped that his mother—

"My mother? Bolted, ma'am!" said Bounderby.

Mrs. Gradgrind, stunned as usual, collapsed and gave it up.

"My mother left me to my grandmother," said Bounderby; "and, according to the best of my remembrance, my grandmother was the wickedest and the worst old woman that ever lived. If I got a little pair of shoes by any chance, she would take 'em off and sell 'em for drink. Why, I have known that grandmother of mine lie in her bed and drink her fourteen glasses of liquor before breakfast!"

Mrs. Gradgrind, weakly smiling, and giving no other sign of vitality, looked (as she always did) like an indifferently executed transparency of a small female figure, without enough light behind it.

"She kept a chandler's shop," pursued Bounderby, "and kept me in an egg-box. That was the cot of my infancy; an old egg-box. As soon as I was big enough to run away, of course I ran away. Then I became a young vagabond; and instead of one old woman knocking me about and starving me,

everybody of all ages knocked me about and starved me. They were right; they had no business to do anything else. I was a nuisance, an incumbrance, and a pest. I know that, very well."

His pride in having at any time of his life achieved such a great social distinction as to be a nuisance, an incumbrance, and a pest, was only to be satisfied by three sonorous repetitions of the boast.

"I was to pull through it suppose, Mrs. Gradgrind. Whether I was to do it or not, ma'am I did it. I pulled though it, though nobody threw me out a rope. Vagabond, errand boy, vagabond, laborer, porter, clerk, chief, manager, small partner, Josiah Bounderby of Coketown. Those are the antecedents, and the culmination. Josiah Bounderby of Coketown learnt his letters from the outsides of the shops, Mrs. Gradgrind, and was first able to tell the time upon a dial-plate, from studying the steeple clock of St. Giles's Church, London, under the direction of a drunken cripple, who was a convicted thief and an incorrigible vagrant. Tell Josiah Bounderby of Coketown, of your district schools and your model schools, and your training schools, and your whole kettle-of-fish of schools; and Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown, tells you plainly, all right, all correct—he hadn't such advantages—but let us have hard-headed, solid-fisted people—the education that made him won't do for everybody, he knows well—such and such his education was, however, and you may force him to swallow boiling fat, but you shall never force him to suppress the facts of his life."

Being heated when he arrived at this climax, Josiah Bounderby of Coketown stopped. He stopped just as his eminently practical friend, still accompanied by the two young culprits, entered the room. His eminently practical friend, on seeing him, stopped also, and gave Louisa a reproachful look that plainly said, "Behold your Bounderby!"

"Well!" blustered Mr. Bounderby, "what's the matter? What is young Thomas in the dumps about?"

He spoke of young Thomas, but he looked at Louisa.

"We were peeping at the circus," muttered Louisa, haughtily, without lifting up her eyes, "and father caught us."

"And Mrs. Gradgrind," said her husband in a lofty manner, "I should as soon have expected to find my children reading poetry."

"Dear me," whimpered Mrs. Gradgrind. "How can you, Louisa and Thomas? I wonder at you. I declare you're enough to make one regret ever having had a family at all. I have a great mind to say I wish I hadn't. Then, what would you have done, I should like to know?"

Mr. Gradgrind did not seem favorably impressed by these cogent remarks. He frowned impatiently.

"As if, with my head in its present throbbing state, you couldn't go and look at the shells and minerals and things provided for you, instead of circuses!" said Mrs. Gradgrind. "You know, as well as I do, no young people have circus-masters, or keep circuses in cabinets, or attend lectures about circuses. What can you possibly want to know of circuses, then? I am sure you have enough to do, if that's what you want. With my head in its present state, I couldn't remember the mere names of half the facts you have got to attend to."

"That's the reason," pouted Louisa.

"Don't tell me that's the reason, because it can be nothing of the sort," said Mrs. Gradgrind. "Go and be somethingolical directly." Mrs. Gradgrind was not a scientific character, and usually dismissed her children to their studies with this general injunction to choose their pursuit.

In truth, Mrs. Gradgrind's stock of facts in general was woefully defective, but Mr. Gradgrind in raising her to her high matrimonial position had been influenced by two reasons.

Firstly, she was most satisfactory as a question of figures; and, secondly, she had "no nonsense" about her. By nonsense he meant fancy; and truly it is probable she was as free from any alloy of that nature, as any human being not arrived at the perfection of an absolute idiot, ever was.

The simple circumstance of being left alone with her husband and Mr. Bounderby, was sufficient to stun this admirable lady again, without collision between herself and any other fact. So, she once more died away, and nobody minded her.

"Bounderby," said Mr. Gradgrind, drawing a chair to the fireside, "you are always so in-

terested in my young people—particularly in Louisa—that I make no apology for saying to you, I am very much vexed by this discovery. I have systematically devoted myself (as you know) to the education of the reason of my family. The reason is (as you know) the only faculty to which education should be addressed. And yet, Bounderby, it would appear from this unexpected circumstance of to-day, though in itself a trifling one, as if something had crept into Thomas's and Louisa's minds which is—or rather, which is not—I don't know that I can express myself better than by saying—which has never been intended to be developed, and in which their reason has no part."

"There certainly is no reason in looking with interest at a parcel of vagabonds," returned Bounderby. "When I was a vagabond myself, nobody looked with any interest at me; I know that."

"Then comes the question," said the eminently practical father, with his eyes on the fire, "in what has this vulgar curiosity its rise?"

"I'll tell you in what. In idle imagination."

"I hope not," said the eminently practical; "I confess, however, that the misgiving has crossed me on my way home."

"In idle imagination, Gradgrind," repeated Bounderby. "A very bad thing for anybody, but a cursed bad thing for a girl like Louisa. I should ask Mrs. Gradgrind's pardon for strong expressions, but that she knows very well I am not a refined character. Whoever expects refinement in me will be disappointed. I hadn't a refined bringing up."

"Whether," said Mr. Gradgrind, pondering with his hands in his pockets, and his cavernous eyes on the fire, "whether any instructor or servant can have suggested anything? Whether Louisa or Thomas can have been reading anything? Whether, in spite of all precautions, any idle story-book can have got into the house? Because, by minds that have been practically formed by rule and line, from the cradle upwards, this is so curious, so incomprehensible."

"Stop a bit!" cried Bounderby, who all this time had been standing, as before, on the hearth, bursting at the very furniture of the room with explosive humility. "You have one of those strollers' children in the school."

"Cecilia Jupe by name," said Mr. Grad-

grind, with something of a stricken look at his friend.

"Now, stop a bit!" cried Bounderby again. "How did she come there?"

"Why, the fact is, I saw the girl myself for the first time, only just now. She specially applied here at the house to be admitted, as not regularly belonging to our town, and—yes, you are right, Bounderby, you are right."

"Now, stop a bit," cried Bounderby, once more. "Louisa saw her when she came?"

"Louisa certainly did see her, for she mentioned the application to me. But Louisa saw her, I have no doubt, in Mrs. Gradgrind's presence."

"Pray, Mrs. Grandgrind," said Bounderby, "what passed?"

"Oh, my poor health!" returned Mrs. Gradgrind. "The girl wanted to come to the school, and Mr. Gradgrind wanted girls to come to the school, and Louisa and Thomas both said that the girl wanted to come, and, that Mr. Gradgrind wanted girls to come, and how was it possible to contradict them when such was the fact!"

"Now I tell you what, Gradgrind!" said Mr. Bounderby. "Turn this girl to the right about, and there's an end of it."

"I am much of your opinion."

"Do it at once," said Bounderby, "has always been my motto from a child. When I thought I would run away from my egg-box and my grandmother, I did it at once. Do you the same. Do this at once."

"Are you walking?" asked his friend. "I have the father's address. Perhaps you would not mind walking to town with me?"

"Not the least in the world," said Mr. Bounderby, "as long as you do it at once!"

So, Mr. Bounderby threw on his hat—he always threw it on, as expressing a man who had been far too busily employed in making himself to acquire any fashion of wearing his hat—and with his hands in his pockets sauntered out into the hall. "I never wear gloves," it was his custom to say. "I didn't climb up the ladder in *them*. Shouldn't be so high up if I had."

Being left to saunter in the hall a minute or two, while Mr. Gradgrind went up stairs for the address, he opened the door of the children's study, and looked into that serene floor-clothed apartment, which, notwithstanding its

book-cases and its cabinets, and its variety of learned and philosophical appliances, had much of the genial aspect of a room devoted to hair-cutting. Louisa languidly leaned upon the window, looking out without looking at anything, while young Thomas stood sniffing revengefully at the fire. Adam Smith and Malthus, two younger Gradgrinds, were out at lecture in custody; and little Jane, after manufacturing a good deal of moist pipe-clay on her face with slate-pencil and tears, had fallen asleep over vulgar fractions.

"It's all right, now, Louisa; it's all right, young Thomas," said Mr. Bounderby; "you won't do so any more. I'll answer for its being all over with father. Well, Louisa, that's worth a kiss, isn't it?"

"You can take one, Mr. Bounderby," returned Louisa, when she had coldly paused, and slowly walked across the room, and ungraciously raised her cheek towards him, with her face turned away.

"Always my pet; an't you, Louisa?" said Mr. Bounderby. "Good bye, Louisa!"

He went his way, but she stood on the same spot, rubbing the cheek he had kissed, with her handkerchief, until it was burning red. She was still doing this five minutes afterwards.

"What are you about, Loo?" her brother sulkily remonstrated. "You'll rub a hole in your face."

"You may cut the piece out with your pen-knife, if you like, Tom. I wouldn't cry!"

CHAPTER V.

Coketown, to which Messrs. Bounderby and Gradgrind now walked, was a triumph of fact; it had no greater taint of fancy in it than Mrs. Gradgrind herself. Let us strike the key-note, Coketown, before pursuing our tune.

It was a town of red brick, or of brick that would have been red if the smoke and ashes had allowed it; but, as matters stood, it was a town of unnatural red and black like the painted face of a savage. It was a town of machinery and tall chimneys, out of which interminable serpents of smoke trailed themselves for ever and ever, and never got uncoiled. It had a black canal in it, and a river that ran purple with ill smelling dye, and vast piles of building, full of windows, where there was a rattling and a trembling all day long,

and where the piston of the steam engine worked monotonously up and down, like the head of an elephant in a state of melancholy madness. It contained several large streets, all very like one another, and many small streets still more like one another, inhabited by people equally like one another, who all went in and out at the same hours, with the same sound upon the same pavements, to do the same work, and to whom every day was the same as yesterday and to-morrow, and every year the counterpart of the last and the next.

These attributes of Coketown were in the main inseparable from the work by which it was sustained; against them were to be set off, comforts of life which found their way all over the world, and elegances of life which made we will not ask how much of the fine lady who could scarcely bear to hear the place mentioned. The rest of its features were voluntary, and they were these.

You saw nothing in Coketown but what was severely useful. If the members of a religious persuasion built a chapel there—as the members of eighteen religious persuasions had done—they made it a pious warehouse, of red brick, with sometimes (but this only in highly ornamented examples) a bell in a birdcage on the top of it. The solitary exception was the new church; a stuccoed edifice, with a square steeple over the door, terminating in four stunted pinnacles like florid wooden legs. All the public inscriptions in the town were painted alike, in severe characters of black and white. The jail might have been the infirmary, the infirmary might have been the jail, and the town hall might have been either, or both, or anything else, for anything that appeared to the contrary in the graces of their construction. Fact, fact, fact, everywhere in the material aspect of the town; fact, fact, fact, everywhere in the immaterial. The M'Choakumchild school was all fact, and the school of design was all fact, and the relations between master and man were all fact, and everything was fact between the lying-in hospital and the cemetery, and what you couldn't state in figures, or show to be purchaseable in the cheapest market, and saleable in the dearest, was not, and never should be, world without end, Amen.

A town so sacred to fact, and so triumphant

in its assertion, of course, got on well? Why, no; not quite well. No? Dear me!

No. Coketown did not come out of its own furnaces in all respects like gold that had stood the fire. First, the perplexing mystery of the place was, Who belonged to the eighteen denominations? Because, whoever did, the laboring people did not. It was very strange to walk through the streets on a Sunday morning, and note how few of *them* the barbarous jangling of bells that was driving the sick and nervous mad, called away from their own quater, from their own close rooms, from the corners of their own streets, where they lounged listlessly, gazing at all the church and chapel going, as at a thing with which they had no manner of concern. Nor was it merely the stranger who noticed this, because there was a native organization in Coketown itself, whose members were to be heard of in the House of Commons, every session, indignantly petitioning for acts of Parliament that should make these people religious by main force. Then came the Teetotal Society, who complained that these same people *would* get drunk, and showed in tabular statements that they did get drunk, and proved at tea parties that no inducement, human or divine (except a medal), would induce them to forego their custom of getting drunk. Then, came the chemist and druggist, with other tabular statements, showing that when they didn't get drunk, they took opium. Then, came the experienced chaplain of the jail, with more tabular statements, confirming all the previous tabular statements, and showing that the same people *would* resort to low haunts, hidden from the public eye, where they heard low singing and saw low dancing, and mayhap joined in it; and where A. B., aged twenty-four next birthday, and committed for eighteen months solitary, had himself said (not that he had ever shown himself particularly worthy of belief) his ruin began, as he was perfectly sure and confident that otherwise he would have been a tip-top moral specimen. Then, came Mr. Gradgrind and Mr. Bounderby, the two gentlemen at this present moment walking through Coketown, and both eminently practical, who could, on occasion, furnish more tabular statements derived from their own personal experience, and illustrated by cases they had known and seen, from which it clearly

appeared—in short, it was the only clear thing in the case—that these same people were a bad lot altogether, gentlemen; that, do what you would for them, they were never thankful for it, gentlemen: that they were restless, gentlemen; that they never knew what they wanted; that they lived upon the best, and bought fresh butter, and insisted on Mocha coffee, and rejected all but prime parts of meat; and yet were eternally dissatisfied and unmanageable. In short, it was the moral of the old nursery fable:—

There was an old woman, and what do you think?
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink;
Victuals and drink were the whole of her diet,
And yet this old woman would never be quiet.

Is it possible, I wonder, that there was any analogy between the case of the Coketown population and the case of the little Gradgrinds? Surely, none of us in our sober senses and acquainted with figures, are to be told at this time of day that one of the foremost elements in the existence of the Coketown working people had been for scores of years, deliberately set at naught? That there was any fancy in them demanding to be brought into healthy existence instead of struggling on in convulsions? That exactly in the ratio as they worked long and monotonously, the craving grew within them for some physical relief—some relaxation, encouraging good humor and good spirits, and giving them a vent—some holiday, though it were but for an honest dance to a stirring band of music—some occasional light pie in which even M'Choakumchild had no finger—which craving must and would be satisfied aright, or must and would inevitably go wrong, until the laws of the Creation were repealed?

"This man lives at Pod's End, and I don't quite know Pod's End," said Mr. Gradgrind. "Which is it, Bounderby?"

Mr. Bounderby knew it was somewhere down town, but knew no more respecting it. So they stopped for a moment, looking about.

Almost as they did so, there came running round the corner of the street, at a quick pace and with a frightened look, a girl whom Mr. Gradgrind recognised. "Halloa!" said he. "Stop! Where are you going? Stop!" Girl number twenty stopped then, palpitating, and made him a curtsy.

"Why are you tearing about the streets,"

said Mr. Gradgrind, "in this improper manner?"

"I was—I was run after, sir," the girl panted, "and I wanted to get away."

"Run after?" repeated Mr. Gradgrind. "Who would run after you?"

The question was unexpectedly and suddenly answered for her, by the colorless boy, Bitzer, who came round the corner with such blind speed and so little anticipating a stoppage on the pavement, that he brought himself up against Mr. Gradgrind's waistcoat, and rebounded into the road.

"What do you mean, boy?" said Mr. Gradgrind. "What are you doing? How dare you dash against—everybody—in this manner?"

Bitzer picked up his cap, which the concussion had knocked off, and backing, and knuckling his forehead, pleaded that it was an accident.

"Was this boy running after you, Jupe?" asked Mr. Gradgrind.

"Yes, sir," said the girl, reluctantly.

"No, I wasn't, sir!" cried Bitzer. "Not till she run away from me. But the horse-riders never mind what they say, sir; they're famous for it. You know the horse-riders are famous for never minding what they say," addressing Sissy. "It's as well known in the town as—please, sir, as the multiplication table isn't known to the horse-riders." Bitzer tried Mr. Bounderby with this.

"He frightened me so," said the girl, "with his cruel faces!"

"Oh!" cried Bitzer. "Oh! An't you one of the rest! An't you a horse-rider! I never looked at her, sir. I asked her if she would know how to define a horse to-morrow, and offered to tell her again, and she ran away, and I ran after her, sir, that she might know how to answer when she was asked. You wouldn't have thought of saying such mischief if you hadn't been a horse-rider!"

"Her calling seems to be pretty well known among 'em," observed Mr. Bounderby. "You'd have had the whole school peeping in a row, in a week."

"Truly, I think so," returned his friend. "Bitzer, turn you about and take yourself home. Jupe, stay here a moment. Let me hear of your running in this manner any more, boy, and you will hear of me through the

master of the school. You understand what I mean. Go along."

The boy stopped in his rapid blinking, knuckled his forehead again, glanced at Sissy, turned about, and retreated.

"Now, girl," said Mr. Gradgrind, "take this gentleman and me to your father's; we are going there. What have you got in that bottle you are carrying?"

"Gin," said Mr. Bounderby.

"Dear, no, sir! It's the nine oils."

"The what?" cried Mr. Bounderby.

"The nine oils, sir. To rub father with."

"Then," said Mr. Bounderby, with a loud, short laugh, "what do you rub your father with nine oils for?"

"It's what our people always use, sir, when they get any hurts in the ring," replied the girl, looking over her shoulder, to assure herself that her pursuer was gone. "They bruise themselves very bad, sometimes."

"Serve 'em right," said Mr. Bounderby, "for being idle."

She glanced up at his face, with mingled astonishment and dread.

"By George!" said Mr. Bounderby, "when I was four or five years younger than you, I had worse bruises upon me than ten oils, twenty oils, forty oils would have rubbed off. I didn't get 'em by posture making, but by being banged about. There was no rope-dancing for me; I danced on the bare ground, and was larruped with the rope."

Mr. Gradgrind, though hard enough, was by no means so rough a man as Mr. Bounderby. His character was not unkind, all things considered; it might have been a positively kind one if he had only made a good round mistake in the arithmetic that balanced it, some years ago. He said, in what he meant for a reassuring tone, as they turned down a narrow road, "And this is Pod's End; is it, Jupe?"

"This is it, sir, and—if you wouldn't mind, sir—this is the house."

She stopped, at twilight, at the door of a mean, little public house, with dim, red lights in it. As haggard and as shabby as if, for want of custom, it had itself taken to drinking, and had gone the way all drunkards go, and was very near the end of it.

"It's only crossing the bar, sir, and up the stairs, if you wouldn't mind, and waiting there for a moment till I get a candle. If you

should hear a dog, sir, it's only Merrylegs, and he only barks."

"Merrylegs and nine oils, eh!" said Mr. Bounderby, entering last, with his metallic laugh. "Pretty well, this, for a self-made man!"

CHAPTER VI.

The name of the public house was the Pegasus's Arms. The Pegasus's legs might have been more to the purpose; but, underneath the winged horse upon the sign-board, the Pegasus's Arms was inscribed in Roman letters. Beneath that inscription again, in a flowing scroll, the painter had touched off the lines—

Good malt makes good beer,
Walk in, and they'll draw it here;
Good wine makes good brandy,
Give us a call, and you'll find it handy.

Framed and glazed upon the wall behind the dingy little bar, was another Pegasus—a theatrical one—with real gauze let in for his wings, golden stars stuck on all over him, and his ethereal harness made of red silk.

As it had grown too dusky without, to see the sign, and as it had not grown light enough within to see the picture, Mr. Gradgrind and Mr. Bounderby received no offence from these idealities. They followed the girl up some steep corner stairs without meeting any one, and stopped in the dark while she went on for a candle. They expected every moment to hear Merrylegs give tongue, but the highly-trained performing dog had not barked when the girl and the candle appeared together.

"Father is not in our room, sir," she said, with a face of great surprise. "If you wouldn't mind walking in, I'll find him directly."

They walked in; and Sissy having set two chairs for them, sped away with a quick light step. It was a mean, shabbily furnished room, with a bed in it. The white nightcap, embellished with two peacock's feathers and a pig-tail bolt upright, in which Signor Jupe had that very afternoon enlivened the varied performances with his chaste Shaksperian quips and retorts, hung upon a nail; but no other portion of his wardrobe, or other token of himself or his pursuits, was to be seen anywhere. As to Merrylegs, that respectable ancestor of the highly-trained animal who went aboard the ark, might have been accidentally shut out of it, for any sign of a dog that was manifest to eye or ear in the Pegasus's Arms.

They heard the doors of rooms above opening and shutting, as Sissy went from one to another, in quest of her father; and presently they heard voices expressing surprise. She came bounding down again in a great hurry, opened a battered and mangy old hair-trunk, found it empty, and looked round with her hands clasped and her face full of terror.

"Father must have gone down to the Booth, sir. I don't know why he should go there, but he must be there; I'll bring him in a minute!"

She was gone directly, without her bonnet; with her long, dark, childish hair streaming behind her.

"What does she mean!" said Mr. Gradgrind. "Back in a minute? It's more than a mile off."

Before Mr. Bounderby could reply, a young man appeared at the door, and introducing himself with the words, "By your leaves, gentlemen!" walked in with his hands in his pockets. His face, close-shaven, thin, and sallow, was shaded by a great quantity of dark hair brushed into a roll all round his head, and parted up the centre. His legs were very robust, but shorter than legs of good proportions should have been. His chest and back were as much too broad, as his legs were too short. He was dressed in a Newmarket coat and tight-fitting trousers; wore a shawl round his neck; smelt of lamp-oil, straw, orange-peel, horses' provender, and sawdust; and looked a most remarkable sort of Centaur, compounded of the stable and the play-house. Where the one began, and the other ended, nobody could have told with any precision. This gentleman was mentioned in the bills of the day as Mr. E. W. B. Childers, so justly celebrated for his daring vaulting act as the Wild Huntsman of the North American Prairies; in which popular performance, a diminutive boy with an old face, who now accompanied him, assisted as his infant son; being carried upside down over his father's shoulder, by one foot, and held by the crown of his head, heels upwards, in the palm of his father's hand, according to the violent paternal manner in which wild huntsmen may be observed to fondle their offspring. Made up with curls, wreaths, wings, white bismuth, and carmine, this hopeful young person soared into so pleasing a Cupid as to constitute the chief delight of the maternal part of

the spectators; but, in private, where his characteristics were a precocious cutaway coat and an extremely gruff voice, he became of the Turf, turf.

"By your leaves, gentlemen," said Mr. E. W. B. Childers, glancing round the room. "It was you, I believe, that were wishing to see Jupe?"

"It was," said Mr. Gradgrind. "His daughter has gone to fetch him, but I can't wait; therefore, if you please, I will leave a message for him with you."

"You see, my friend," Mr. Bounderby put in, "we are the kind of people who know the value of time, and you are the kind of people who don't know the value of time."

"I have not," retorted Mr. Childers, after surveying him from head to foot, "the honor of knowing you;—but if you mean that you can make more money of your time than I can of mine, I should judge from your appearance, that you are about right."

"And when you have made it, you can keep it too, I should think," said Cupid.

"Kidderminster, stow that!" said Mr. Childers. (Master Kidderminster was Cupid's mortal name.)

"What does he come here checking us for, then?" cried Master Kidderminster, showing a very irascible temperament. "If you want to check us, pay your ochre at the doors and take it out."

"Kidderminster," said Mr. Childers, raising his voice, "stow that!—Sir," to Mr. Gradgrind. "I was addressing myself to you. You may, or you may not, be aware (for perhaps you have not been much in the audience,) that Jupe has missed his tip very often, lately."

"Has—what has he missed?" asked Mr. Gradgrind, glancing at the potent Bounderby for assistance.

"Missed his tip."

"Offered at the Garters four times last night, and never done 'em once," said Master Kidderminster. "Missed his tip at the banners, too, and was loose in his ponging."

"Didn't do what he ought to do. Was short in his leaps, and bad in his tumbling," Mr. Childers interpreted.

"Oh," said Mr. Gradgrind, "that is tip, is it?"

"In a general way, that's missing his tip," Mr. E. W. B. Childers answered.

"Nine-oils, Merrylegs, missing tips, garters, banners and ponging, eh!" ejaculated Bounderby, with his laugh of laughs. "Queer sort of company, too, for a man who has raised himself."

"Lower yourself, then," retorted Cupid. "If you've raised yourself so high as all that comes to, let yourself down a bit."

"This is a very obtrusive lad!" said Mr. Gradgrind, turning, and knitting his brows on him.

"We'd have had a young gentleman to meet you, if we had known you were coming," retorted Master Kidderminster, nothing abashed. "It's a pity you don't have a bespeak, being so particular. You're on the Tight-Jeff, ain't you?"

"What does this unmannerly boy mean," asked Mr. Gradgrind, eyeing him in a sort of desperation, "by Tight-Jeff?"

"There! Get out, get out!" said Mr. Childers, thrusting his young friend from the room, rather in a prairie manner. "Tight-Jeff or Slack-Jeff, it don't much signify; it's only tight-rope and slack-rope. You were going to give me a message for Jupe?"

"Yes, I was."

"Then," continued Mr. Childers, quickly, "my opinion is, he will never receive it. Do you know much of him?"

"I never saw the man in my life."

"I doubt if you ever *will* see him now. It's pretty plain to me he is off."

"Do you mean that he has deserted his daughter?"

"Ay! I mean," said Mr. Childers, with a nod, "that he has cut. He was goosed last night, he was goosed the night before last, he was goosed to-day. He has lately got in the way of being always goosed, and he can't stand it."

"Why has he been—so very much—Goosed?" asked Mr. Gradgrind, forcing the word out of himself, with great solemnity and reluctance.

"His joints are turning stiff, and he is getting used up," said Childers. "That's about the size of it. He has his points as a Cackler still, but he can't get a living out of *them*."

"A Cackler!" Bounderby repeated. "Here we go again!"

"A speaker, if the gentleman likes it better," said Mr. E. W. B. Childers, superciliously throwing his interpretation over his shoulder,

and accompanying it with a shake of his long hair—which all shook at once. "Now, it's a remarkable fact, sir, that it cut that man deeper, to know that his daughter knew of his being goosed, than to go through with it."

"Good!" interrupted Mr. Bounderby. "This is good, Gradgrind! A man so fond of his daughter, that he runs away from her! This is good! Ha! ha! Now, I'll tell you what, young man. I haven't always occupied my present station of life. I know what these things are. You may be astonished to hear it, but my mother ran away from *me*."

E. W. B. Childers replied pointedly, that he was not at all astonished to hear it.

"Very well," said Bounderby. "I was born in a ditch, and my mother ran away from me. Do I excuse her for it? No. Have I ever excused her for it? Not I. What do I call her for it? I call her probably the very worst woman that ever lived in the world, except my drunken grandmother. There's no family pride about me; there's no imaginative, sentimental humbug about me. I call a spade a spade; and I call the mother of Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown, without any fear or any favor, what I should call her if she had been the mother of Dick Jones, of Wapping. So, with this man. He is a runaway rogue and a vagabond, that's what he is, in English."

"It's all the same to me what he is or what he is not, whether in English or whether in French," retorted Mr. E. W. B. Childers, facing about. "I am telling your friend what's the fact; if you don't like to hear it, you can avail yourself of the open air. You give it mouth enough, you do; but give it mouth in your own building at least," remonstrated E. W. B. with stern irony. "Don't give it mouth in this building, till you're called upon. You have got some building of your own, I dare say, now?"

"Perhaps so," replied Mr. Bounderby, rattling his money and laughing.

"Then give it mouth in your own building, will you, if you please?" said Childers. "Because this isn't a strong building, and too much of you might bring it down!"

Eyeing Mr. Bounderby from head to foot again, he turned from him, as from a man finally disposed of, to Mr. Gradgrind.

"Jupe sent his daughter out on an errand not an hour ago, and then was seen to slip out

himself, with his hat over his eyes and a bundle tied up in a handkerchief under his arm. She will never believe it of him, but he has cut away and left her."

"Pray," said Mr. Gradgrind, "why will she never believe it of him?"

"Because those two were one. Because they were never asunder. Because up to this time, he seemed to dote upon her," said Childers, taking a step or two to look into the empty trunk.

Both Mr. Childers and Master Kidderminster walked in a curious manner; with their legs wider apart than the general run of men, and with a very knowing assumption of being stiff in the knees. This walk was common to all the male members of Sleary's company, and was understood to express, that they were always on horseback.

"Poor Sissy! He had better have apprenticed her," said Childers, giving his hair another shake, as he looked up from the empty box. "Now, he leaves her without anything to take to."

"It is creditable to you, who have never been apprenticed, to express that opinion," returned Mr. Gradgrind, approvingly.

"I never apprenticed? I was apprenticed when I was seven year old. Did the canvass, more or less, every day of my life till I was out of my time," said Childers.

Seeing Mr. Gradgrind at a loss, he explained very clearly by circular motion of his hand, and by the rapid interjections, "Hi! hi! hi!" uttered as stimulants to a supposititious horse, that doing the canvass was synonymous with riding round the ring.

"Oh! You mean that?" said Mr. Gradgrind, rather resentfully, as having been defrauded of his good opinion. "I was not aware of its being the custom to apprentice young persons to——"

"Idleness," Mr. Bounderby put in with a loud laugh. "No. Nor I!"

"Her father always had it in his head," resumed Childers, feigning unconsciousness of Mr. Bounderby's existence, "that she was to be taught the deuce-and-all of education. How it got into his head, I can't say; I can only say that it never got out. He has been picking up a bit of reading for her, here—and a bit of writing for her, there—and a bit of cyphering for her, somewhere else—these seven years. If

she had been apprenticed, she would have been doing the garlands in an independent way by this time."

Mr. E. W. B. Childers took one of his hands out of his pockets, stroked his face and chin, and looked, with a good deal of doubt and a little hope, at Mr. Gradgrind. From the first he had sought to conciliate that gentleman for the sake of the deserted girl.

"When Sissy got into the school here," pursued Mr. Childers, "her father was as pleased as Punch. I couldn't altogether make out why, myself, as we were not stationary here, being but comers and goers anywhere. I suppose, however, he had this move in his mind—he was always half-cracked—and then considered her provided for. If you should happen to have looked in to-night, for the purpose of telling him that you were going to do her any little service," said Mr. Childers, stroking his face again, and repeating his look, "it would be very fortunate and well timed; very fortunate and well timed."

"On the contrary," returned Mr. Gradgrind. "I came to tell him that her connexions made her not an object for the school, and that she must not attend any more. Still, if her father has really left her, without any connivance on her part—Bounderby, let me have a word with you."

Upon this, Mr. Childers politely betook himself, with his equestrian walk, to the landing outside the door, and there stood stroking his face and softly whistling.

While thus engaged, he overheard such phrases in Mr. Bounderby's voice, as "No. I say no. I advise you not. I say by no means." While, from Mr. Gradgrind, he heard in his much lower tone the words, "But even as an example to Louisa, of what this pursuit which has been the subject of a vulgar curiosity, leads to and ends in. Think of it, Bounderby, in that point of view."

Meanwhile, the various members of Sleary's company gradually gathered together from the upper regions, where they were quartered, and, standing about, talking in low voices to one another and to Mr. Childers, gradually insinuated themselves and him into the room. There were two or three handsome young women among them, with their two or three husbands, and their two or three mothers, and their eight or nine little children, who did the fairy

business when required. The father of one of the families was in the habit of balancing the father of another of the families on the top of a great pole; the father of a third family often made a pyramid of both those fathers, with Master Kidderminster for the apex, and himself for the base; all the fathers could dance upon rolling casks, stand upon bottles, catch knives and balls, twirl hand-basins, ride upon anything, jump over everything, and stick at nothing. All the mothers could (and did) dance, upon the slack wire and the tight rope, and perform rapid acts on bare-backed steeds; none of them were at all particular in respect of showing their legs; and one of them, alone in a Greek chariot, drove six in hand into every town they came to. They all assumed to be mighty rakish and knowing, they were not very tidy in their private dresses, they were not at all orderly in their domestic arrangements, and the combined literature of the whole company would have produced but a poor letter on any subject. Yet there was a remarkable gentleness and childishness about these people, a special inaptitude for any kind of sharp practice, and an untiring readiness to help and pity one another, deserving often of as much respect, and always of as much generous construction, as the every-day virtues of any class of people in the world.

Last of all appeared Mr. Sleary: a stout man as already mentioned, with one fixed eye and one loose eye, a voice (if it can be called so) like the efforts of a broken old pair of bellows, a flabby surface, and a muddled head which was never sober and never drunk.

"Thquire!" said Mr. Sleary, who was troubled with asthma, and whose breath came far too thick and heavy for the letter s, "Your thervant! Thith ith a bad piethe of bithnith, thith ith. You've heard of my Clown and hith dog being thuppothed to have morrithed!"

He addressed Mr. Gradgrind, who answered "Yes."

"Well, Thquire," he returned, taking off his hat, and rubbing the lining with his pocket handkerchief, which he kept inside it for the purpose. "Ith it your intentionth to do anything for the poor girl, Tquire?"

"I shall have something to propose to her when she comes back," said Mr. Gradgrind.

"Glad to hear it, Thquire. Not that I want to get rid of the child, any more than I want

to thtand in her way. I'm willing to take her prentith, though at her age ith late. My voithe ith a little huthky, Thquire, and not eathy heard by them ath don't know me: but if you'd been chilled and heated, heated and chilled, chilled and heated, in the ring when you wath young, ath often ath I have been, *your* voithe wouldn't have lathed out, Thquire, no more than mine."

"I dare say not," said Mr. Gradgrind.

"What thall it be, Thquire, while you wait? Thall it be Therry? Give it a name, Thquire!" said Mr. Sleary, with hospitable ease.

"Nothing for me, I thank you," said Mr. Gradgrind.

"Don't thay nothing, Thquire. What doth your friend thay? If you havn't took your feed, yet have a glath of bitterth."

Here his daughter Josephine—a pretty fair-haired girl of eighteen, who had been tied on a horse at two years old, and had made a will at twelve, which she always carried about with her, expressive of her dying desire to be drawn to the grave by the two piebald ponies—cried, "Father, hush! she has come back!" Then came Sissy Jupe, running into the room as she had run out of it. And when she saw them all assembled, and saw their looks, and saw no father there, she broke into a most deplorable cry, and took refuge on the bosom of the most accomplished tight-rope lady, who knelt down on the floor to nurse her, and to weep over her.

"Ith a thame, upon my thcul it ith," said Sleary.

"Oh! my dear father, my good, kind father, where are you gone? You are gone to try to do me some good, I know! You are gone away for my sake, I am sure. And how miserable and helpless you will be without me, poor poor father, until you come back!"

It was so pathetic to hear her saying many things of this kind, with her face turned upward, and her arms stretched out as if she were trying to stop his departing shadow and embrace it, that no one spoke a word until Mr. Bounderby (growing impatient) took the case in hand.

"Now, good people all," said he, "this is wanton waste of time. Let the girl understand the fact. Let her take it from me, if you like, who have been run away from, myself. Here, what's your name! Your father

has absconded—deserted you—and you mustn't expect to see him again as long as you live."

They cared so little for plain fact, these people, and were in that advanced state of degeneracy on the subject, that instead of being impressed by the speaker's strong common sense, they took it in extraordinary dudgeon. The men muttered "Shame!" and the women "Brute!" and Sleary, in some haste, communicated the following hint, apart to Mr. Bounderby.

"I tell you what, Thquire. To thepeak plain to you, my opinion ith that you had better cut it thort, and drop it. They're a very good natur'd people, my people, but they're acuth-tomed to be quick in their movementh; and if you don't act upon my advithe, they'll pith you out o' winder."

Mr. Bounderby being restrained by this mild suggestion, Mr. Gradgrind found an opening for his eminently practical exposition of the subject.

"It is of no moment," said he, "whether this person is to be expected back at any time, or the contrary. He is gone away, and there is no present expectation of his return. That, I believe, is agreed on all hands."

"Thath agreed, Thquire. Thtick to that!" From Sleary.

"Well, then. I, who came here to inform the father of the poor girl, Jupe, that she could not be received at the school any more, in consequence of there being practical objections, into which I need not enter, to the reception there of the children of persons so employed, am prepared in these altered circumstances to make a proposal. I am willing to take charge of you, Jupe, and to educate you, and provide for you. The only condition (over and above your good behaviour) I make is, that you decide, now, at once, whether to accompany me or remain here. Also, that if you accompany me, now, it is understood that you communicate no more with any of your friends, who are here present. These observations comprise the whole of the case."

"At the thame time," said Sleary, "I mutht put in my word, Thquire, tho that both thides of the banner may be equally theen. If you like, Thethilia, to be prentitht, you know the natur of the work, and you know your companionth. Emma Gordon, in whothe lap you're a lyin' at prethent, would be a mother

to you, and Joth'phine would be a thithter to you. I don't pretend to be of the angel breed mythelf, and I don't thay but what, when you mith'd your tip, you'd find me cut up rough, and thwear a oath or two at you. But what I thay, Thquire, ith, that good tempered or bad-tempered I never did a hortha a injury yet, no more than thwearing at him went, and that I don't expect I thall begin otherwithe at my time of life, with a rider. I never wath muth of a Cackler, Thquire, and I have thed my thay."

The latter part of this speech was addressed to Mr. Gradgrind, who received it with a grave inclination of his head, and then remarked.

"The only observation I will make to you, Jupe, in the way of influencing your decision, is, that it is highly desirable to have a sound, practical education, and that even your father himself (from what I understand) appears, on your behalf, to have known and felt that much."

The last words had a visible effect upon her. She stopped in her wild crying, a little detached herself from Emma Gordon, and turned her face full upon her patron. The whole company perceived the force of the change, and drew a long breath together, that plainly said, "she will go!"

"Be sure you know your own mind, Jupe," Mr. Gradgrind cautioned her; "I say no more. Be sure you know your own mind!"

"When father comes back," cried the girl, bursting into tears again after a minute's silence, "how will he ever find me if I go away!"

"You may be quite at ease," said Mr. Gradgrind, calmly; he worked out the whole matter like a sum; "you may be quite at ease, Jupe, on that score. In such a case, your father, I apprehend, must find out Mr. —"

"Thleary. Thath my name, Thquire. Not athamed of it. Known all over England, and alwayth paythe ith way."

"Must find out Mr. Sleary, who would then let him know where you went. I should have no power of keeping you against his wish, and he would have no difficulty, at any time, in finding Mr. Thomas Gradgrind of Coketown. I am well known."

"Well known," assented Mr. Sleary, rolling his loose eye. "You're one of the thort, Thquire, that keepth a prethious thight of

money out of the houth. But never mind that at prethent."

There was another silence; and then she exclaimed, sobbing with her hands before her face, "Oh, give me my clothes, give me my clothes, and let me go away before I break my heart!"

The women sadly bestirred themselves to get the clothes together—it was soon done, for they were not many—and to pack them in a basket which had often travelled with them. Sissy sat all the time, upon the ground, still sobbing and covering her eyes. Mr. Gradgrind and his friend Bounderby stood near the door, ready to take her away. Mr. Sleary stood in the middle of the room, with the male members of the company about him, exactly as he would have stood in the centre of the ring during his daughter Josephine's performance. He wanted nothing but his whip.

The basket packed in silence, they brought her bonnet to her, and smoothed her disordered hair, and put it on. Then they pressed about her, and bent over her in very natural attitudes, kissing and embracing her; and brought the children to take leave of her; and were a tender-hearted, simple, foolish set of women altogether.

"Now, Jupe," said Mr. Gradgrind. "If you are quite determined, come!"

But she had to take her farewell of the male part of the company yet, and every one of them had to unfold his arms (for they all assumed the professional attitude when they found themselves near Sleary) and give her a parting kiss—Master Kidderminster excepted, in whose young nature there was an original flavor of the misanthrope, who was also known to have harbored matrimonial views, and who moodily withdrew. Mr. Sleary was reserved until the last. Opening his arms wide he took her by both her hands, and would have sprung her up and down, after the riding-master manner of congratulating young ladies on their dismounting from a rapid act; but there was no rebound in Sissy, and she only stood before him crying.

"Good bye, my dear!" said Sleary. "You'll make your fortin, I hope, and none of our poor folkth will ever trouble ou, I'll pound it. I with your fater hadn't taken hith dog with him; ith a ill-conwenieth to have the dog out of the billth. But on thecond thought, he

wouldn't have performed without hith matther, tho ith ath broad ath ith long!"

With that, he regarded her attentively with his fixed eye, surveyed his company with the loose one, kissed her, shook his head, and handed her to Mr. Gradgrind as to a horse.

"There the ith, Thquire," he said, sweeping her with a professional glance as if she were being adjusted in her seat, "and the'll do you juthtithe. Good bye, Thethilia!"

"Good bye, Cecilia!" Good bye, Sissy!" "God bless you dear!" In a variety of voices from all the room.

But the riding-master eye had observed the bottle of the nine oils in her bosom, and he now interposed with "Leave the bottle, my dear; ith large to carry; it will be of no uth to you now. Give it to me!"

"No, no!" she said, in another burst of tears. "Oh, no! Pray let me keep it for fater till he comes back! He will want it, when he comes back. He had never thought of going away, when he sent me for it. I must keep it for him, if you please!"

"Tho be it, my dear. (You thee bow it ith, Thquire!) Farewell, Thethilia! My latht wordth to you ith thith, Thtick to the termth of your engagement, be obedient to the Thquire and forget uth. But if, when you're grown up and married and well off, you come upon my horth-riding ever, don't be hard upon it, don't be croth with it, give it a Bethpeak if you can, and think you might do wurth. People mutht be amuthed, Thquire, thomehow," continued Sleary, rendered more pursy than ever, by so much talking; "they can't be alwayth a working, nor yet they canth be alwayth a learning. Make the beth of uth: not the wurtht. I've got my living out of the horth-riding all my life, I know; but I conthider that I lay down the philothophy of the thubject when I thay to you, Thquire, make the beth of uth: not the wurtht!"

The Sleary philosophy was propounded as they went down stairs; and the fixed eye of Philosophy—and its rolling eye, too—soon lost the three figures and the basket in the darkness of the street.

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Bounderby being a bachelor, an elderly lady presided over his establishment, in consideration of a certain annual stipend. Mrs.

Sparsit was this lady's name; and she was a prominent figure in attendance on Mr. Bounderby's car, as it rolled along in triumph with the Bully of humility inside.

For, Mrs. Sparsit had not only seen different days, but was highly connected. She had a great aunt living in these very times called Lady Scadgers. Mr. Sparsit, deceased, of whom she was the relict, had been by the mother's side what Mrs. Sparsit still called "a Fowler." Strangers, of limited information and dull apprehension, were sometimes observed not to know what a Fowler was, and even to appear uncertain whether it might be a business, or a political party, or a profession of faith. The better class of minds, however, did not need to be informed that the Fowlers were an ancient stock, who could trace themselves so exceedingly far back that it was not surprising if they sometimes lost themselves—which they had rather frequently done, as respected horse-flesh, blind-hokey, Hebrew monetary transactions, and the Insolvent Debtors' Court.

The late Mr. Sparsit, being by the mother's side a Fowler, married this lady, being by the father's side a Scadgers. Lady Scadgers (an immensely fat old woman, with an inordinate appetite for butcher's meat, and a mysterious leg, which had now refused to get out of bed for fourteen years) contrived the marriage, at a period when Sparsit was just of age, and chiefly noticeable for a slender body, weakly supported on two long slim props, and surmounted by no head worth mentioning. He inherited a fair fortune from his uncle, but owed it all before he came into it, and spent it twice over immediately afterwards. Thus, when he died, at twenty-four (the scene of his decease, Calais, and the cause, brandy), he did not leave his widow, from whom he had been separated soon after the honeymoon, in affluent circumstances. That bereaved lady, fifteen years older than he, fell presently at deadly feud with her only relative, Lady Scadgers; and, partly to spite her ladyship, and partly to maintain herself, went out at a salary. And ere she was now, in her elderly days, with the Coriolanian style of nose and the dense black eyebrows which had captivated Sparsit, making Mr. Bounderby's tea, as he took his breakfast.

If Bounderby had been a Conqueror, and

Mrs. Sparsit a captive Princess, whom he took about as a feature in his state-processions, he could not have made a greater flourish with her than he habitually did. Just as it belonged to his boastfulness to depreciate his own extraction, so it belonged to it to exalt Mrs. Sparsit's. In the measure that he would not allow his own youth to have been attended by a single favorable circumstance, he brightened Mrs. Sparsit's juvenile career with every possible advantage, and showered wagon-loads of early roses all over that lady's path.

"And yet, sir," he would say, "how does it turn out after all? Why, here she is at a hundred a year (I give her a hundred, which she is pleased to term handsome), keeping the house of Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown!"

Nay, he made this foil of his so very widely known, that third parties took it up, and handled it on some occasions with considerable briskness. It was one of the most exasperating attributes of Bounderby, that he not only sang his own praises, but stimulated other men to sing them. There was a moral infection of claptrap in him. Strangers, modest enough elsewhere, started up at dinners in Coketown, and boasted, in quite a rampant way, of Bounderby. They made him out to be the Royal arms, the Union-Jack, Magna Charta, John Bull, Habeas Corpus, the Bill of Rights, An Englishman's house is his castle, Church and State, and God save the Queen, all put together. And as often (and it was very often) as an orator of this kind brought into his peroration,

"Princes and Lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:"

—it was, for certain, more or less understood among the company that he had heard of Mrs. Sparsit.

"Mr. Bounderby," said Mrs. Sparsit, "you are unusually slow, sir, with your breakfast, this morning."

"Why, ma'am," he returned, "I am thinking about Tom Gradgrind's whim;" Tom Gradgrind, for a bluff, independent manner of speaking—as if somebody were always endeavoring to bribe him with immense sums to say Thomas, and he wouldn't; "Tom Gradgrind's whim, ma'am, of bringing up the tumbling-girl."

"The girl is now waiting to know," said

Mrs. Sparsit, "whether she is to go straight to the school, or up to the Lodge."

"She must wait, ma'am," answered Bounderby, "till I know myself. We shall have Tom Gradgrind down here presently, I suppose. If he should wish her to remain here a day or two longer, of course she can, ma'am."

"Of course, she can, if you wish it, Mr. Bounderby."

"I told him I would give her a shake-down, here, last night, in order that he might sleep on it before he decided to let her have any association with Louisa."

"Indeed, Mr. Bounderby? Very thoughtful of you!"

Mrs. Sparsit's Coriolanian nose underwent a slight expansion of the nostrils, and her black eyebrows contracted as she took a sip of tea.

"It's tolerably clear to me," said Bounderby, "that the little puss can get small good out of such companionship."

"Are you speaking of young Miss Gradgrind, Mr. Bounderby?"

"Yes, ma'am, I am speaking of Louisa."

"Your observation being limited to 'little puss,'" said Mrs. Sparsit, "and there being two little girls in question, I did not know which might be indicated by that expression."

"Louisa," repeated Mr. Bounderby. "Louisa. Louisa."

"You are quite another father to Louisa, sir."

Mrs. Sparsit took a little more tea; and, as she bent her again contracted eyebrows over her steaming cup, rather looked as if her classical countenance were invoking the infernal gods.

"If you had said I was another father to Tom—young Tom, I mean, not my friend Tom Gradgrind—you might have been nearer the mark. I am going to take young Tom into my office. Going to have him under my wing, ma'am."

"Indeed? Rather young for that, is he not, sir?"

Mrs. Sparsit's "sir," in addressing Mr. Bounderby, was a word of ceremony, rather exacting consideration for herself in the use, than honoring him.

"I'm not going to take him at once; he is to finish his educational cramming before then," said Bounderby. "He'll have enough of it, first and last! He'd open his eyes, that boy would, if he knew how empty of learning my

young maw was, at his time of life." Which, by the by, he probably did know, for he had heard of it often enough. "But it's extraordinary, the difficulty I have on scores of such subjects, in speaking to any one on equal terms. Here, for example, I have been speaking to you, this morning, about Tumblers. Why, what do you know about tumblers? At the time when, to have been a tumbler in the mud of the streets, would have been a godsend to me, a prize in the lottery to me, you were at the Italian Opera. You were coming out of the Italian Opera, ma'am, in white satin and jewels, a blaze of splendor, when I hadn't a penny to buy a link to light you."

"I certainly, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, with a dignity serenely mournful, "was familiar with the Italian Opera at a very early age."

"And, ma'am, so was I," said Bounderby, "—with the wrong side of it. A hard bed the pavement of its Arcade used to make, I assure you. People like you, ma'am, accustomed from infancy to lie on Down feathers, have no idea *how* hard a paving-stone is, without trying it. No, no, it's of no use, my talking to you about tumblers. I should speak of foreign dancers, and the West End of London, and May Fair, and lords and ladies and honorables."

"I trust, sir," rejoined Mrs. Sparsit, with decent resignation, "it is not necessary that you should do anything of that kind. I hope I have learnt how to accommodate myself to the changes of life. If I have acquired an interest in hearing of your instructive experiences, and can scarcely hear enough of them, I claim no merit for that, since I believe it is a general sentiment."

"Well, ma'am," said her patron, "perhaps some people may be pleased to say that they do like to hear, in his own unpolished way, what Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown, has gone through. But you must confess that you were born in the lap of luxury, yourself. Come, ma'am, you know you were born in the lap of luxury."

"I do not, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit with a shake of her head, "deny it."

Mr. Bounderby was obliged to get up from table, and stand with his back to the fire, looking at her; she was such an enhancement of his merits.

"And you were in crack society," he said, warming his legs.

"It is true, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, with an affectation of humility the very opposite of his, and therefore in no danger of jostling it.

"You were in the tiptop fashion, and all the rest of it," said Mr. Bounderby.

"Yes, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, with a kind of social widowhood upon her. "It is unquestionably true."

Mr. Bounderby, bending himself at the knees, literally embraced his legs in his great satisfaction, and laughed aloud. Mr. and Miss Gradgrind being then announced, he received the former with a shake of the hand, and the latter with a kiss.

"Can Jupe be sent here, Bounderby?" asked Mr. Gradgrind.

Certainly. So Jupe was sent there. On coming in, she curtsied to Mr. Bounderby, and to his friend Tom Gradgrind, and also to Louisa; but in her confusion unluckily omitted Mrs. Sparsit. Observing this, the blustering Bounderby had the following remarks to make:

"Now, I tell you what, my girl. The name of that lady by the teapot is Mrs. Sparsit. That lady acts as mistress of this house, and she is a highly connected lady. Consequently, if ever you come again into any room in this house, you will make a short stay in it if you don't behave towards that lady in your most respectful manner. Now, I don't care a button what you do to me, because I don't affect to be anybody. So far from having high connections, I have no connections at all, and I come of the scum of the earth. But towards that lady, I do care what you do; and you shall do what is deferential and respectful, or you shall not come here."

"I hope, Bounderby," said Mr. Gradgrind, in a conciliatory voice, "that this was merely an oversight."

"My friend Tom Gradgrind suggests, Mrs. Sparsit," said Bounderby, "that this was merely an oversight. Very likely. However, as you are aware, ma'am, I don't allow of even oversights towards you."

"You are very good indeed, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, shaking her head with her State humility. "It is not worth speaking of."

Sissy, who all this time had been faintly excusing herself with tears in her eyes, was

now waved over by the master of the house to Mr. Gradgrind. She stood, looking intently at him, and Louisa stood coldly by, with her eyes upon the ground, while he proceeded thus:

"Jupe, I have made up my mind to take you into my house; and, when you are not in attendance at the school, to employ you about Mrs. Gradgrind, who is rather an invalid. I have explained to Miss Louisa—this is Miss Louisa—the miserable but natural end of your late career; and you are to expressly understand that the whole of that subject is past, and is not to be referred to any more. From this time you begin your history. You are, at present, ignorant, I know."

"Yes, sir, very," she answered, curtsying.

"I shall have the satisfaction of causing you to be strictly educated; and you will be a living proof to all who come into communication with you, of the advantages of the training you will receive. You will be reclaimed and formed. You have been in the habit, now, of reading to your father, and those people I found you among, I dare say?" said Mr. Gradgrind, beckoning her nearer to him before he said so, and dropping his voice.

"Only to father and Merrylegs, sir. At least, I mean to father, when Merrylegs was always there."

"Never mind Merrylegs, Jupe," said Mr. Gradgrind, with a passing frown. "I don't ask about him. I understand you to have been in the habit of reading to your father?"

"Oh! yes, sir, thousands of times. They were the happiest—Oh! of all the happy times we had together, sir!"

It was only now, when her grief broke out, that Louisa looked at her.

"And what," asked Mr. Gradgrind, in a still lower voice, "did you read to your father, Jupe?"

"About the Fairies, sir, and the Dwarf, and the Hunchback, and the Genies," she sobbed out

"There!" said Mr. Gradgrind, "that is enough. Never breathe a word of such destructive nonsense any more. Bounderby, this is a case for rigid training, and I shall observe it with interest."

"Well," returned Mr. Bounderby, "I have given you my opinion already, and I shouldn't do as you do. But, very well, very well. Since you are bent upon it, very well!"

So, Mr. Gradgrind and his daughter took Cecilia Jupe off with them to Stone Lodge, and on the way Louisa never spoke one word, good or bad. And Mr. Bounderby went about his daily pursuits. And Mrs. Sparsit got behind her eyebrows and meditated in the gloom of that retreat, all the morning.

CHAPTER VIII.

Let us strike the key note again, before pursuing the tune.

When she was half a dozen years younger, Louisa had been overheard to begin a conversation with her brother one day, by saying "Tom, I wonder!"—upon which Mr. Gradgrind, who was the person overhearing, stepped forth into the light, and said, "Louisa, never wonder!"

Herein lay the spring of the mechanical art and mystery of educating the reason without stooping to the cultivation of the sentiments and affections. Never wonder. By means of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, settle everything somehow, and never wonder. Bring to me, says M'Choakumchild, yonder baby just able to walk, and I will engage that it shall never wonder.

Now, besides very many babies just able to walk, there happened to be in Coketown a considerable population of babies who had been walking against time towards the infinite world, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years and more. These portentous infants being alarming creatures to stalk about in any human society, the eighteen denominations incessantly scratched one another's faces and pulled one another's hair, by way of agreeing on the steps to be taken for their improvement—which they never did; a surprising circumstance, when the happy adaptation of the means to the end is considered. Still, although they differed in every other particular, conceivable and inconceivable, (especially inconceivable,) they were pretty well united on the point that these unlucky infants were never to wonder. Body number one, said they must take everything on trust. Body number two, said they must take everything on political economy. Body number three, wrote leaden little books for them, showing how the good grown-up baby invariably got to the Savings Bank, and the bad grown-up baby invariably got transported. Body number four, under dreary pretences

of being droll (when it was very melancholy indeed,) made the shallowest pretences of concealing pitfalls of knowledge, into which it was the duty of these babies to be smuggled and inveigled. But, all the bodies agreed that they were never to wonder.

There was a library in Coketown, to which general access was easy. Mr. Gradgrind greatly tormented his mind about what the people read in this library: a point whereon little rivers of tabular statements periodically flowed into the howling ocean of tabular statements, which no diver ever got to any depth in and came up sane. It was a disheartening circumstance, but a melancholy fact, that even these readers persisted in wondering. They wondered about human nature, human passions, human hopes and fears, the struggles, triumphs and defeats, the cares and joys and sorrows, the lives and deaths, of common men and women. They sometimes, after fifteen hours' work, sat down to read mere fables about men and women, more or less like themselves, and children more or less like their own. They took De Foe to their bosoms, instead of Euclid, and seemed to be on the whole more comforted by Goldsmith than by Cocker. Mr. Gradgrind was for ever working, in print and out of print, at this eccentric sum, and he never could make out how it yielded this unaccountable product.

"I am sick of my life, Loo. I hate it altogether, and I hate everybody except you," said the unnatural young Thomas Gradgrind in the hair-cutting chamber at twilight.

"You don't hate Sissy, Tom."

"I hate to be obliged to call her Jupe. And she hates me," said Tom, moodily.

"No, she does not, Tom, I am sure."

"She must," said Tom. "She must just hate and detest the whole set-out of us. They'll bother her head off, I think, before they have done with her. Already she's getting as pale as wax, and as heavy as—I am."

Young Thomas expressed these sentiments, sitting astride of the chair before the fire, with his arms on the back, and his sulky face on his arms. His sister sat in the darker corner by the fireside, now looking at him, now looking at the bright sparks as they dropped upon the hearth.

"As to me," said Tom, tumbling his hair all manner of ways with his sulky hands, "I

am a donkey, that's what I am. I am as obstinate as one, I am more stupid than one. I get as much pleasure as one, and I should like to kick like one."

"Not me, I hope, Tom?"

"No, Loo; I wouldn't hurt you. I made an exception of you at first. I don't know what this—jolly old—Jaundiced Jail—" Tom had paused to find a sufficiently complimentary and expressive name for the parental roof, and seemed to relieve his mind for a moment by the strong alliteration of this one, "would be without you."

"Indeed, Tom? Do you really and truly say so?"

"Why, of course I do. What's the use of talking about it!" returned Tom, chafing his face on his coat-sleeve as if to mortify his flesh, and have it in unison with his spirit.

"Because, Tom," said his sister, after silently watching the sparks awhile, "as I get older and nearer growing up, I often sit wondering here, and I think how unfortunate it is for me that I can't reconcile you to home better than I am able to do. I don't know what other girls know. I can't play to you, or sing to you. I can't talk to you so as to lighten your mind, for I never see any amusing sights or read any amusing books that it would be a pleasure or a relief to you to talk about, when you are tired."

"Well, no more do I. I am as bad as you in that respect; and I am a mule, too, which you're not. If father was determined to make me either a prig or a mule, and I am not a prig, why, it stands to reason, I must be a mule. And so I am," said Tom desperately.

"It's a great pity," said Louisa, after another pause, and speaking thoughtfully out of her dark corner; "it's a great pity, Tom. It's very unfortunate for both of us."

"Oh! You," said Tom; "you are a girl, Loo, and a girl comes out of it better than a boy does. I don't miss anything in you. You are the only pleasure I have—you can brighten even this place—and you can always lead me as you like."

"You are a dear brother, Tom: and while you think I can do such things, I don't so much mind knowing better. Though I do know better, Tom, and am very sorry for it." She came and kissed him, and went back into her corner again.

"I wish I could collect all the facts we hear so much about," said Tom, spitefully setting his teeth, "and all the figures, and all the people who found them out; and I wish I could put a thousand barrels of gunpowder under them, and blow them all up together! However, when I go to live with old Bounderby, I'll have my revenge."

"Your revenge, Tom?"

"I mean, I'll enjoy myself a little, and go about and see something, and hear something. I'll recompense myself for the way in which I have been brought up."

"But don't disappoint yourself beforehand, Tom. Mr. Bounderby thinks as father thinks, and is a great deal rougher, and not half so kind."

"Oh!" said Tom, laughing. "I don't mind that. I shall very well know how to manage and smooth old Bounderby!"

Their shadows were defined upon the wall, but those of the high presses in the room were all blended together on the wall and on the ceiling, as if the brother and sister were overhung by a dark cavern. Or, a fanciful imagination—if such treason could have been there—might have made it out to be the shadow of their subject, and of its lowering association with their future.

"What is your great mode of smoothing and managing, Tom? Is it a secret?"

"Oh!" said Tom, "if it is a secret, it's not far off. It's you. You are his little pet, you are his favorite; he'll do anything for you. When he says to me what I don't like, I shall say to him, 'My sister Loo will be hurt and disappointed, Mr. Bounderby. She always used to tell me she was sure you would be easier with me than this. That'll bring him about, or nothing will.'"

After waiting for some answering remark, and getting none, Tom wearily relapsed into the present time, and twined himself yawning round and about the rails of his chair, and rumpled his head more and more, until he suddenly looked up, and asked:

"Have you gone to sleep, Loo?"

"No, Tom. I am looking at the fire."

"You seem to find more to look at in it than ever I could find," said Tom. "Another of the advantages, I suppose, of being a girl."

"Tom," enquired his sister slowly, and in a curious tone, as if she were reading what she

asked, in the fire, and it were not quite plainly written there, "do you look forward with any satisfaction to this change to Mr. Bounderby's?"

"Why, there's one thing to be said of it," returned Tom, pushing his chair from him, and standing up; "it will be getting away from home."

"There is one thing to be said of it," Louisa repeated in her former curious tone; "it will be getting away from home. Yes."

"Not but what I shall be very unwilling, both to leave you, Loo, and to leave you here. But I must go, you know, whether I like it or not; and I had better go where I can take with me some advantage of your influence, than where I should lose it altogether. Don't you see?"

"Yes, Tom."

The answer was so long in coming, though there was no indecision in it, that Tom went and leaned on the back of her chair, to contemplate the fire which so engrossed her, from her point of view, and see what he could make of it.

"Except that it is a fire," said Tom, "it looks to me as stupid and blank as everything else looks. What do you see in it? Not a circus?"

"I don't see anything in it, Tom, particularly. But since I have been looking at it, I have been wondering about you and me, grown up."

"Wondering again!" said Tom.

"I have such unmanageable thoughts," returned his sister, "that they will wonder."

"Then I beg of you, Louisa," said Mrs. Gradgrind, who had opened the door without being heard, "to do nothing of that description, for goodness sake, you inconsiderate girl, or I shall never hear the last of it from your father. And, Thomas, it is really shameful, with my poor head continually wearing me out, that a boy, brought up as you have been, and whose education has cost what yours has, should be found encouraging his sister to wonder, when he knows his father has expressly said that she is not to do it."

Louisa denied Tom's participation in the offence; but her mother stopped her with the conclusive answer, "Louisa, don't tell me, in my state of health; for unless you had been

encouraged, it is morally and physically impossible that you could have done it."

"I was encouraged by nothing, mother, but by looking at the red sparks dropping out of the fire, and whitening and dying. It made me think, after all, how short my life would be, and how little I could hope to do in it."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Gradgrind, rendered almost energetic. "Nonsense! Don't stand there and tell me such stuff, Louisa, to my face, when you know very well that if it was ever to reach your father's ears I should never hear the last of it. After all the trouble that has been taken with you! After the lectures you have attended, and the experiments you have seen! After I have heard you myself, when the whole of my right side has been benumbed, going on with your master about combustion, and calcination, and calorification, and I may say every kind of action that could drive a poor invalid distracted, to hear you talking in this absurd way about sparks and ashes! I wish," whimpered Mrs. Gradgrind, taking a chair, and discharging her strongest point before succumbing under these mere shadows of facts, "yes, I really do wish that I had never had a family, and then you would have known what it was to do without me!"

CHAPTER IX.

Sissy Jupe had not an easy time of it, between Mr. M'Choakumchild and Mrs. Gradgrind, and was not without strong impulses, in the first months of her probation, to run away. It hailed facts all day long so very hard, and life in general was opened to her as such a closely-ruled cyphering-book, that assuredly she would have run away, but for only one restraint.

It is lamentable to think of; but this restraint was the result of no arithmetical process, was self-imposed in defiance of all calculation, and went dead against any table of probabilities that any Actuary would have drawn up from the premises. The girl believed that her father had not deserted her; she lived in the hope that he would come back, and in the faith that he would be made the happier by her remaining where she was.

The wretched ignorance with which Jupe clung to this consolation, rejecting the superior comfort of knowing, on a sound arithmetical basis, that her father was an unnatural vaga-

bond, filled Mr. Gradgrind with pity. Yet, what was to be done? M'Choakumchild reported that she had a very dense head for figures; that, once possessed with a general idea of the globe, she took the smallest conceivable interest in its exact measurements; that she was extremely slow in the acquisition of dates, unless some pitiful incident happened to be connected therewith; that she would burst into tears on being required (by the mental process) immediately to name the cost of two hundred and forty-seven muslin caps at fourteenpence halfpenny; that she was as low down, in the school, as low down could be: that after eight weeks of induction into the elements of Political Economy, she had only yesterday been set right by a prattler three feet high, for returning to the question, "What is the first principle of this science?" the absurd answer, "To do unto others as I would that they should do unto me."

Mr. Gradgrind observed, shaking his head, that all this was very bad; that it showed the necessity of infinite grinding at the mill of knowledge, as per system, schedule, blue book, report, and tabular statements A to Z; and that Jupe "must be kept to it." So Jupe was kept to it, and became very low spirited, but no wiser.

"It would be a fine thing to be you, Miss Louisa!" she said, one night, when Louisa had endeavored to make her perplexities for next day something clearer to her.

"Do you think so?"

"I should know so much, Miss Louisa. All that is difficult to me now, would be so easy then."

"You might not be the better for it, Sissy."

Sissy submitted after a little hesitation, "I should not be the worse, Miss Louisa."

To which Miss Louisa answered, "I don't know that."

There had been so little communication between these two—both because life at Stone Lodge went monotonously round like a piece of machinery which discouraged human interference, and because of the prohibition relative to Sissy's past career—that they were still almost strangers. Sissy, with her dark eyes wonderingly directed to Louisa's face, was uncertain whether to say more or to remain silent.

"You are more useful to my mother, and

more pleasant with her than I can ever be," Louisa resumed. "You are pleasanter to yourself, than I am to myself."

"But, if you please, Miss Louisa," Sissy pleaded, "I am—oh, so stupid!"

Louisa, with a brighter laugh than usual, told her how she would be wiser by and by.

"You don't know," said Sissy, half-crying, "what a stupid girl I am. All through school hours I make mistakes. Mr. and Mrs. M'Choakumchild call me up, over and over again, regularly to make mistakes. I can't help them. They seem to come natural to me."

"Mr. and Mrs. M'Choakumchild never make any mistakes themselves, I suppose, Sissy?"

"Oh, no!" she eagerly returned. "They know everything."

"Tell me some of your mistakes."

"I am almost ashamed," said Sissy, with reluctance. "But to-day, for instance, Mr. M'Choakumchild was explaining to us about Natural Prosperity."

"National, I think it must have been," observed Louisa.

"Yes, it was. But isn't it the same?" she timidly asked.

"You had better say, National, as he said so," returned Louisa, with her dry reserve.

"National Prosperity. And he said, Now, this schoolroom is a Nation. And in this nation, there are fifty millions of money. Isn't this a prosperous nation? Girl number twenty, isn't this a prosperous nation, and an't you in a thriving state?"

"What did you say?" asked Louisa.

"Miss Louisa, I said I didn't know. I thought I couldn't know whether it was a prosperous nation or not, and whether I was in a thriving state or not, unless I know who had got the money, and whether any of it was mine. But that had nothing to do with it. It was not in the figures at all," said Sissy, wiping her eyes.

"That was a great mistake of yours," observed Louisa.

"Yes, Miss Louisa, I know it was, now. Then Mr. M'Choakumchild said he would try me again. And he said, This schoolroom is an immense town, and in it there are a million of inhabitants, and only five-and-twenty are starved to death in the streets, in the course of a year. What is your remark on that propor-

tion? And my remark was—for I couldn't think of a better one—that I thought it must be just as hard upon those who were starved, whether the others were a million, or a million million. And that was wrong too."

"Of course it was."

"Then Mr. M'Choakumchild said he would try me once more. And he said, Here are the stutterings——"

"Statistics," said Louisa.

"Yes, Miss Louisa—they always remind me of stutterings, and that's another of my mistakes—of accidents upon the sea. And I find (Mr. M'Choakumchild said) that in a given time a hundred thousand persons went to sea on long voyages, and only five hundred of them were drowned or burnt to death. What is the per centage? And I said Miss; here Sissy fairly sobbed as confessing with extreme contrition to her greatest error; "and I said it was nothing."

"Nothing, Sissy?"

"Nothing, Miss—to the relations and friends of the people who were killed. I shall never learn," said Sissy. "And the worst of all is, that although my poor father wished me so much to learn, and although I am so anxious to learn because he wished me to, I am afraid I don't like it."

Louisa stood looking at the pretty modest head, as it drooped abashed before her, until it was raised again to glance at her face. Then she asked:

"Did your father know so much himself, that he wished you to be well taught too, Sissy?"

Sissy hesitated before replying, and so plainly showed her sense that they were entering on forbidden ground, that Louisa added, "No one hears us; and if any one did, I am sure no harm could be found in such an innocent question."

"No, Miss Louisa," answered Sissy, upon this encouragement, shaking her head; "father knows very little indeed. It's as much as he can do to write; and it's more than people in general can do to read his writing. Though it's plain to me."

"Your mother?"

"Father says she was quite a scholar. She died when I was born. She was;" Sissy made the terrible communication nervously; "she was a dancer."

"Did your father love her?"

Louisa asked these questions with a strong, wild, wandering interest peculiar to her; an interest gone astray like a banished creature, and hiding in solitary places.

"Oh, yes! As dearly as he loves me. Father loved me, first, for her sake. He carried me about with him, when I was quite a baby. We have never been asunder from that time."

"Yet he leaves you now, Sissy?"

"Only for my good. Nobody understands him as I do; nobody knows him as I do. When he left me for my good—he never would have left me for his own—I know he was almost broken-hearted with the trial. He will not be happy for a single minute, till he comes back."

"Tell me more about him," said Louisa, "I will never ask you again. Where did you live?"

"We travelled about the country, and had no fixed place to live in. Father's a;" Sissy whispered the awful word; "a clown."

"To make the people laugh?" said Louisa, with a nod of intelligence.

"Yes. But they wouldn't laugh sometimes, and then father cried. Lately, they very often wouldn't laugh, and he used to come home despairing. Father's not like most. Those who didn't know him as well as I do, and didn't love him as dearly as I do, might believe he was not quite right. Sometimes they played tricks upon him; but they never knew how he felt them, and shrunk up, when he was alone with me. He was far, far timider than they thought!"

"And you were his comfort through everything?"

She nodded, with the tears rolling down her face. "I hope so, and father said I was. It was because he grew so scared and trembling, and because he felt himself to be a poor, weak, ignorant, helpless man (those used to be his words), that he wanted me so much to know a great deal and be different from him. I used to read to him to cheer his courage, and he was very fond of that. They were wrong books—I am never to speak of them here—but we didn't know there was any harm in them."

"And he liked them?" said Louisa, with her searching gaze on Sissy all this time.

"Oh! very much. They kept him, many times, from what did him real harm. And often and often of a night, he used to forget

all his troubles in wondering whether the Sultan would let the lady go on with the story, or would have her head cut off before it was finished."

"And your father was always kind? To the last?" asked Louisa, contravening the great principle, and wondering very much.

"Always, always!" returned Sissy, clasping her hands. "Kinder and kinder than I can tell. He was angry only one night, and that was not to me, but Merrylegs. Merrylegs," she whispered the awful fact, "is his performing dog."

"Why was he angry with the dog?" Louisa demanded.

"Father, soon after they came home from performing, told Merrylegs to jump up on the backs of the two chairs and stand across them—which is one of his tricks. He looked at father, and didn't do it at once. Everything of father's had gone wrong that night, and he hadn't pleased the public at all. He cried out that the very dog knew he was failing, and had no compassion on him. Then he beat the dog, and I was frightened, and said, 'Father, father! Pray don't hurt the creature who is so fond of you! Oh! Heaven forgive you, father, stop!' And he stopped, and the dog was bloody, and father lay down crying on the floor with the dog in his arms, and the dog licked his face."

Louisa saw that she was sobbing; and going to her, kissed her, took her hand, and sat down beside her.

"Finish by telling me how your father left you, Sissy. Now that I have asked you so much, tell me to the end. The blame, if there is any blame, is mine: not yours."

"Dear Miss Louisa," said Sissy, covering her eyes, and sobbing yet; "I came home from the school that afternoon, and found poor father just come home, too, from the booth. And he sat rocking himself over the fire, as if he was in pain. And I said, 'Have you hurt yourself, father?' as he did sometimes, like they all did), and he said, 'A little, my darling.' And when I came to stoop down and look up at his face, I saw that he was crying. The more I spoke to him, the more he hid his face; and at first he shook all over, and said nothing but 'My darling!' and 'My love!'"

Here Tom came lounging in, and stared at the two with a coolness not particularly savor-

ing of interest in anything but himself, and not much of that at present.

"I am asking Sissy a few questions, Tom," observed his sister. "You have no occasion to go away; but don't interrupt us for a moment, Tom dear."

"Oh! very well!" returned Tom. "Only father has brought old Bounderby home, and I want you to come into the drawing-room. Because, if you come, there's a good chance of old Bounderby's asking me to dinner; and if you don't, there's none."

"I'll come directly."

"I'll wait for you," said Tom, "to make sure."

Sissy resumed in a lower voice. "At last, poor father said that he had given no satisfaction again, and never did give any satisfaction now, and that he was a shame and disgrace, and I should have done better without him all along. I said all the affectionate things to him that came into my heart, and presently he was quiet and I sat down by him, and told him all about the school and everything that had been said and done there. When I had no more left to tell, he put his arms round my neck, and kissed me a great many times. Then he asked me to fetch some of the stuff he used, for the little hurt he had had, and to get it at the best place, which was at the other end of town from there; and then, after kissing me again, he let me go. When I had gone down stairs, I turned back that I might be a little bit more company to him yet, and looked in at the door, and said, 'Father, dear, shall I take Merrylegs?' Father shook his head, and said, 'No, Sissy, no; take nothing that's known to be mine, my darling;' and I left him sitting by the fire. Then the thought must have come upon him, poor, poor father! of going away to try something for my sake; for, when I came back, he was gone."

"I say! Look sharp for old Bounderby, Loo!" Tom remonstrated.

"There's no more to tell, Miss Louisa. I keep the nine oils ready for him, and I know he will come back. Every letter that I see in Mr. Gradgrind's hand takes my breath away and blinds my eyes, for I think it comes from father, or from Mr. Sleary about father. Mr. Sleary promised to write as soon as ever father should be heard of, and I trust to him to keep his word."

"Do look sharp for old Bounderby, Loo!" said Tom, with an impatient whistle. "He'll be off, if you don't look sharp!"

After this, whenever Sissy dropped a curtsy to Mr. Gradgrind in the presence of his family, and said, in a faltering way, "I beg your pardon, sir, for being troublesome—but—have you had any letter yet about me?" Louisa would suspend the occupation of the moment, whatever it was, and look for the reply as earnestly as Sissy did. And when Mr. Gradgrind regularly answered, "No, Jupe, nothing of the sort," the trembling of Sissy's lip would be repeated in Louisa's face, and her eyes would follow Sissy with compassion to the door. Mr. Gradgrind usually improved these occasions by remarking, when she was gone, that if Jupe had been properly trained from an early age she would have demonstrated to herself, on sound principles, the baselessness of these fantastic hopes. Yet it did seem (though not to him, for he saw nothing of it) as if fantastic hope could take as strong a hold as Fact.

This observation must be limited exclusively to his daughter. As to Tom, he was becoming that not unprecedented triumph of calculation which is usually at work on number one. 'As to Mrs. Gradgrind, if she said anything on the subject, she would come a little way out of her wrappers, like a feminised dormouse, and say:

"Good gracious! bless me, how my poor head is vexed and worried by that girl Jupe's so perseveringly asking, over and over again, about her tiresome letters! Upon my word and honor, I seem to be fated, and destined, and ordained, to live in the midst of things that I am never to hear the last of. It really is a most extraordinary circumstance that it appears as if I never was to hear the last of anything!"

At about this point, Mr. Gradgrind's eye would fall upon her; and, under the influence of that wintry piece of fact, she would become torpid again.

CHAPTER X.

I entertain a weak idea that the English people are as hard-worked as any people upon whom the sun shines. I acknowledge to this ridiculous idiosyncrasy, as a reason why I would give them a little more play.

In the hardest working part of Coketown;

in the innermost fortifications of that ugly citadel, where Nature was as strongly bricked out as killing airs and gases were bricked in; at the heart of the labyrinth of narrow courts upon courts, and close streets upon streets, which had come into existence piecemeal, every piece in a violent hurry for some one man's purpose, and the whole an unnatural family, shouldering, and trampling, and pressing one another to death; in the last close nook of this great exhausted receiver, where the chimneys, for want of air to make a draught, were built in an immense variety of stunted and crooked shapes, as though every house put out a sign of the kind of people who might be expected to be born in it; among the multitude of Coketown, generically called "the Hands"—a race who would have found more favor with some people, if Providence had seen fit to make them only hands, or, like the lower creatures of the seashore, only hands and stomachs—lived a certain Stephen Blackpool, forty years of age.

Stephen looked older, but he had had a hard life. It is said that every life has its roses and thorns. There seemed, however, to have been a misadventure or mistake in Stephen's case, whereby somebody else had become possessed of his roses, and he had become possessed of the same somebody else's thorns in addition to his own. He had known, to use his words, a peck of trouble. He was usually called Old Stephen, in a kind of rough homage to the fact.

A rather stooping man, with a knitted brow, a pondering expression of face, and a hard-looking head sufficiently capacious, on which his iron-grey hair lay long and thin, Old Stephen might have passed for a particularly intelligent man in his condition. Yet he was not. He took no place among those remarkable "Hands," who, piecing together their broken intervals of leisure through many years, had mastered difficult sciences, and acquired a knowledge of most unlikely things. He held no station among the Hands who could make speeches and carry on debates. Thousands of his compeers could talk much better than he, at any time. He was a good power-loom weaver, and a man of perfect integrity. What more he was, or what else he had in him, if anything, let him show for himself.

The lights in the great factories, which

looked, when they were illuminated, like fairy palaces—or the travellers by express train said so—were all extinguished; and the bells had rung for knocking off for the night, and had ceased again; and the Hands, men and women, boy and girl, were clattering home. Old Stephen was standing in the street, with the odd sensation upon him which the stoppage of the machinery always produced—the sensation of its having worked and stopped in his own head.

"Yet I don't see Rachael, still!" said he.

It was a wet night, and many groups of young women passed him, with their shawls drawn over their bare heads and held close under their chins to keep the rain out. He knew Rachael well, for a glance at any one of these groups was sufficient to show him that she was not there. At last, there were no more to come; and then he turned away, saying, in a tone of disappointment, "Why, then, I ha' missed her!"

But, he had not gone the length of three streets, when he saw another of the shawl figures in advance of him, at which he looked so keenly that perhaps its mere shadow indistinctly reflected on the wet pavement—if he could have seen it without the figure itself moving along from lamp to lamp, brightening and fading as it went—would have been enough to tell him who was there. Making his pace at once much quicker and much softer, he darted on until he was very near this figure, then fell into his former walk, and called "Rachael."

She turned, being then in the brightness of a lamp; and raising her hood a little, showed a quiet oval face, dark and rather delicate, irradiated by a pair of very gentle eyes, and further set off by the perfect order of her shining black hair. It was not a face in its first bloom; she was a woman five and thirty years of age.

"Ah, lad! 'Tis thou?" when she had said this, with a smile which would have been quite expressed, though nothing of her had been seen but her pleasant eyes, she replaced her hood again, and they went on together.

"I thought thou wast ahind me, Rachael?"

"No."

"Early t'night, lass?"

"Times I'm a little early, Stephen; 'times a little late. I'm never to be counted on, going home."

"Nor going t'other way, neither, 't seems to me, Rachael?"

"No, Stephen."

He looked at her with some disappointment in his face, but with a respectful and patient conviction that she must be right in whatever she did. The expression was not lost upon her; she laid her hand lightly on his arm a moment, as if to thank him for it.

We are such true friends, lad, and such old friends, and getting to be such old folk, now."

"No, Rachel, thou'rt as young as ever thou wast."

"One of us would be puzzled how to get old, Stephen, without t'other getting so, too, both being alive," she answered, laughing; "but any ways, we're such old friends, that t'hide a word of honest truth fra' one another would be a sin and a pity. 'Tis better not to walk too much together. 'Times, yes! 'Twould be hard, indeed, if 'twas not to be at all," she said, with a cheerfulness she sought to communicate to him.

"'Tis hard, anyways, Rachael."

"Try to think not; and 'twill seem better."

"I've tried a long time, and t'a'nt got better. But thou'rt right; 'tmight make folk talk, even of thee. Thou hast been that to me, Rachael, through so many year; thou hast done me so much good, and heartened of me in that cheering way, that thy word is a law to me. Ah, lass, and a bright, good law! Better than some real ones."

"Never fret about them, Stephen," she answered quickly, and not without an anxious glance at his face. "Let the laws be."

"Yes," he said, with a slow nod or two.

"Let 'em be. Let everything be. Let all sorts alone. 'Tis a muddle, and that's all."

"Always a muddle?" said Rachael, with another gentle touch upon his arm, as if to recall him out of the thoughtfulness, in which he was biting the long ends of his loose neckerchief as he walked along. The touch had its instantaneous effect. He let them fall, turned a smiling face upon her, and said, as he broke into a good-humored laugh, "Ay, Rachael, lass, awlus a muddle. That's where I stick. I come to the muddle many times and agen, and I never get beyond it."

They had walked some distance, and were near their own homes. The woman's was the first reached. It was in one of the many

small streets for which the favorite undertaker (who turned a handsome sum out of the one poor ghastly pomp of the neighborhood) kept a black ladder, in order that those who had done their daily groping up and down the narrow stairs might slide out of this working world by the windows. She stopped at the corner, and putting her hand in his, wished him good night.

"Good night, dear lass; good night!"

She went, with her neat figure and her sober womanly step, down the dark street, and he stood looking after her until she turned into one of the small houses. There was not a flutter of her coarse shawl, perhaps, but had its interest in this man's eyes; not a tone of her voice but had its echo in his innermost heart.

When she was lost to his view, he pursued his homeward way, glancing up sometimes at the sky, where the clouds were sailing fast and wildly. But, they were broken now, and the rain had ceased, and the moon shone—looking down the high chimneys of Coketown on the deep furnaces below, and casting Titanic shadows of the steam-engines at rest, upon the walls where they were lodged. The man seemed to have brightened with the night, as he went on.

His home, in such another street as the first, saving that it was narrower, was over a little shop. How it came to pass that any people found it worth their while to sell or buy the wretched little toys, mixed up in its window with cheap newspapers and pork (there was a leg to be raffled for to-morrow night), matters not here. He took his end of candle from a shelf, lighted it at another end of candle on the counter, without disturbing the mistress of the shop who was asleep in her little room, and went up stairs into his lodging.

It was a room, not unacquainted with the black ladder under various tenants; but as neat, at present, as such a room could be. A few books and writings were on the old bureau in a corner, the furniture was decent and sufficient, and though the atmosphere was tainted, the room was clean.

Going to the hearth to set the candle down upon a round, three-legged table standing there, he stumbled against something. As he recoiled, looking down at it, it raised itself up into the form of a woman in a sitting attitude.

"Heaven's mercy, woman!" he cried, falling farther off from the figure. "Hast thou come back again!"

Such a woman! A disabled, drunken creature, barely able to preserve the sitting posture, by steadying herself with one begrimed hand on the floor, while the other was so purposeless in trying to push away her tangled hair from her face, that it only blinded her the more with the dirt upon it. A creature so foul to look at, in her tatters, stains and splashes, but so much fouler than that in her moral infamy, that it was a shameful thing even to see her.

After an impatient oath or two, and some stupid clawing of herself with the hand not necessary to her support, she got her hair away from her eyes sufficiently to obtain a sight of him. Then she sat swaying her body to and fro, and making gestures with her unnerved arm, which seemed intended as the accompaniment to a fit of laughter, though her face was stolid and drowsy.

"Eigh, lad? What y'or there?" Some hoarse sounds meant for this came mockingly out of her at last; and her head dropped forward on her breast.

"Back agen?" she screeched, after some minutes, as if he had that moment said it. "Yes! And back agen. Back agen ever and ever so often. Back? Yes, back. Why not?"

Roused by the unmeaning violence with which she cried it out, she scrambled up, and stood supporting herself with her shoulders against the wall; dangling in one hand by the string, a dung-hill fragment of a bonnet, and trying to look scornfully at him.

"I'll sell thee off again, and I'll sell thee off again, and I'll sell thee off a score of times!" she cried, with something between a furious menace and an effort at a defiant dance. "Come awa' from th' bed!" He was sitting on the side of it, with his face hidden in his hands. "Come awa' from 't. 'Tis mine, and I've a right to 't!"

As she staggered to it, he avoided her with a shudder, and passed—his face still hidden—to the opposite end of the room. She threw herself upon the bed heavily, and soon was snoring hard. He sunk into a chair, and moved but once all that night. It was to throw a covering over her; as if his hands were not enough to hide her, even in the darkness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MY SISTER IN HEAVEN.

BY FANNY FALES.

It is her light, quick footfall on the stair!
 It is her laugh so musical and free!
 Oh! no—no—no! God help my heart to bear,
 She comes no more to me.

The brook laughs on—the young grass green is
 springing,

The buds unfolding on each quickened bough;
 The birds flit by, in sunshine music flinging,
 But earth is darkened now.

I miss thy greeting, gentle, blue-eyed sister,
 Thy kiss upon my cheek—thy tender care—
 Thy clasping hand—the love that blessed me,
 sister,
 I miss thee everywhere.

Oh come to me! we dwelt in love together,
 Shared with each other joys, griefs;—daily
 met;
 Drove—walked, and gathered flowers in summer
 weather,
 Come to me, Harriet!

It is her light, quick footfall on the stair!
 It is her laugh so musical and free!
 Oh! no—no—no! God help my heart to bear,
 She comes no more to me.

No more—no more! an angel came in pity,
 Bore her afar from weariness and pain;
 She draws me nearer to the Heavenly City,
 There, may we meet again.

I'll follow soon, one day I whispered sadly,
 Twin of my soul; this woe I cannot bear;
 "Yes," she replied, and raised her soft eyes
 gladly,
 "Yes, I'll await you there.

"Rejoice that I am passing up to Heaven,
 That, like the weary dove, to rest I flee;"
 Oh darling sister! be my tears forgiven,
 I do "rejoice" for thee.

On the Redeemer's tender bosom lying,
 Calmly she crossed the vale, without regret;
 Music in Heaven! thou in songs replying,
 Oh, darling Harriet.

Just into golden morn May-day had budded,
 When came the angel, nearer, nearer yet;
 In depths of sorrow my poor heart was flooded,
 Oh, precious Harriet.

But if I meet thee at the gate supernal,
 Will not the joy outweigh this heavy woe?
 Since thy flight, sister, unto life eternal,
 I tremble less to go.

Thou wilt be near me when my heart is sorest,
 Near me to comfort—when my eyes are wet;
 Near, with the changeless love thou ever
 borest,
 Oh, angel Harriet!

Yes, thou art with me, gliding unseen, ever,
 Why should I mourn when thou art near me
 yet?

Oh, Father! help me that I dwell for ever
 At last, with Harriet!

"CARRIE."

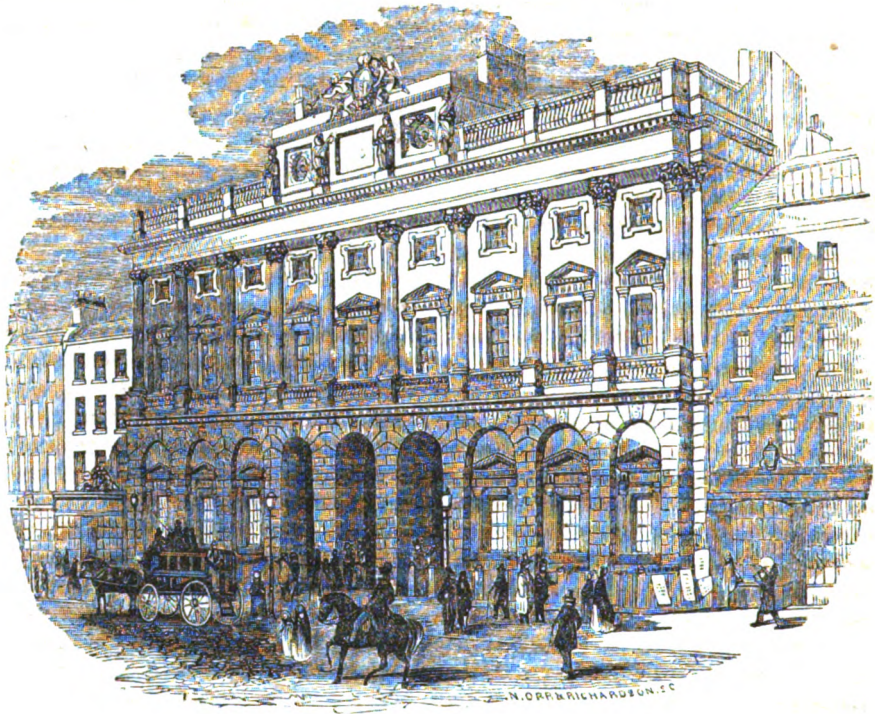
BY WINNIE WOODFERN.

Weary and unrefreshed, I rode
 Through darkness and the rain,
 Still cheered and strengthened by the hope
 Of meeting thee again.
 I thought, perchance, thy dainty foot
 Had pressed that self-same way,
 And sadness left its place for smiles,
 And night was brightest day.

At last our wearied horses stopped:
 We were beside thy home;
 The stately mansion, whence the world
 Ne'er tempted thee to roam.
 I gazed up at the dark old front,
 And at the close shut door,
 And thought, "how soon her sweet, sweet lips
 Will meet my own once more!"

The portal oped—but while I gazed
 Beyond the servant there,
 And thought to hear thy flying step,
 Upon the carved stair,
 And while I watched to see the dance
 Of ringlets on thy head,
 From her cold lips the careless words
 Fell lightly—"She is dead!"

This was the greeting, then, for which
 I longed and prayed each day—
 To journey to thy distant home,
 And find thee fled away!
 In the lone churchyard lies a grave
 I could not bear to see,
 For there the angels laid the love
 They stole away from me!



SOMERSET HOUSE, LONDON.

Somerset House occupies the site of a princely mansion, built by Somerset, the Protector, brother of Lady Jane Seymour. He had not long occupied it, when he was taken to the scaffold; it afterwards became the property of the Crown, and was a royal residence during the reigns of Elizabeth and Charles II. The present building is in the form of a quadrangle: it was completed in 1786. As seen from the opposite side of the river, or from the adjacent bridges, the appearance of this vast range of buildings is very imposing: it presents, indeed, one of the noblest façades in London. There are no less than 3,600 windows in Somerset House, a sufficient proof of its vast magnitude. There are about nine hundred government officials regularly employed in the several departments of the Stamp Office, Excise, Taxes, Revenue, etc. The Strand front is devoted to several learned societies and schools of art. Under the vestibule is a fine bust of Sir Isaac Newton. Herschell, Watt, Davy, Hallam, Reynolds, Wollaston, Walpole and others, dis-

tinguished in arts and letters, have convened within these apartments; it was in the rooms of the Royal Academy that the last and best of Reynold's discourses were delivered. Many notable personages figure historically in the records of old Somerset House: but we cannot particularize, saving that Inigo Jones breathed his last in some apartment of the building, and that the body of Cromwell was laid in state in the great hall, his escutcheon being then placed over the entrance gate.

There is food for thought in the following, for all who are eagerly striving after riches:—"Many a man of wealth would be greatly puzzled if asked what he intended to do with his money. Shall he hoard it for thankless heirs? Shall he squander it on empty luxuries? Shall it be accumulated for the mere sake of accumulation? Or shall he employ it in philanthropic ways? Who does not know that, aside from the pleasures of acquisition, all that a man heaps up after he has gained a competency is a burden and a snare?"

GETTING ACQUAINTED.

BY CULMA CROLY.

"Miss Green, are you acquainted with Mrs. Street?"

"Yes, indeed; we met at Newport last season, and I was her most intimate friend during the whole time she remained."

"Mr. Jones, do you know Mr. Smith?"

"Know him? Yes, like a book. Smith's store is next door to mine, and we have business together every day of our lives. Smith's a fine fellow."

Well, gentlemen and ladies, no doubt you are acquainted with each other, after a fashion; but, Miss Green, you know very well, or ought to know, that Mrs. Street never opened but one very narrow door in her heart to you, which she closed on leaving Newport, and labelled it "vacant" until she moved about again among her five hundred very dear fashionable friends in New York; and in their turn, with the rest of the May movers, these five hundred will voluntarily or involuntarily quit the premises; having gone as far in their acquaintance with Mrs. Street's real self, as they have into her house, when making a fashionable call.

They have entered the great pillared and staccado door, by which all the world enters; they have seated themselves in the elegant reception-room, furnished and ornamented expressly for all the world to admire, while they were entertained therein; but of Mrs. Street's heart, if she has one, her guests know as little as of the garrets and cellars of her costly mansion; less even than a fine lady knows of her own kitchen.

And, Mr. Jones, you may call Mr. Smith a "fine fellow" as much as you please, while he returns the compliment to your entire satisfaction; you know him well, you say; a shrewd man, of excellent business habits, and very agreeable company. You please yourselves with the idea that each of your minds is a snug little room, like your own counting-rooms, perhaps; savoring of Russia bound ledgers, occasionally echoing with the clink of the money-drawer, where you may sit together and smoke away a leisure moment or so; but there are doors behind all those well-filled book-shelves, and under the carpet, too, leading to chambers where the "fine fellows"

are not invited to enter; and some of them you would rather be excused from visiting yourself.

Yet Jones and Smith are "well acquainted" with each other. Yes, quite as well as Miss Green and Mrs. Street.

What if we were really as well acquainted with our friends as we think we are, and they with us? Where would be our mutual respect and confidence? For, retaining our present externally-formed notions, we could scarcely distinguish the inclination to wrong from the wrong itself; and as each of us has some vulnerable point, none would pass scathless through the ordeal of another's judgment. Possessing only the meagre wisdom which a short and not untainted life has brought us, we could not always foresee that will would be stronger than temptation, or that regal conscience and queen-like love, like consorted sovereigns, would tread evil, as the dust, under their feet.

Nor, if we saw, could we always comprehend. For with some men, the eye of the mind is microscopic—with others, telescopic. And the movements of some men's minds need to be watched from a vast distance, while others will bear to be looked at through a powerful magnifying glass. Omniscience, could we dare ask it, would be a useless and a fatal gift to us; for seeing so much that we could not comprehend, and comprehending so much that we could not prevent, we should be miserable. The like only would recognize the like, corresponding minds might more generally meet and harmonize; and yet, that they already do, on this or the other side of the boundaries of time.

No doubt, for this state, things are better as they are; certainly they would be, if men were only true, so far as they are anything to each other. No greater punishment could be inflicted upon a sensitive mind, than to make of his inmost self a transparency for all to gaze upon. His motives might be spotless—his heart one of the purest on earth; but the holy of holies would be holy no longer, if gazed into by strange eyes, and trodden by profane feet. How each has his inmost sanctuary, whither he flees in dark hours, and shuts himself from all the world; yes, even from the dearest voices of human love. And this consciousness of the soul's hiding-place with its Maker, is a sure

seal of immortality, an earnest of final union with Him.

After all, we can but feel that we lose much, by calling a glance at the surface, an acquaintance. Society commands to all a certain style of deportment, as fashion dictates a uniformity of dress; and our minds, like our eyes, accustom themselves to considering those who conform the best, the most admirable. Society is a sort of masquerade, where, since we cannot see who is most beautiful, we inquire who wears the most becoming veil or mask.

Children teach us how to get acquainted. While the parents are sitting in cold state in their parlors, sending and receiving cards—little polished ice-flakes with a name in steel upon them, the children have heard each other's voices through the yard-fence that separates them, and though it is too high to climb, they have found some knot-hole in the fence, through which they have managed to peep into each other's eyes, and exchange greetings after the Pyramus and Thisbe fashion.

If we would learn wisdom we must "set a little child in the midst of us." They teach us only that by being natural and simple, letting our hearts speak for themselves, rather than by some fashionable interpreter, can we become truly acquainted with those we meet, so as to do them good, to love them, and to be loved by them.

And such as we cannot be acquainted with in this way, it were better not to know at all.

HAVE YOU A STEPMOTHER?

Have you a stepmother? "I am so unfortunate," the reader may exclaim. "I am also so—fortunate," I can reply; and will you listen to me, patiently, while I say a few words in defence of this class of persons, often so greatly dreaded, so little tolerated, and sometimes so much abused?

When I was three or four years of age, my mother, "my own mother," was very ill, and I was sent, with my only brother, to the house of an aunt, to remain during her sickness. We were occasionally allowed to go home, and were permitted to enter our mother's room and stand a few moments by her bedside. The last time came that we could enjoy such a privilege, and as our sweet and dying mother looked upon her helpless children for the last time, she said—

"I cannot go, now."

We returned to the house of our aunt; but we did not return to our plays, for we felt that something sad awaited us. We seated ourselves in our little chairs, by the parlor fire, and occupied ourselves in thinking of the sorrowing faces we had left, until our aunt returned, and, with a countenance full of grief and tenderness, told us in the gentlest tones that our mother was dead. I did not know what it meant, but I felt that some terrible thing had happened to us, for which I ought to feel sad, and I went away alone, and wept for this unknown grief. The funeral, my father's deeply sad expression of countenance, my mother, as she lay in her coffin, are all fresh in my memory.

Our home was not broken up, and we were kindly cared for by our grandmother and an aunt.

In three or four years we began to suspect that we were to have another mother. Great improvements were made about our house. Our garden was enlarged, new walks were laid out and a new gardener was employed. On one lovely Sabbath evening in June, "so cool, so calm, so bright," as we were walking in our garden with our father, my brother on one side and I on the other, he looked down upon us, with a sweet smile on his noble face, and said to us—

"My little children, would you not like a mother to walk in the garden with you?"

A matter so proposed, in such a time and place and manner, could not but meet our approbation; and, as we looked at each other and smiled, we said and felt—

"Yes, father, we should."

Nothing definite was said to us in regard to it; but we were constantly anticipating the event with pleasure rather than with pain; and, one Summer's afternoon, when our father drove away with his beautiful white horse and his handsome carriage, we felt that he was to bring our new mother home to us; and so it was.

We ourselves were put in nice order, and were seated in our quiet, shaded parlor, when, a little after dark, our father returned, bringing with him a young and beautiful lady, whom he presented to us, saying—

"Your mother, children."

We kissed her, and felt glad that we had a mother.

As long as we were permitted to sit up, we were occupied in watching the new comer. Not a word that fell from her lips escaped our notice; not a motion or position which we did not observe; her dress even I inspected so carefully that I remember it as if it were but yesterday. When directed to retire, we approached our new mother, kissed her, and said—

“Good night, mother.”

For days and weeks, we needed no amusement but to study her character. She, in her turn, made a great effort to be agreeable and entertaining to us. She had been accustomed to city life, and we wearied her by making a multitude of inquiries in regard to the wonderful things she described to us, and in asking for a repetition of her stories. I saw nothing in her which was not lovely and lovable; still I had a little misgiving as to the result. I could not get over the impression, which I fear all children have, that a stepmother is not to be desired, and that to have one is a greater evil than to be motherless. One day, after some meditation upon the subject, I said to my new mother, with the greatest simplicity and innocence—

“Are not stepmothers awful creatures?”

She looked upon me with a bright and sweet smile, and said—

“Yes, they are, sometimes; and sometimes stepchildren are awful creatures.”

I believe this answer allayed all my fears. I felt assured that my mother was my friend. No family could be more happy than ours was for the next few years; but such happiness was not appointed for us in this life. My father! my noble, precious, my kind and indulgent father! How happy were those days, when he was the light of our house and the delight of our hearts! and how sad, how unutterably sad, how dark and dreary have been all the wearisome years since my father's death! How irreparable is the loss of a father!

My mother and brother were away from home, and I was left alone with my father. He was all kindness and love. He held me in his lap, and talked with me of all my wants. He made particular inquiries in regard to my studies, my proficiency in music, &c. He told me intended very soon to purchase for me a piano and a saddle-horse, two things from which I anticipated much pleasure, and I knew

that my father's promises were not hastily made, and were sure to be fulfilled. That happy week which I spent alone with my father passed away. The same horse and carriage, which brought home my mother, was once more brought to the door, and my father again left home on business. He kissed me and bade me good-bye. I felt grieved to have him leave me, and, as he was entering his carriage, I followed him to the door, and again put my arms about his neck and kissed him. It was Monday morning, and he intended to be absent a week. The days passed slowly and heavily without him. One afternoon—it was Friday afternoon—as I was sitting listlessly at our little parlor window, a laboring man, a neighbor of ours, passed the window, and entered our house. He looked up at me, as he passed, with an expression of great grief, and, as I saw him, the thought darted through my mind—he has come to tell me that my father is dead. Very soon a young lady, who was staying with me, entered the room, and said—

“Mary, death has come at last—your father is dead!”

I knew not what she said. I knew not what I had lost.

“My heart grew cold—it felt not then,
When shall it cease to feel again?”

This man was not properly authorized to convey to me the sad intelligence. He had heard the terrible news; and, while our family friends were consulting as to the best mode of imparting it to me, he came in as the bearer of it. I have since been so situated as to receive several acts of kindness from him, but I can never forget the precipitate manner in which this most terrible intelligence was communicated to me; so different was his haste from the gentle and reluctant tones in which my almost angelic aunt communicated to me the death of my mother.

My father and my mother were dead—four of my brothers and my sister were lying in the silent grave, and I was still a mere child. Without our kind, affectionate, and gentle stepmother, who would now have been our friend? How desolate would have been our home! Who could so well have supplied to us the protecting arm and the loving heart of our father as did our mother?

Adversity and affliction still awaited us. Many, who would have treated us with kind-

ness and attention if our father had lived, and prosperity had been our lot, thought not of us in our sorrow and seclusion. Some of those, whose duty it was to protect us, and to see that our little property was suitably cared for, sought only to enrich themselves from the portion of the widow and the fatherless. But on one friend we could always rely. Our mother shared our destiny with us. Our interests were hers. To her we never looked in vain for sympathy and affection.

Many years have passed away, and my mother is still the same kind, devoted mother that she was in the days of my childhood. I have now a happy home of my own, and my home is my mother's home. My children have been a source of amusement and happiness to her, and she has been a kind and loving friend to them. My whole life has been made more happy by the presence of my mother. Would not this more frequently be the case, if mothers and children would resolve to be less suspicious and fault-finding, to overlook *small* faults, as own mothers and children do, to be affectionate and kind, confiding and trusting? How much happiness is lost because children have made up their minds that "stepmothers are awful creatures," and must of necessity be a source of unhappiness.

From my own observation, I have inferred that the unhappiness is less frequently caused by the mother than by the conduct of the children themselves—and I would say to those who have stepmothers, and to those who are anticipating such an event—resolve to love your mother and to be loved by her, and you will, I trust, never regret that she is your mother. She comes to you with reluctance, with fear and trembling; receive her cordially and kindly; give her a place in your heart, and let her know the blessedness of being loved by an affectionate and grateful child. MARY LIND.

A STRONG RESEMBLANCE.—Moore, in his *Diary*, mentions an anecdote told by Croker, as one of the happiest things he ever heard. Fenelon, who had often teased Richelieu (and ineffectually it seems) for subscriptions to charitable undertakings, was one day telling him he had just seen his picture.

"And did you ask it for a subscription?" said Richelieu, sneeringly.

"No; I saw there was no chance," replied the other; "it was so like you."

LOVE'S YEARNING.

BY MRS M. A. DENISON.

"Are they all here?"

"Yes, all but one; and she has just waked up from a nap—she will be down soon."

"Isn't it a beautiful sight?" exclaimed a fashionably dressed woman, sinking languidly into a seat, and smoothing the folds of her thick satin.

"Beautiful, but exceedingly sad," replied another, whose lip trembled, and in whose eyes stood unrestrained tears; "the little darlings are motherless."

"Yes, but how well they are provided for! Just look at that sweet little thing with the auburn curls. Isn't she pretty?"

Pretty she was, indeed; nay, beautiful, with her little round limbs full of dimples—the short frock hanging archly over the plump ankles. A sight worth seeing was that band of motherless children. There was one they called Matty, with bright, crisp curls and dancing eyes—another who answered to the name of Lilly, with eyes as blue as heaven, and brow as fair as unstained snow. Some were plain and sickly, but most had the rosy glow—the smile unconscious, yet happy, of confiding infancy.

"Many years ago," said Mrs. Eastman, turning to the matron, "I promised a dear friend that, in the event of her death, if she left daughters, they should be taken to my heart and home. She was unfortunate after that, I heard—though I lost sight of her—and died miserably poor. I traced her to this city, and here they tell me is her only child—a girl.

"The name?" asked the matron.

"A plain one—Mary Harson; her mother was beautiful," she added, running her eye along the group, and among the sparkling faces and curly heads.

"Bring Mary Harson down," said the matron to an assistant; and Mrs. Eastman, startled from her composure, uttered an exclamation of surprise as the child entered.

She was a little, odd figure, with large eyes almost preternaturally bright, thin in form, neither elastic in limb nor rosy of cheek. She came forward with painful timidity, and laid that small, shrunken hand in the gloved hand of the lady, holding it there as if it were not a part of herself—but something she was obliged to offer.

"She's a strange child," said the matron, reading the glance of her visitor, "but intelligent. Her great fault is her sensitive temperament; she never ceases mourning for her mother—that for so little a child is singular, you know—and she dead so long."

Mrs. Eastman had fully expected that one of the most beautiful of that little group was the child of her early friend. Much she was disappointed at the diminutive figure and plain features of this little stranger, and her looks showed her regret. She strove to master it, however, as she gazed at the downcast child—the weak frame so eager to shrink out of notice.

"Will you be my little girl?" she said.

The pale under lip quivered, and the diminutive thumb sought shelter in her mouth, while her eyes were cast towards the floor; but she answered not a word.

"Certainly you will like to go with this lady," said the matron, encouragingly; "you will love to live in a fine house, and have plenty of dolly babies, plenty to eat, and everybody to love you. Say yes to the lady—she is going to be your mother."

That word broke the loosed fountain—a long-drawn, convulsive sigh, that must nearly have broken her little heart, dilated the child's whole figure—then the tears fell fast and copiously, and she sobbed so violently that Mrs. Eastman exclaimed, pettishly—

"Why, what a queer child it is;" at which the little one sobbed harder than ever—and the matron led her from the room.

* * * * *

"Tiney, my love, be quiet, and get your lesson. Christmas is coming, you know; and you must do your best. Mary, your eyes are constantly wandering; why will you not heed what I say? Are you dreaming?"

The little one started, cast a long, mournful look in the face bent above hers, and, with a deep, oldish sigh, gathered her brows and resolutely applied herself to her book.

The parlor was beautiful, and well supplied with luxuries. The rich red of the coal glow brought out innumerable pictures of rosewood carving, and struck into vivid light the rare pictures on the walls.

Tiney, a girl with bright black eyes, set in a roguish face, held in her hand a little silver pencil, with which, though her mother did not see her, she was making pictures on the mar-

gin of her books. She was the child of wealth; any one might have known that, for the garments folding over those polished limbs were of fine and dainty material. A rich necklace of coral, with golden clasps, encircled her neck; and her little shoes, neatly laced, shone in a casing of the brightest kid. The little girl at her side was not a whit the less beautifully attired; but, from her brow the innocent joys and loves and sweet surprises of childhood seemed permanently banished. Even the rose-light of health looked only dimly through the transparent cheeks, and her large, sad eyes always made one think of something mournful. A chubby babe, almost ready for the nursery, laid quietly upon the lounge, drowsily playing with his blocks, and crowing in an undertone.

"How now"—that voice was all heart—"how long have you been dumb—all of you—come; I'm for a game—rouse up—look something like life;" and Mr. Eastman threw his great frame into an easy chair, holding out his arms for the now wide-awake baby.

"Tiney, do you know your lesson?"

"Yes, mamma," answered the child, hastily concealing the pencil she had made her plaything.

"And you, Mary?"

"No, mamma," timidly replied the more conscientious Mary.

"Then you must not expect to play," said Mrs. Eastman, sharper than was wont.

"There, no crying—I'm tired of it."

"Don't be harsh to her," exclaimed Mr. Eastman, softly; "perhaps, she isn't well."

"Then, if she isn't well, she may go to bed," added the lady, impatiently; "but I know better, she is well—and she will be well—and she will look like a funeral all the time, notwithstanding all I have done for her. I hate ingratitude."

"Never mind, Molly, you'll try harder to study to-morrow—won't you?" But the child shrieked convulsively, as his kind voice touched her heart, and laying her head low on her hands, sobbed as she had not for many days.

A bitter look crossed Mrs. Eastman's face. Just then a servant came in. "Take Miss Mary to her room—where she can stay till she feels better," she said sternly; and her husband, who could think of no cause for such strange conduct, silently acquiesced.

"I shall dislike her by and by, I fear," said the lady, half communing with herself, "I don't see what it is—she has every comfort. I'm sure poor Mary, her mother, was one of the most amiable beings that ever lived. How little her child takes after her. She is for ever weeping, notwithstanding all I can do. I've loaded her with toys, and anticipated all her wishes, yet she will be sad and miserable. I don't understand it. I'm out of all patience."

Ah! kind mother and gentle friend, you know not that little tender heart. You could not touch its quivering strings but to wake discordant notes. The spirit so sensitive, shrinking if a breath brushed it too harshly, needed at least something akin to a mother's love. It yearned for the good night kiss: for the arm placed involuntarily about the slight form; for the gentle pressure sometimes given when least expected. This, that little sensitive one longed for—in the far dark distance she looked back, remembering how it had been with her.

Tiney and Mary slept in two small, adjoining chambers. Twice, before bed-time did Mrs. Eastman send up to know if Mary could come to her supper; but the servant returned, saying she was still "in the sulks," she called it—but she did not know. So the babe was laid sweetly in its cradle. Tiney was carefully disrobed before the warm, shining fire—her snowy night-dress put on—and kneeling, with her white hands raised, and clasped in those of her mother—her little body swaying to the measure of her good-night hymn, she happily prepared for slumber.

"O! dear, oh! dear, dear, dear," sobbed a small, childish voice, "will God please take me home to Heaven?"

Mrs. Eastman paused in absolute astonishment before she entered Mary's room. The door was slightly ajar—the full moon laid lovingly over little Mary, its beams brightening the white objects about the bed, and making her, with her grieved, upturned face, clasped hands, and streaming eyes, seem like an angel sorrowing over some mortal's untimely sin.

"Oh! I am so lonely," sighed the little thing, still talking to her Father in Heaven—"this mother don't love me—I know she don't—she loves her own little girl, for she kisses her a great deal, and she looks at her happy; but, oh! dear God, she don't love me like her—please take me right to Heaven."

Mrs. Eastman swallowed her emotion—pity swelled at her heart—she remembered how quick the rebuking word sprang forth at any of her faults—how often she called her "lazy little thing," because she turned dreamily away from her book—and how frequently she sent her to her slumbers without one word of praise, while she almost smothered her own child with caresses.

All this while the child was sobbing as she prayed—"Don't let me cry so much, dear God, because they say I'm cross and wicked—oh, God! do let me think of my own dear mamma, without feeling so very bad—and don't let me think what nice times we used to have when little Willy was alive, and mamma used to smile on us so sweetly—oh! dear, good God, if I might only go to Heaven with my dear mother, I never could want to cry again."

Mrs. Eastman hurried down stairs, and, going by herself, bitterly wept. She saw all her error, and how sorrowful she was making that young life. Drying her tears, after a prayer for guidance, she hastened up stairs. Little Mary had undressed, and with all a woman's precision had laid her clothes carefully aside.

"Mary," said Mrs. Eastman, in a soft voice. The child looked round, alarmed.

"Mary, shan't I hear your prayers, love?"

Not a word said the child; but with her great eyes wide open, she came slowly towards her foster-mother, and dropped on her knees; nor did she take her wondering glance from that gentle face till she had repeated the last amen.

"Now, kiss me, darling," said Mrs. Eastman, with trembling voice.

There was a pause of a moment—the child caught her breath—then flung her arms passionately about the neck of her mother, kissing her again and again. With a new impulse the foster-mother strained her to her bosom, and so held her, while the hot tears fell like rain down her cheeks.

"And do you think you can love me?" she murmured, disengaging herself from the rapturous embrace.

"Oh! yes, I do love you; I love you like my own dear mamma—oh! you never were so good to me before."

"And you will not cry so much, my darling, and make me sad."

"No, I will never cry, for I think my own mamma has come back from Heaven—my *sorry* has all gone—how kind you are, mamma!" and the beautiful head reposed lovingly, and without rebuke, against the heart beating with such new and sweet tenderness: and when Mrs. Eastman again looked down, the child was sleeping, with an angelic happiness playing over her serene countenance.

From that time little Mary was like a new creature. It was love she yearned for: her tender nature, like the flower for the dew, pined for its sweet nourishment. Never more she wept without cause—never went alone to her Father, and in agony, cried—"Dear God, please take me home to Heaven."—*Mother's Journal and Family Visitant.*

SUNLIGHT AND LAMPLIGHT; OR, WE ALL ATTEMPT TO RULE.

BY MARY J. SMITH.

"I would darken my parlors and light them with lamps during the day, if I were wealthy," remarked one lady to another.

"I," replied the other, "value more highly the immediate gift of the Creator, and therefore I would flood my mansion with the glad sunlight; even the timid moonbeam should find quiet entrance there. It seems sinful to pervert the appointed use of gifts so gracious."

"Nay, do not misunderstand me," was the response. "I do not disregard these favors coming from a beneficent source, neither would I thanklessly exclude them from the drawing-rooms of my home, but my preference for the soft, shaded light of lamps amounts to a passion. Nothing is more inspiring to me than tastefully furnished rooms illumined with a subdued radiance, through which moving forms pass with a waving motion, as if borne through molten brilliance. Nor do I consider devotion to this species of beauty at all inconsistent with the requirements of the Divine Ruler. Is not love for the beautiful, wherever it is found, an inherent principle of our nature?"

"It is; but our knowledge of what constitutes the *true beautiful*, may be very much at fault; it may be influenced by a misguided fancy, by early habits and indulgence, by error of the judgment, &c. I think your partiality the result of a morbid taste induced by frequently reading of splendid entertainments

where natural light was superseded by artificial, so that the extravagance of personal adornment and the gilded show around might be blended in dazzling indistinctness, thus confusing the senses and producing a dreamy state of mind, anything but consistent with that clear perception which accompanies an unclouded intellect. Such indulgences are exerting a baleful influence upon the general society of our day, and unless a mighty reaction is accomplished, I see no rescue for the youthful mind from the effects of luxury and indolent ease. Many ruined nations date their decline from periods in which wealth flooded their limits, and its Circean draughts, Syren songs and wild revelry so bewildered the senses, that *mind* was prostrated before its power, and the shadows of desolation soon gathered over those lands whose mental suns were extinguished. Will you not be warned by these precedents, and avoid the rock on which nations as well as individuals have been wrecked?"

"I do not advocate ungoverned indulgence," was the reply. "You have altogether mistaken the spirit of my words. I am equally aware, with yourself, of the injury, both physical and mental, arising from abandonment to selfish gratifications of any kind. Very possibly, indeed, my substitution of *luminous matter* for the purer radiance flowing from distant orbs, might bear too much of the 'earth earthy,' to insure me against the mishaps incident to this lower sphere, but many explanatory reasons might be brought forward in the formation of a defence which would shield me from your imputation of error, and also show that the path of safety is a narrow one lying just between the two great oceans of Truth and Error. I shall, however, persist in my determination to reject the garish light of day for those softer and more subdued rays which are so grateful to a happy imagination. And let me assure you that I am not alone in my preference; many of our friends cherish the same partiality."

"Quite probable, but that does not weaken my conviction of its error, and I shall continue to oppose it until some of them are disabused."

Such were some of the remarks we heard lately, originating between two ladies, who were each absorbed in the attempt to bring the other over to her side; and it aroused a train of reflections perhaps little complimentary

to the general tendency of human efforts in themselves, however laudable an exterior they may wear. Let them come in whatever form they may, a careful analysis will detect many of their motives springing from a secret desire *to rule*; to sway the actions and opinions of the multitude, and to gather a host in whose numbers there may be a fancied assurance of security. It is to be feared that the unanswered question, coming from one of old, "What is truth?" is not the lever arousing our powers into action; if it were, there would be less rushing over to the popular side, and little dread of being found with the minority. The impetuosity and thoughtlessness of the present age render it extremely difficult for a careful observer to receive that as truth which comes with the acclamations of the crowd, because impulse and the fever of popular favor are the motive principles impelling it, and what is exalted to-day, may, to-morrow, fall into implied disgrace. Rather than be classed with the few who, in their adherence to right, maintain a firm silence when exciting topics are introduced, many, unsustained by moral courage, forsake their position and unite with the swelling throng, which in its headlong career will ultimately be split into numberless factions, and end in final ruin.

Selfish argument and contention cannot result in good, as they issue from an evil source, and like the fruit of an evil tree they retain the parent nature. Neither is it wise to unite tacitly with the multitude for the sake of peace and with the hope of future rescue from its toils. Will and judgment will thus be sacrificed, and the unfortunate beings will become little better than living vanes, at the mercy of every change in the breath of human passions. Sages have ever retired from the jostling crowd and resigned themselves to calm, unimpassioned thought, when events of a momentous nature demanded action, and they have thus marshalled expedients equal to every emergency, and stood towers of strength and order in the midst of factious dissension. As with the great, so with the small matters of our life. Contending, restless spirits will ever mar the symmetry of social existence, and introduce confusion with their presence, merely for the sake of attaining that control over others to which they in turn refuse to yield obedience. Alas, that this principle should be so cherish-

ed in every heart! A little calm, philosophic reflection would discover its futility, and open a way for the introduction of high and holy aspirations.

A HOME IN HEAVEN.

BY MRS. F. E. KNAPP.

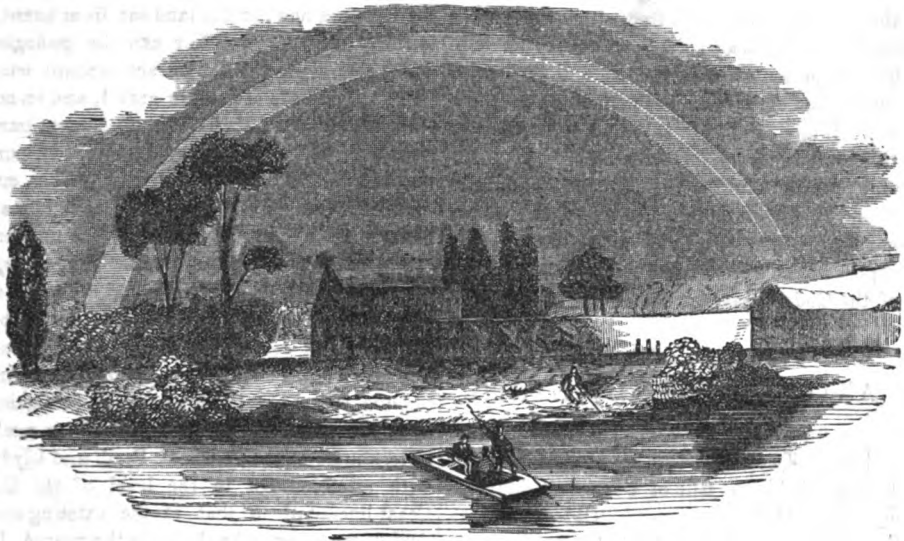
Aye, struggle on—though all of earth,
That seemed the fairest in thy sight,
Hath proved to be of little worth;
Though hopes so joyous and so bright,
That gathered round thy early morn,
Have vanished—leaving cold and dark
Thy wretched heart, with anguish torn;
Though love hath left scarce one bright spark
To kindle warmth within thy heart;
Though all seems lonely, dreary, sad;—
Though thine hath been a bitter part
In life's strange drama—still with glad
And earnest hope, beyond this vale
Of tears and sorrow, cast thine eye,
And calmly 'bide the fiercest gale,—
There's rest for thee—eternal rest on high.

Aye, struggle on—a home so bright
That mortals may not bear the sight
Is thine, when toils are ended here;
Nor night, nor sorrow, nor a tear,
Nor aught to sadden, e'er shall come
Within the precincts of that home.
Blest thought—"mid all thy pain and grief
Thy trials here will be but brief.

Nor only this—mayhap some heart
All "crushed and bleeding"—by thy part
Well borne, may 'cross a darkened sky,
Catch some bright glimpses from on high;—
Thus, gently, through a Saviour's love
Thou'lt guide a soul to joys above;
Beyond all price it were a bliss
To bear a mission such as this.

Then falter not—e'er looking up
To Him who drained life's bitter cup;
His love will bear thee safely through,
Though deepening waters round thee flow,
To cheer thy weary soul is given
Sweet promise of a home in Heaven.

An urchin, not quite three years old, said to his sister, while eating a piece of gingerbread, "Sis, take half ub dis cake to keep to afternoon, when I gets cross." This is nearly as good as the child that cried, from the top of the stairs, "Ma, Hannah won't pacify me."



THE RAINBOW.

NATURAL PHENOMENON.

The most glorious vision depending upon the decomposition, refraction, and reflection of light, by the vapor of the atmosphere reduced to fluid drops, is the well-known arch projected during a shower of rain upon a cloud opposite to the sun, displaying all the tints of the solar spectrum. The first marked approximation to the true theory of the rainbow occurs in a volume, entitled "*De Radiis Visus et Lucis*," written by Antonius de Dominis, Archbishop of Spalatro, published in the year 1611, at Venice. Descartes pursued the subject, and correctly explained some of the phenomena; but upon Newton's discovery of the different degrees of refrangibility in the different colored rays which compose the sunbeam, a pencil of white or compounded light, the cause of the colored bands in the rainbow, of the order of their position, and of the breadth they occupy, was at once apparent.

When rain is falling, and the sun is on the horizon, the bow appears a complete semi-circle, if the rain-cloud is sufficiently extensive to display it. Its extent diminishes as the solar altitude increases, because the colored arch is a portion of a circle whose centre is a point in the sky directly opposite to the sun. Above the height of 45° , the primary bow is invisible, and hence, in our climate, the rain-

bow is not seen in Summer about the middle of the day. In peculiar positions, a complete circle may be beheld, as when the shower is on a mountain, and the spectator in a valley; or when viewed from the top of a lofty pinnacle, nearly the whole circumference may sometimes be embraced. Ulloa and Bouguer describe circular rainbows, frequently seen on the mountains, which rise above the table-land of Quito. When rain is abundant, there is a secondary bow distinctly seen, produced by a double reflection. This is exterior to the primary one, and the intervening space has been observed to be occupied by an arch of colored light. The secondary bow differs from the other in exhibiting the same series of colors in an inverted order. Thus the red is the uppermost color in the interior bow, and the violet in the exterior. A ternary bow may exist, but it is so exceedingly faint from the repeated reflections as to be scarcely ever perceptible. The same lovely spectacle may be seen when the solar splendor falls upon the spray of the cataract and the waves, the shower of an artificial fountain, and the dew upon the grass. There is hardly any other object of nature more pleasing to the eye, or soothing to the mind, than the rainbow, when distinctly developed—a familiar sight in all regions, but

most common in mountainous districts, where the showers are most frequent. Poetry has celebrated its beauty; and to convey an adequate representation of its soft and variegated tints is the highest achievement of the painter's art. While the Hebrews called it the Bow of God, on account of its association with a Divine promise, and the Greeks the Daughter of Wonder, the rude inhabitants of the North gave expression to a fancy which its peculiar aspect might well create, styling it the Bridge of the Gods, a passage connecting heaven and earth.

ANTIQUITY OF THE EARTH.

BY HUGH MILLER.

[The "Two Records, the Mosaic and the Geological," is the title of a Lecture delivered by Hugh Miller, author of "Old Red Sandstone," &c., in Exeter Hall, London, and recently published in this country by Gould & Lincoln, of Boston. We make an interesting extract.]

There runs around the shores of Great Britain and Ireland a flat terrace of unequal breadth, backed by an escarpment of varied height and character, which is known to geologists as the Old Coast-line. On this flat terrace most of the seaport towns of the empire are built. The subsoil, which underlies its covering of vegetable mould, consists usually of stratified sands and gravels, arranged after the same fashion as on the neighboring beach, and interspersed in the same manner with sea-shells. The escarpment behind, when formed of materials of no great coherency, such as gravel or clay, exists as a sloping, grass-covered bank—at one place running out into promontories, that encroach upon the terrace beneath, at another receding into picturesque, bay-like recesses; and where composed, as in many localities, of rock of an enduring quality, we find it worn, as if by the action of the surf—in some parts relieved into insulated stacks, in others hollowed into deep caverns—in short, presenting all the appearances of a precipitous coast line, subjected to the action of the waves. Now, no geologist can, or does, doubt that this escarpment was at one time the coast-line of the island—the line against which the waves broke at high-water in some distant age, when either the sea stood from

twenty to thirty feet higher along our shores than it does now, or the land sat from twenty to thirty feet lower. Nor can the geologist doubt that along the flat terrace beneath, with its stratified beds of sand or gravel, and its accumulations of sea shells, the tides must have risen and fallen twice every day, as they now rise and fall along the beach that girdles our country. But, in reference to at least human history, the age of the Old Coast-line and terrace must be a very remote one. Though geologically recent, it lies far beyond the reach of any written record. It has been shown by Mr. Smith, of Jordan Hill, one of our highest authorities on the subject, that the wall of Antoninus, erected by the Romans as a protection against the Northern Caledonians, was made to terminate at the Firths of Forth and Clyde, with relation—not to the level of the Old Coast-line—but to that of the existing one. And so we must infer that, ere the year A. D. 140 (the year during which, according to our antiquaries, the greater part of the wall was erected) the Old Coast-line had attained to its present elevation over the sea. Further, however, we know from the history of Diodorus the Sicilian, that at a period earlier by at least two hundred years, St. Michael's Mount, in Cornwall, was connected with the mainland at low water, just as it is now, by a flat isthmus, across which, upon the falling of the tide, the ancient Cornish miners used to carry over their tin in carts. Had the relative levels of sea and land been those of the Old-Coast line at the time, St. Michael's Mount, instead of being accessible at low ebb, would have been separated from the shore by a strait from three to five fathoms in depth. It would not have been then as now, as described in the verse of Carew—

"Both land and island twice a day."

But even the incidental notice of Diodorus Siculus represents very inadequately the antiquity of the existing coast-line. Some of its caves, hollowed in hard rock in the line of faults and shifts by the attrition of the surf, are more than a hundred feet in depth; and it must have required many centuries to excavate tough trap or rigid gneiss to a depth so considerable by a process so slow. And yet, however long the sea may have stood against the present coast-line, it must have stood for a considerably longer period against the ancient

one. The latter presents generally marks of greater attrition than the modern line, and its wave-hollowed caves are of a depth considerably more profound. In determining, on an extensive tract of coast, the average profundity of both classes of caverns, from a considerable number of each, I ascertained that the proportional average depth of the modern to the ancient is as two to three. For every two centuries, then, during which the waves have been scooping out the caves of the present coast-line, they must have been engaged for three centuries in scooping out those of the old one. But we know, *historically*, that for at least twenty centuries the sea has been toiling in these modern caves; and who shall dare affirm that it has not been toiling in them for at least ten centuries more? But if the sea has stood for but even two thousand six hundred years against the present coast-line (and no geologist would dare fix his estimate lower,) then must it have stood against the old line, ere it could have excavated caves one-third deeper, three thousand nine hundred years. And both periods united (six thousand five hundred years) more than exhaust the Hebrew chronology. Yet what a mere beginning of geologic history does the epoch of the Old Coast-line form! It is but a mere starting-point from the recent period. Not a single shell seems to have become extinct during the last six thousand five hundred years! The shells which lie embedded in the subsoils beneath the Old Coast-line are exactly those which still live in our seas.

Above this ancient line of coast, we find at various heights beds of shells of vastly older date than those of the low lying terrace, and many of which are no longer to be found living around our shores. I spent some time last autumn in exploring one of these beds—once a sea-bottom, but now raised two hundred and thirty feet over the sea—in which there occurred great numbers of shells now not British, though found in many parts of Britain at heights varying from two hundred to nearly fourteen hundred feet over the existing sea-level. But though no longer British shells, they are shells that still continue to live in high northern latitudes, as on the shores of Iceland and Spitzbergen; and the abundance in which they were developed on the submerged plains and hillsides of what are now England and Scotland, during what is termed the Pleisto-

cene period, shows of itself what a very protracted period that was. The prevailing shell of the bed which I last explored—a bed which occurs in some places six miles inland, in others elevated on the top of dizzy crags—is a subarctic tellina (*Tellina proxima*), of which only dead valves are now to be detected on our coasts, but which may be found living at the North Cape, and in Greenland. In this elevated Scottish bed, of the Pleistocene period, I laid this boreal shell open to the light by hundreds, on the spot evidently where the individuals had lived and died. Under the severe climatal conditions to which (probably from some change in the direction of the Gulf-stream) what is now Northern Europe had been brought, this tellina had increased and multiplied until it became a prevailing shell of the British area; and this increase must have been the slow work of ages, during which the plains—and not a few of the table-lands—of the country were submerged in a sub-arctic sea, and Great Britain existed as but a scattered archipelago of wintry islands. But in a still earlier period, of which there exists unequivocal evidence in the buried forests of Happisburg and Cromer, the country had not only its head above water, as now, but seems to have possessed even more than its present breadth of surface. During this ancient time—more remote by many centuries than not only the times of the Old Coast-line, but than even those of the partial submergence of the island—that northern mammoth lived in great abundance, of which the remains have been found by hundreds in England alone, together with the northern hippopotamus, and at least two northern species of rhinoceros. And though they have all ceased to exist, with their wild associates in the forests and jungles of the Pleistocene, the cave-hyæna, the cave-tiger, and the cave-bear, we know that the descendants of some of their feebler contemporaries, such as the badger, the fox, and the wild cat, still live amid our hills and brakes. The trees, too, under which they roamed, and whose remains we find buried in the same deposits as theirs, were of species that still hold their place as aboriginal trees of the country, or of at least the more northerly provinces of the continent. The common Scotch fir, the common birch, and a continental species of conifer of the far north, the Norwegian spruce (*Abies excelsa*), have been found underlying the Pleis-

toocene drift, and rooted in the Mammiferous Crag; and for many ages must the old extinct elephant have roamed amid these familiar trees. From one limited tract of sea-bottom on the Norfolk coast, the fishermen engaged in dredging oysters brought ashore, in the course of thirteen years (from 1820 to 1833,) no fewer than two thousand elephants' grinders, besides great tusks and numerous portions of skeletons. It was calculated that these remains could not have belonged to fewer than five hundred individual mammoths or English growth; and various in their states of keeping, and belonging to animals of which only a few at a time could have found sufficient food in a limited tract of country, the inference seems inevitable, that they must have belonged, not to one or two, but to many succeeding generations. The further fact that remains of this ancient elephant (*Elephas primigenius*) occur all round the globe in a broad belt, extending from the fortieth to near the seventieth degree of north latitude, leads to the same conclusion. It must have required many ages ere an animal that breeds so slowly as the elephant could have extended itself over an area so vast.

Many of the contemporaries of this northern mammoth, especially of its molluscan contemporaries, continue, as I have said, to live in their descendants. Of even a still more ancient period, represented by the Red Crag, seventy out of every hundred species of shells still exist; and of an older period still, represented by the Coralline Crag, there survive sixty out of every hundred. In the Red Crag, for instance, we find the first known ancestors of our common edible periwinkle and common edible mussel; and in the Coralline Crag the first known ancestors of the common horse-mussel, the common whelk, the common oyster, and the great pecten. There then occurs a break in the geologic deposits of Britain, which, however, in other parts of Europe we find so filled up as to render it evident that no corresponding break took place in the chain of existence; but that, on the contrary, from the present time up to the times represented by the earliest Eocene formations of the Tertiary division, day has succeeded day, and season has followed season, and that no chasm or hiatus—no age of general chaos, darkness, and death, has occurred to break the line of succession, or check the course of life. All the evidence runs counter to the

supposition, that immediately before the appearance of man upon earth, there existed a chaotic period which separated the previous from the present creation. Up till the commencement of the Eocene ages, if even then, there was no such chaotic period in at least what is now Britain and the European continent;—the persistency from a high antiquity of some of the existing races, of not only plants and shells, but of even some of the mammiferous animals, such as the badger, the goat, and the wild cat, prove there was not; and any scheme of reconciliation which takes such a period for granted must be deemed as unsuited to the present state of geologic knowledge, as any scheme would have been forty years ago which took it for granted that the writings of Moses do “fix the antiquity of the globe.”

CZARISM—ITS HISTORICAL ORIGIN.

Various deep or shallow metaphysical and psychological speculations have been laid down upon the reasons, in virtue of which the office and power of the Czar of Russia, with all its criteria of unity, despotism, autocracy, and, very often, of bloody, pitiless tyranny, has taken strong and seemingly indestructible root in the most vivid feelings of the Russian people of all classes and shades. For the solution of this question, how and why Czarism has become thus almost a principal element of the national life and growth, one must look not to abstract theorems, hatched out in the convolutions of the brain, but simply to history. There it stands, a simple, pure historical fact, like many other facts; and there is the succession of events by which this form of absolute monarchy has risen to such eminence, and become, as it were, a religious creed of the people.

This institution, or form of monarchy, which we call Czarism, arose, in its present attributes, or, at least, began to work itself out in Russia during the epoch of Tartar dominion and aggression. Previous to that epoch, and from about the IXth or Xth century, from the Dnieper (Borysthene), the Dniester, the Carpathian Mountains, where now extends Galicia, to the Dwina and the Wolga, Russia was ruled by a number of princes (Kniazia), some weak, others more powerful, who, to a certain degree, were independent, but who all recog-

nised the supremacy of their lord paramount, the Grand Duke of Kieff, called *Weliki Kniaz*. These principalities had nothing in them of any feudal origin or principle, but were simply the results of a successive division of the general patrimony among the heirs and children of Buryk the Norman and his brother, and thus they were all held by kindred and relations. Even the two most ancient republics since the Christian era—those of Novgorod the Great, and of Pskoff—the historical manifestations of the first, being distinctly visible even in the IVth century, and both of them flourishing by free institutions and extensive trade, when Germany and the north-west of Europe were in utter darkness—recognized the above mentioned Grand Ducal supremacy from about the IXth century forward.

The division of the country into smaller and smaller principalities increased continually, and murderous family feuds were frequent among them. This facilitated the conquest by the Tartars in the XIIIth century. To resist them there was neither unity of command nor of obedience, and thus no unity of action. They accordingly subdued all and established their supremacy. We shall not follow here all the vicissitudes of fortune which the Grand Dukedom underwent. This title passed from one lineage to another, changed seats, wandered from Kieff to many other spots, such as Wladimir and others, until, in the last years of the XIIIth century, it finally found a resting place in Moscow.

The Tartar rule did not change in the least the internal organization of Russia. The Tartar chieftains or Khans did not interfere at all with its internal administration. The Tartars did not spread over the country or settle in any spot whatever in the interior, either in villages or cities. The two races never came into peaceful contact. They did not intermarry or intermingle, being separated *de facto* by immense distances and broad and barren plains. But if they had been thrown together, even then the watchfulness of the Eastern, or Græco-Russian Church—the intense, vivid religious feeling in the bosom of all classes of the people, the hatred of the conqueror, and of his Mahometan creed—all these violent elements would have been sufficient to prevent any important union of the two races. The family to which descended the dignity of the Grand

Dukes in Moscow, and the supremacy over the Empire, proved itself, from the beginning of its power, to be inspired and moved by a statesman-like conception. This was by working uninterruptedly, from father to son, to frame out the unity of the Empire, to concentrate all its powers and resources in one hand, as an engine for the overthrow of the hateful Tartar dominion. It was through the Grand Dukes alone that the Tartar Khans communicated with the Empire. The yearly tribute, to be paid from the whole, was collected by the Grand Dukes, and they alone were responsible for it. Every one ascending the Grand Ducal throne was obliged to seek his confirmation from the Khan, and visit him in his seat or residence at Horda. The Tartar chiefs abandoned to the Grand Dukes the uncontrolled management of all internal affairs. Of this, the latter availed themselves, during nearly two centuries, in order to absorb and destroy all the petty princes scattered over the Empire. Force and cunning were largely used. The work was a fearful and bloody one; but it succeeded, and the unity of the Empire, under one supreme despotic power, was the result. Some of those independent dynasties were wholly exterminated; the greater number, however, were forcibly reduced to give up their sovereignties. Such still preserved large private estates, by way of indemnity, and retained the title of Prince (*Kniaz*), taking up their permanent abode in Moscow under the eye of the sovereign. Such is the origin of the countless numbers of princes still to be found in Russia.

In many respects, the Tartar supremacy materially aided the Grand Dukes in their enterprise, and thus served to accumulate materials for its own destruction. At last, feeling their strength, the Grand Dukes of Moscow directed their whole energy and weight against the Tartar. This struggle for independence lasted about thirty years. Moscow and Russia bought their liberation by streams of blood. The final battle, called that of the Giants, and lasting for three days, on the plains of Kulikowo, crowned the effort with a complete victory.

In this struggle, the religious feelings of the nation were exalted to the utmost intensity. The cross fought with the Grand Dukes against the crescent. It was a sacred warfare. The

Grand Duke, the supreme power, the despotic unity, was the soul of the combat. He was sanctified by the Church, and in this powerful moment dawned the identification of the supreme political head of the nation, with its religious worship and sentiment.

The Tartar was crushed. His destroyer—the Grand Duke, the despot, the personification of Autocracy, the Czar, as he began now to call himself—ruled with an iron rod. But as honor and nationality had been vindicated, the grateful people supported rather patiently the bloody lash from time to time brought down upon them. Not a century had elapsed, ere again the nationality of the Russians, their religion, their whole national life and independence, were again brought to the verge of a precipice, and were on the eve of being wholly blotted out, destroyed, and changed, by foreign conquest, facilitated by violent internal dissensions.

The direct lineage of the Czars was destroyed by murder. A usurper ascended the throne, and false pretenders, supported by Polish armies, established themselves in the holy city of Moscow, in the sacred Kremlin. Romanism and the Jesuits were to crowd out the Eastern, or National Church and worship. The Czars (Schujski) who had been elected by a part of the nobility and the people of Moscow, after the overthrow of one of the pretenders, were brought chained to Poland, and died, in Warsaw, in close confinement. It was in the beginning of the XVIIth century. The Poles ruled for several years in Moscow, and the two crowns were on the eve of being united on the head of a Polish prince—which union, if fulfilled, would have absorbed or changed the distinct, genuine nationality of the Russians. All this was the result of the violent interruption above referred to in the lineage of the Czars. Religion inflamed the people—the enemy then established in Moscow was driven out—victory crowned the efforts of the religious patriots, and the palladium of nationality was restored. The whole people, without distinction of classes, now elected the house of Romanoff to the supreme dignity. These events strengthened in the popular mind the belief in the intimate, almost divine blending of religion and of Czarism—of its providential necessity for the life and the welfare of the nation. Czarism, as an idea, is not im-

planted or based solely on one class of the nation, as were the mediæval monarchies of Europe, or that of Hungary and that of Poland. It is identified with the religion and with the whole mass of the people. This is confessed by the crown in all moments of dangerous crisis, and is evinced by all the imperial proclamations from the time of Michael, Peter the Great, and Catharine, down to that published in 1849, after the conquest of Hungary. All bear nearly the same stamp. Humble in respect to religion, but proud of the Russian nationality, and contemptuous and arrogant with regard to any foreign nation or government, even in regard to the whole world out of Russia. This style of speech agrees with the intimate, vivid feelings of the masses, who are firm in their creed. They believe themselves to be the first people in the world—the only true Christian people—for whom Russia, the fatherland, is the white, or the holy land—all the rest of the world being dark, or black—and the capital, Moscow, most white, holy and sacred. Thus, any foreigner who invades Russia is a heathen, and not a Christian.

The Russian Autocracy shrewdly works out and avails itself of this intensity of feeling and its convictions, in order to maintain and strengthen its unnatural power. By extending the frontiers of the Empire—by conquering other countries, or, as now, pressing upon Europe by a certain moral hallucination, and becoming the supreme arbiter of her destinies; that Autocracy gives nourishment and satisfaction to the unbounded national pride, quenches, for a time, the countless internal dissatisfactions—gives them no time and no breath to combine, unite and concentrate together.

The parasitic philosophers of the XVIIIth century baptized this singular despotism of the Czars with the more civilized phrase of Imperialism, and adulated it accordingly. This, again, to a certain degree, reacted on the nation, and strengthened in it the power of the Czar, or, as we may now call it, the imperial creed. The people believed that from it they received a position in the affairs of the world, a glorious and a prominent place among the elder nations. If the Emperor or Czar tramples under his spurred foot the kings, princes, and nations of Europe, even the poorest serf believes he shares in the act, and glories in the

glory of the Czar. Thus the Autocrat is the great embodiment of the whole Russian nation. *Znag ruskago*, "*Know the Russian!*" is in such cases the general exclamation of content.

The despotic, all-devouring and absorbing creed which we have called Ozarism, is thus a simple result of time and of events. But such results, whatever be their strength, however deep their roots, or however great their duration, are finally undone, dissolved, destroyed by the same elements, by the same agencies which raised them. Time evokes new elements of activity and a new range of events; some of them, springing from its own existence, will carry Ozarism away with irresistible force into the eternal abyss. The question is, when its knell will sound? That blessed hour is not so distant as some suppose. So much for the historical formation of this Autocracy.—*Russia as it Is*, by Count Gorchowski.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

HIERO'S GALLEY.—The galley built for Hiero under the superintendence of Archimedes, was considered at the time as one of the wonders of the age. It was furnished with twenty benches of oars, and had three large apartments, with all the conveniences of a spacious palace. The floor of the middle apartment was inlaid in colors, and represented the stories of Homer's *Iliad*. The other parts of this room were finished in wonderful style, and embellished with various ornaments. The upper room was fixed as a gymnasium, and garden, with walks and plants. But the finest apartment was that of Venus. The floors were inlaid with agate and precious stones, and the windows were adorned with paintings upon ivory, and small statues. In this room was a library, and a bath with three great coppers, and a bathing vessel holding two hundred and fifty quarts, made of a single stone of various colors. The bath was supplied with water from a reservoir at the head of the ship, which held one hundred thousand quarts.

The vessel was adorned on all sides by fine paintings. There were eight towers, two at the prow, two at the stern, and four in the middle of the vessel, surrounded by parapets, from which stones could be thrown upon the enemy by means of machines constructed by Archimedes. Each tower was guarded by four young men and two archers. Although this

vessel was so very deep, it could be emptied by one man in a short time by a machine invented by Archimedes for that purpose. The ship was sent by Hiero to Ptolemy, king of Egypt.

CURIOUS CUSTOM RESPECTING A HARE.—They have an ancient custom at Colehill, in the county of Warnick, Eng. If the young men can catch a hare and take it to the parson of the parish before ten o'clock on Easter Monday, the parson is bound to give them a calf's head and one hundred eggs for their breakfast, and a groat in money.

HEIDELBURG CLOCK.—There was upon the town house at Heidelberg, a most curious piece of mechanism. It was a clock, and when it struck, the figure of an old man pulled off his hat, a cock crew and clapped his wings, soldiers fought with each other, &c. This clock was destroyed by the French when they burned the town and castle in 1693.

CURIOUS CUSTOM.—In Holland, every house, no matter whether the inmates are rich or poor, has a door raised three feet from the ground, which is never opened except on two occasions. When any one of the family are married, the bride and bridegroom pass in at this door, and when any one dies he is carried out through it. Except on these two occasions, it is said that this door never turns upon its hinges.

MURDERING STATUE.—When Kenith, king of Scotland, had killed Malcolm Duff, kinsman of Fenella, it so enraged her, that she caused a death-dealing statue to be made. In one of its hands was a golden apple, set round with precious stones. If any one touched this, he was immediately killed with darts which the statue either threw or shot at him. Kenith not suspecting danger, was invited and came to the place, and was slain by the statue, after which Fenella fled to Ireland.

SINGULAR CURIOSITY.—A gentleman in Boston is said to have in his possession a flint pebble found among the ballast thrown into a vessel at an Eastern port. When broken, it presented two heads in profile; all the outlines being very distinct. The heads were of a darker color than the rest of the stone. Strange to say, one of the heads was that of a male, the other of a female; even the putting up of the hair was appropriate to each. The heads were placed in the stone face to face.

MARRIAGE CUSTOM IN WALES.—The marriage custom in some parts of Wales is very peculiar. On the morning of the wedding day, the bridegroom, together with his friends, appear mounted on horses and demand the bride. Her friends, also on horseback, return a decided refusal, at which a mock scuffle ensues. The bride, mounted behind her nearest kinsman, is carried off, and is pursued by the bridegroom and his friends. After they have tired their horses, he is permitted to catch her, and the ceremony is ended with festivity and rejoicing.

LADY OF THE LAMB.—In Oxfordshire, Eng., on the next Monday after Whitsun week, a fat lamb used to be taken, and all the maids of the town having their thumbs tied behind them, ran after it, and she who with her mouth caught and held the lamb, was pronounced "Lady of the Lamb." The lamb was then dressed by the butcher, and with the skin hanging on, was fastened to a pole and carried before the lady and her companions to the green, where the rest of day was spent in dancing and mirth. The next day the lamb was roasted, baked and boiled for the lady's feast, at which she sat at the head of the table with her companions. Music and dancing ended the ceremony.

J. A. A.

NEAR THE BANKS OF THAT LONE RIVER.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Near the banks of that lone river,
Where the water-lilies grow,
Breathed the fairest flower that ever
Bloomed and faded years ago.

How we met and loved and parted,
None on earth can ever know—
Nor how pure and gentle-hearted
Beamed the mourned one years ago!

Like the stream with lilies laden,
Will life's future current flow,
Till in heaven I meet the maiden
Fondly cherished years ago.

Hearts that love like mine forget not;
They're the same in weal or woe;
And that star of memory set not
In the grave of years ago.

LOVE'S FAIRY RING.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

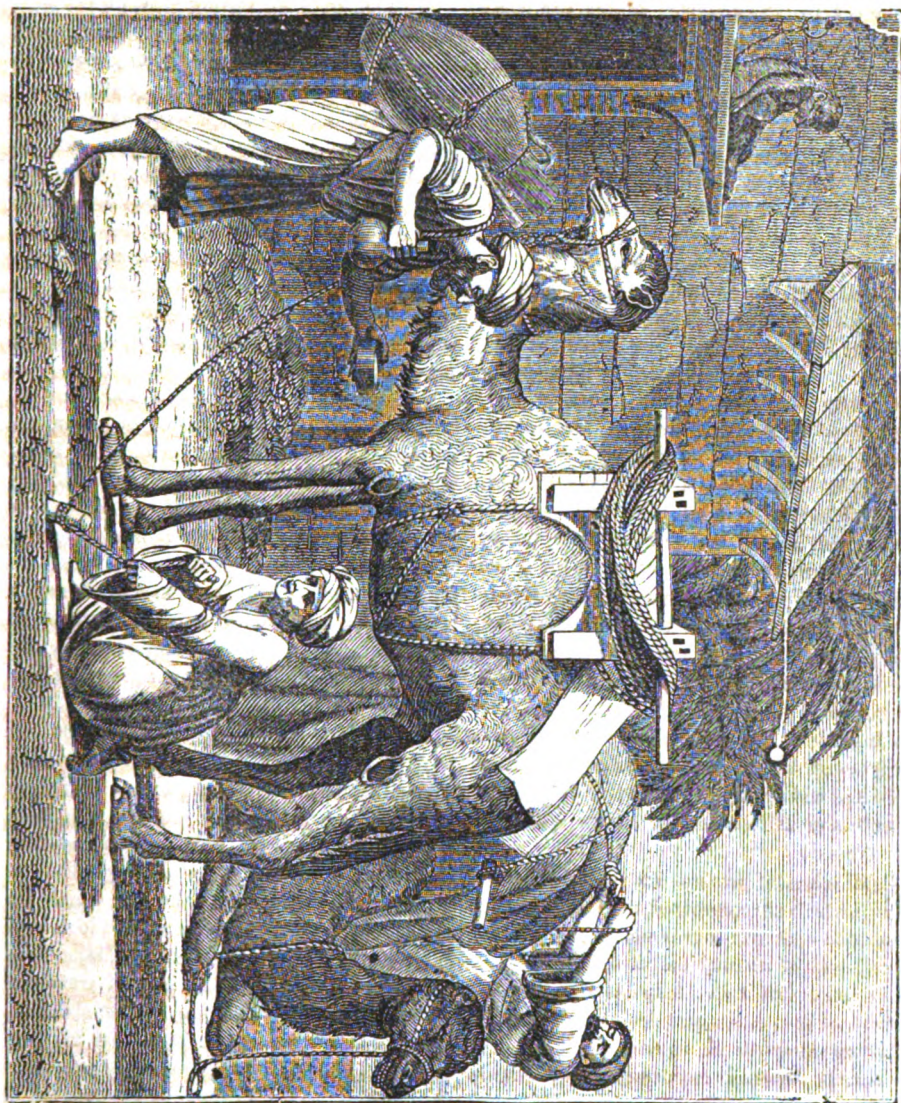
While Titans war with social Jove,
My own sweet wife and I,
We make Elysium in our love,
And let the world go by!
Oh! never hearts beat half so light
With crowned Queen or King!
Oh! never world was half so bright—
As is our fairy ring,
Dear love!
Our hallowed fairy ring.

Our world of empire is not large,
But priceless wealth it holds;
A little heaven links marge to marge,
But what rich realms it folds!
And clasping all from outer strife
Sits love with folded wing,
A-brood o'er dearer life in life,
Within our fairy ring,
Dear love!
Our hallowed fairy ring.

Thou leanest thy true heart on mine,
And bravely bearest up!
Aye, mingling love's most precious wine
In life's most bitter cup!
And evermore the circling hours
New gifts of glory bring;
We live and love like happy flowers
All in our fairy ring,
Dear love!
Our hallowed fairy ring.

We've known a many sorrows, sweet!
We've wept a many tears,
And often trod with trembling feet
Our pilgrimage of years.
But when our sky grew dark and wild,
All closelier did we cling;
Clouds broke to beauty as you smiled,
Peace crowned our fairy ring,
Dear love!
Our hallowed fairy ring.

Away, grim lords of murderdom;
Away, oh! Hate and Strife!
Hence, revellers, reeling drunken from
Your feast of human life!
Heaven shield our little Goshen round,
From ills that with them spring,
And never be their footsteps found
Within our fairy ring,
Dear love!
Our hallowed fairy ring.



THE ARABIAN CAMEL.

Over the arid and thirsty deserts of Asia and Africa, the camel affords to man the only means of intercourse between one country and another. The camel has been created with an especial adaptation to the regions wherein it has contributed to the comfort, and even to the very existence, of man, from the earliest ages. It is constituted to endure the severest hardships with little physical inconvenience. Its feet are formed to tread lightly upon a dry and

shifting soil; its nostrils have the capacity of closing, so as to shut out the driving sand when the whirlwind scatters it over the desert; it is provided with a peculiar apparatus for retaining water in its stomach, so that it can march from well to well without great inconvenience, although they be several hundred miles apart. And thus, when a company of Eastern merchants cross from Aleppo to Basora, over a plain of sand which offers no re-

freshment to the exhausted senses, the whole journey being about eight hundred miles, the camel of the heavy caravan moves cheerfully along, with a burden of six or seven hundred weight, at the rate of twenty miles a day; while those of greater speed, that carry a man, without much other load, go forward at double that pace and daily distance. Patient under his duties, he kneels down at the command of his driver, and rises up cheerfully with his load. He requires no whip or spur during his monotonous march, but, like many other animals, he feels an evident pleasure in musical sounds; and, therefore, when fatigue comes upon him, the driver sings some cheering snatch of his Arabian melodies, and the delighted creature toils forward with a brisker step till the hour of rest arrives, when he again kneels down to have his load removed for a little while; and, if the stock of food be not exhausted, he is further rewarded with a few mouthfuls of the cake of barley, which he carries for the sustenance of his master and himself. Under a burning sun, upon an arid soil, enduring great fatigue, sometimes entirely without food for days, and seldom completely slaking his thirst more than once during a progress of several hundred miles, the camel is patient and apparently happy. He ordinarily lives to a great age, and is seldom visited by any disease.

Camels are of two species. That with one hump, which is represented with his ordinary pack-saddle in our engraving, is the Arabian camel, and is usually called the dromedary. The species with two humps is the Bactrian camel. The Asiatics and Africans distinguish as dromedaries those camels which are used for riding. There is no essential difference in the species, but only in the breed. The camel of the heavy caravan—the baggage camel—may be compared to the dray horse; the dromedary to the hunter, and, in some instances, to the race horse. Messengers on dromedaries, according to Burckhardt, have gone from Daraou to Berber in eight days, while he was twenty-two days with the caravan on the same journey. Mr. Jackson, in his account of the Empire of Morocco, tells a romantic story of a swift dromedary, whose natural pace was accelerated in an extraordinary manner by the enthusiasm of his rider:—

“Talking with an Arab of Suse, on the subject of these fleet camels, and the desert horse, he assured me that he knew a young man who was passionately fond of a lovely girl, whom nothing would satisfy but some oranges. These were not to be procured at Mogadore, and, as the lady wanted the best fruit, nothing less than Marocco oranges would satisfy her. The Arab mounted his heirie at dawn of day, went to Marocco (about one hundred miles from Mogadore), purchased the oranges, and returned that night, after the gates were shut, but sent the oranges to the lady by a guard of one of the batteries.”

The training of the camels to bear burdens, in the countries of the East, has not been minutely described by any traveller. M. Brue, who, at the latter part of the seventeenth century, had the management of the affairs of a French commercial company at Senegal, says:

“Soon after a camel is born, the Moors tie his feet under his belly, and, having thrown a large cloth over his back, put heavy stones at each corner of the cloth, which rests on the ground. They in this manner accustom him to receive the heaviest loads.”

Both ancient and modern authors agree tolerably well in their accounts of the load which a camel can carry. Sandys, in his *Travels in the Holy Land*, says “six hundred weight in his ordinary load, yet will he carry a thousand.” The caravans are distinguished as *light* or *heavy*, according to the load which the camels bear. The average load of the heavy, or slow-going camel, as stated by Major Rennell, who investigated their rate of travelling with great accuracy, is from five to six hundred pounds. Burckhardt says that his luggage and provisions weighing only two hundred weight, and his camel being capable of carrying six hundred weight, he sold him, contracting for the transport of his luggage across the desert. The camel sometimes carries large panniers, filled with heavy goods; sometimes bales are strapped on his back, fastened either with cordage made of the palm tree, or leathern thongs; and sometimes two, or more, will bear a sort of litter, in which women and children ride with considerable ease.

The expense of maintaining these valuable creatures is remarkable little: a cake of barley, a few dates, a handful of beans, will suffice, in addition to the hard and prickly shrubs which

they find in every district but the very wildest of the desert. They are particularly fond of those vegetable productions which other animals would never touch, such as plants which are like spears and daggers in comparison with the needles of the thistle, and which often pierce the incautious traveller's boot. He might wish such thorns eradicated from the earth, if he did not behold the camel contentedly browsing upon them; for he thus learns that Providence has made nothing in vain. Their teeth are peculiarly adapted for such a diet. Differing from all other ruminating tribes, they have two strong cutting teeth in the upper jaw; and of the six grinding teeth, one on each side, in the same jaw, has a crooked form; their canine teeth, of which they have two in each jaw, are very strong; and in the lower jaw the two external cutting teeth have a pointed form, and the foremost of the grinders is also pointed and crooked. They are thus provided with a most formidable apparatus for cutting and tearing the hardest vegetable substance. But the camel is, at the same time, organized so as to graze upon the finest herbage and browse upon the most delicate leaves; for his upper lip being divided, he is enabled to nip off the tender shoots and turn them into his mouth with the greatest facility. Whether the sustenance, therefore, which he finds, be of the coarsest or the softest kind, he is equally prepared to be satisfied with and to enjoy it.

THE DAISY.

Not worlds on worlds in phalanx deep,
Need we to prove a God is here—
The Daisy, fresh from Winter's sleep,
Tells of His hand in lines as clear.

For who but He who arched the skies,
And pours the day-spring's living flood,
Wondrous alike in all he tries,
Could rear the Daisy's purple bud?

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
Its fringed border nicely spin,
And cut the gold embossed gem,
That, set in silver, gleams within?

And fling it unrestrained and free,
O'er hill and dale and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks, may see
At every step the stamp of God.

GODFATHER VIVIAN.

BY MEETA.

[If any one can read the following story with dry eyes, he can do more than the EDITOR of the HOME MAGAZINE.]

It was early in a July afternoon, when the carriage set me down at Peekwood, whither I had gone to spend the holidays. I walked quickly up the old lane of roses and sweet-briar, thinking all the way of Jenny and Robert, and of the delightful days we should pass together. It was such a long time since we had parted last—or, at least, it seemed so. I was somewhat disappointed when, instead of Jenny's pretty, laughing face appearing at the door, I beheld the two prim forms of her step-aunts.

Miss Lucretia and Miss Penelope welcomed me, but not cordially—that they never did.

"Where's Jenny?" said I, giving a half pressure to the cold fingers which received me.

"Jenny is with Robert, at present," replied Miss Lucretia, stiffly.

"And Robert is in disgrace," subjoined Miss Penelope, austere.

A cloud, dark and lowering, overshadowed the promised sunshine of the delightful holidays. I stood irresolute—half wishing, half fearing to ask if I might go to them. Miss Lucretia anticipated me.

"You will find your companions in the south room. I will send up your trunk, immediately."

I scarcely waited to hear the second announcement. I was already at the foot of the stairs. Up I flew, two steps at a time, all red, and dusty, and full of love. I found them together in the south room. Robert, sitting silently by the window, and Jenny, upon her knees beside him. Oh! what a glad shout he gave when he saw me, and how Jenny cried and laughed alternately. For a time, disgrace was forgotten, and it seemed just as if old times on the sea-beach had returned again. But gradually the settled sorrow stole back over Robert's face.

"What is it all about?" asked I, as we three sat together; and they told me from beginning to end. In a moment of great temptation, Robert had taken that which was not his own. He had stolen—he was a thief! Never shall I forget the world of anguish that

passed over his countenance as he said these words—such a bitter, regretful anguish.

"And have you told *all* the circumstances to your aunts?" I again inquired.

"No," replied Robert, proudly; "they would neither understand or believe me, if I did."

"Perhaps they might forgive you."

"Never! They have sent up, this morning, for godfather Vivian. I don't know what will be done with me."

I had heard of godfather Vivian before, but none of us three had ever seen him. He had lived abroad until during the last year, and, though he had sometimes made short visits to Peekwood, it always happened that he came when Jenny and Robert were absent from home. This announcement of his coming silenced us momentarily. We were all thinking of him.

"I know," said Robert, mournfully, after a pause, "I know that he is hard-hearted and unfeeling, or else they never would have sent for him. I expect to have no mercy shown me."

"I am afraid you're right, Robert," said I, sadly, and with tears in my eyes.

"I can foresee everything," exclaimed Jenny, passionately, while she held her brother's hand. "I can see him before me just as if I had known him all my life. Tall, grim, hard, unfeeling, stern, implacable and unforgiving. That's godfather Vivian."

It was a faithful picture to us, and we took it home. We decided that he was a very ogre, and that Robert was to prepare for the worst and most speedy of punishments.

Two hours passed away. We sat sorrowful and without hope. Suddenly, Jenny, who had been watching the window intently, sprang back, clasping her hands, and crying out—

"He's coming! he's coming! The carriage is just coming up the avenue. Oh! Robert, Robert!"

She threw herself upon the floor, and hid her face upon Robert's knee.

He sank back in his chair, his brave, handsome face looking white and ghostly, with the black curls clinging around it. I gained the window, and looked hastily out. A plain, brown, travelling carriage was winding slowly up to the portico. Yes; godfather Vivian had come. Poor Robert! it was all over with him.

Minutes passed away—they seemed hours to us—and then there was a noise at our chamber door. It opened, and admitted the two stepaunts—Miss Lucretia and Miss Penelope. They looked rigid, austere, and boding ill. They beckoned solemnly to Robert. He arose, and walked between them. There was no fear expressed in his face, but he looked worn and wretched. Jenny and I followed; and thus, in awful state, we proceeded to the tribunal.

The door of the old library stood open, as if awaiting our entrance. As we passed in, Robert's head sank lower upon his breast, while Jenny and I walked with dowcast eyes. We felt that we were in the dreaded presence, and we did not wish to behold it.

There was a breathless pause. Then a round, mellow, beautiful voice, full of sweetness, broke the silence.

"How's this? Robert, my boy, what's the matter?"

I thought that, all at once, a tide of blossoms, and fragrance, and sunshine, had burst into the grim, old library. Robert lifted his head and downcast eyes. So did Jenny, and so did I. In the centre of the apartment, on the old-fashioned hair lounge, sat godfather Vivian. No tall, grim, unfeeling guardian. No stern, implacable, unforgiving ogre. But a hale, healthy personage, in the prime of life, with a beautiful, benign countenance and tender, peaceful, blue eyes.

A single streak of sunlight, which was playing on the wall, glanced now and then across his greyish-brown hair and white, un wrinkled brow.

Robert stood before him, his hair tossed aside from his face, which now wore a reassured, grateful look. The stepaunts seated themselves, upright and gloomy, one on either side.

"Mr. Vivian," said Miss Lucretia, by way of preface, "a circumstance like this has never happened in my family. I consider my sister's memory disgraced by this unpardonable action which her stepson has committed."

"Mr. Vivian," concluded Miss Penelope, "a Marchmont never would have perpetrated an act so unworthy of his ancestors."

"Go on, Robert," said the mellow voice, mildly. "Tell me all—tell everything."

"Yes, yes, go on," repeated Miss Lucretia, with acrimony. "Be explicit, and don't lie."

Robert's face flushed, his dark eyes glanced passionately, and he bit his lips as if to suppress his just anger. Then he became subdued again and sorrowful.

"Godfather Vivian," he began, but broke down at these words. Then he rallied and went on, remorsefully, but bravely.

"For sometime past, in going to my place of employ, I have been in the habit of dropping in to visit a poor family, who live in that vicinity. The family consist of a drunken father, a mother, and a crippled child. While I had a little money to spare, besides what I invested, and what I spent in pastime, I gave it to the poor woman for the sake of her child.

"For a week past, the child has lain very ill—almost at the point of death. During her sufferings, her constant desire has been for fruit—for oranges, which delicacy her mother was unable to buy with her scanty means. Yesterday, while I stood at the bedside, her pleadings were heart-rending, and I almost cried because I could not give them to her. I had spent foolishly the little pocket-money I had, and there was no more to be procured until the next month.

"All the way to my employer's I thought about it, and half the day it haunted me. In the afternoon, I entered the counting-room for some article. The apartment was empty, no one was near, and upon the desk lay a few bright silver pieces. Temptation was before me. I thought of the sick-bed of the little child, with its parched lips and piteous cry. I forgot what I had come for, and yet lingered in the room. If I took the money, I could easily replace it again. Only one month, and then I would replace it all, perhaps more than I took. Then something whispered to me, 'Oh! Robert, don't steal,' and I started at my own thoughts. I tried to say my prayers, but I had forgotten them. I glanced involuntarily at the money, and said 'Our Father,' but it wouldn't do."

Here Robert broke down again, and covered his face with his hands. Somebody sobbed. It wasn't Robert, nor Miss Lucretia, nor her sister. It wasn't Jenny, either, although she was weeping silently. It was godfather Vivian. His face was covered with his white

handkerchief, and his breast heaved with emotion.

Robert continued, shading his eyes with his hand.

"I left the counting-room not as I had entered it a few moments before. There was a great weight on my heart, and I felt no longer fearless and honest, but trembled at a sound. I hurried away from thought, and the place of my temptation. I bought the oranges, and carried them to the sick bedside. The mother gave me a blessing, but it sounded more like a curse. I never, never could be upright and honest again, I was so sunk in my own esteem. Oh! sir, I have suffered just here," placing his hand upon his breast, "more than words can tell. It seems as if I had passed through years of punishment and horror. The money has been replaced by my aunts, and Heaven knows my torture has been severe."

Robert ceased speaking and stood with bowed head, the perfect picture of youthful despair. He asked for no clemency, and he need not have asked for it.

Godfather Vivian removed the handkerchief from his face.

"Mr. Vivian," said Miss Lucretia, leaning forward, "he deserves all and everything. Let him not escape."

"Mr. Vivian, be severe," said Miss Penelope, eyeing him closely.

Godfather Vivian arose from his seat, calmly and with mild dignity. He spoke clearly and distinctly—

"Judged not lest that ye be judged also."

The stepaunts exchanged glances. He continued. He spoke eloquently and long. He made an appeal to the stony hearts before him, and they melted at his touch. He asked them if for one offence he should crush for ever the hopes and spring-time of youth. If he should trample upon repentance, and toss lightly away a soul, noble and brave, but erring.

There was pathos in his tones—a great depth and tenderness. Oh! how great and good he looked, standing there, with love and pity and tears in his eyes! He finished his appeal—he turned—he held out his arms.

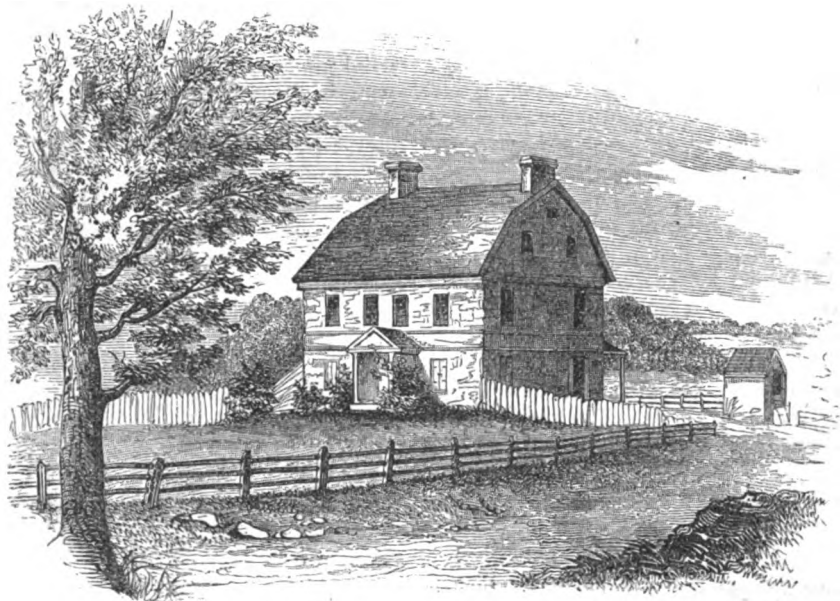
"Robert, my boy, cheer up! There's a long life before you. Be honest, be strong, be hopeful. Never despair, and never throw away life because of a single false step."

Miss Lucretia and Miss Penelope sat with downcast eyes, struggling to regain their ancient pride. I buried my head in the window-curtain, and cried heartily.

When I looked up, Robert was in godfather Vivian's arms, and sobbing upon his brave, broad breast. Jenny was there, too, with her

hands clasped about his neck, and her bright hair waving down around him.

And the tide of blossoms, and fragrance, and sunshine, kept swelling and gliding into the grim library, keeping pace with the round, murmuring, mellow voice. Noble, generous, brave-hearted, godfather Vivian!



THE BIRTH-PLACE OF WEST.

BENJAMIN WEST.

This eminent painter was born in 1738, of Quaker parents, in a forest home in Pennsylvania, not very distant from the city of Philadelphia. The accompanying cut is a faithful sketch of the homestead, as it stood a century afterward.

An incident is related of West's early life, which exhibits, in the strongest light the fertility of true genius, wherever found, in expedients and resources. At the period of which we write, the fine arts were little fostered in the new world, and, least of all, among the Society of Friends, whose austere habits are not favorable to their culture; and the abode of Benjamin was guiltless of any decorations that should awaken the desire in his bosom for vain show, or the productions of imagination. He had never beheld a painting or engraving, nor is it probable that he had ever heard of

one. When he was but seven years old, a sister of his, with an infant daughter, came to visit at his mother's. Mrs. West and daughter going into the garden one day to cull flowers, Benjamin was meanwhile charged with the care of his little niece, then slumbering in the cradle. The babe happened to smile in its sleep; and Benjamin, who was intently watching it, was so arrested by its beauty at that moment, that he conceived the idea of sketching with pen and ink its lovely features; for both red and black ink, paper and pens, lay upon the table. While occupied in taking the child's portrait—his first artistical attempt—his mother and sister made their appearance. In his confusion he hastily endeavored to conceal his work, fearing, perhaps, their disapprobation. His mother, however, desired to see the paper, and poor Benjamin could only comply, begging her not to be displeased. Mrs. West was struck with the fidel-

ity of the drawing, and after gazing delightedly upon it a moment, exclaimed to her daughter, "I declare he has made a likeness of our little Sally!" She kissed her son with pride and fondness; and no obstacles were thrown in the way of his pursuit, so innocently adopted. Some Indians visiting in the neighborhood soon after, gave him red and yellow paints, and from his mother he obtained a piece of indigo; and pussy yielded to his scissors, the best possible substitute for camels' hair. Benjamin found subjects in abundance for his pencil, delineating faithfully the homestead, the meeting-house, the trees and birds, and whatever struck his fancy.

Thus matters went on until our young artist had reached the age of sixteen. It now became necessary that he should adopt a pursuit; after due consultation in family council, it was concluded that Benjamin should be allowed to study painting as a profession, and there were numerous friends to concur in assisting the early adept in his favorite occupation. He painted successfully for a time in Lancaster, both on portraits and historical sketches. At the age of eighteen he removed to Philadelphia, where he immediately acquired a wide reputation as an artist. He spent two years in this city, studying assiduously, and constantly employed in his cherished vocation.

Leaving Philadelphia, he took up his residence in New York—where he was already known to fame—and was immediately enabled to double his prices. At the age of twenty-one years he found himself possessed of sufficient means to undertake a voyage to Italy, with the view to cultivate a deeper acquaintance with the principles of his art. He took ship for Leghorn, not without sundry additions to his moderate resources, from beneficent friends, and on arriving at his destination received a letter of unlimited credit on a banker in Leghorn, from a Philadelphia gentleman, by which means he was enabled to continue in Italy for a period of four years.

In Italy, he passed his time in studying the principles of the art, as embodied in the works of the old masters, rather than servilely copying them. He had unbounded faculty for this method, and equal facility for applying to canvas his conceptions and discoveries. He had been but a few days in Rome, when his friends desiring to witness a proof of his attainment,

he painted a head which gained him great applause. He produced, while in Italy, two historical pictures, for which he received academical honors. From this country he went to England, and was at once accorded the first rank as a historical painter.

West found in London the same good fortune that had hitherto attended him. By means of some influential Philadelphia friends whom he met, he was introduced at once into the first circles. The portrait of one of these gentlemen, Gov. Hamilton, was painted by West, and is now extant in Philadelphia. The encouragement that he received led him to adopt that country as his residence, and for the remainder of his life he enjoyed a position, at the great metropolis, which secured him affluence and ample opportunity to adorn his chosen profession.

The steadfast purpose—perhaps we may say, truthfulness of character—of our artist, was exemplified in his matrimonial engagement. He had formed an attachment, while in Philadelphia, for a lady of that city who had reciprocated his affection. She was of an aristocratic family, by the name of Shewall. Their union was not favored by her friends, but the lovers were constant while passing years and change of scene and condition were intervening; and when our successful adventurer was at last established in London, he resolved to visit his home, and claim his bride. But it was arranged by their friends that his betrothed should make the passage to England, in the care of Benjamin's father, John West—who had married his first wife in England, and was soon to meet, for the first time, his eldest son, forty years of age, residing there. The child, left motherless, had been adopted by the relatives, to which course the father consented at their earnest entreaty. The plan for consummating Benjamin's wishes—who was now twenty-seven years of age—did not receive the approval of the proud relatives of the lady, and some of West's young intimates found secret means for effecting the end in view; the rope-ladder, aided by the darkness of night, facilitated the escape, and the lady, under the care of the elder West, was on her voyage to Liverpool the next morning. The expectant artist was in readiness on her arrival, and the romantic couple were shortly wedded. A "golden marriage" it was, for their felicity remained un-

broken for a period of fifty years, and the good lady herself declared, in her declining age, that her husband "had been all his days without fault."

West was fortunately introduced to the King by the kind attentions of the Bishop of York, who had employed our young artist in historical painting, and was much impressed with his talents for that school of composition. The young monarch was not yet burdened with cares of State, and readily conceived the importance of the bishop's suggestions relative to West's abilities, and the desirableness of securing them to national objects. He gave the painter a commission, and remained his patron so long as his faculties were unimpaired.

West's acquaintance with the king was through life cordial and intimate, and enabled him frequently to render valuable service to his brother artists. We shall speak of his contributions to art in another place; but will relate, in passing, a circumstance which shows in clear light the generous, peaceful, prudent character of the man. Contemporary with West was an engraver of distinction by the name of Strange. At an early period of the king's life, while Prince of Wales, his portrait with that of the Earl of Bute, was painted by Ramsay. Desiring that the pictures should be engraved by an artist of the highest excellence, the prince offered proposals to Robert Strange, which would have been ruinous to the artist's prospects, if accepted. He had it represented correctly to the royal patron, that he had about completed arrangements for visiting Italy, and could not well forego his plans. His course being regarded as a slight, he was soon made to feel himself marked for reverses in his fortunes, and he was rapidly superseded in the higher circles by those of inferior merit. It is only necessary to remark, that Strange was superior in his art to all others in England, was an enthusiast in the advancement of taste, and worked only from the best pictures. Ramsay's painting, which had so flattered the prince, was a poor production, and to have executed the plates would have cost four years' labor—for which he was to reap what advantage he might from the sale of the prints, and be presented with a hundred guineas.

Strange some years afterward, in hopes to effect a reconciliation with the king, engraved

a plate with infinite pains, to represent angels conveying into Heaven the disembodied spirit of one of the royal children. But eight impressions were taken. With a proof, West called upon the king to intercede for his unfortunate friend. The king was highly pleased with the engraving, and enquired the name of the artist. West in well-timed words informed him, and also the object for which the plate had been executed. The king consented to give Strange an audience. West returned to London to announce the result to his friend, and accompanied by him, and taking along the plate and proofs, again arrived at Windsor Castle, and was ushered into the royal presence. Having shown the king the impressions that had been taken, the engraver displayed the plate, and with a steel tool destroyed its surface before his eyes, as a testimonial of the single view with which he had expended so much time and labor. Thus, through West's intervention, was Strange not only forgiven for having incurred his Majesty's displeasure, but was subsequently knighted.

West introduced a new school of painting as respects historical subjects; he draped his personages of recent times in modern costume. All predicted a failure; even so good an artist as Reynolds contemplated such a result. He initiated this bold movement of reform, while engaged in treating the death of General Wolfe. Such a scene would have been depicted by the painters of that day, in the armorial suit of the Greeks and Romans. West's painting was highly approved, and the king is said to have required a copy. From this attempt is to be dated the reform that has since obtained in this field of art.

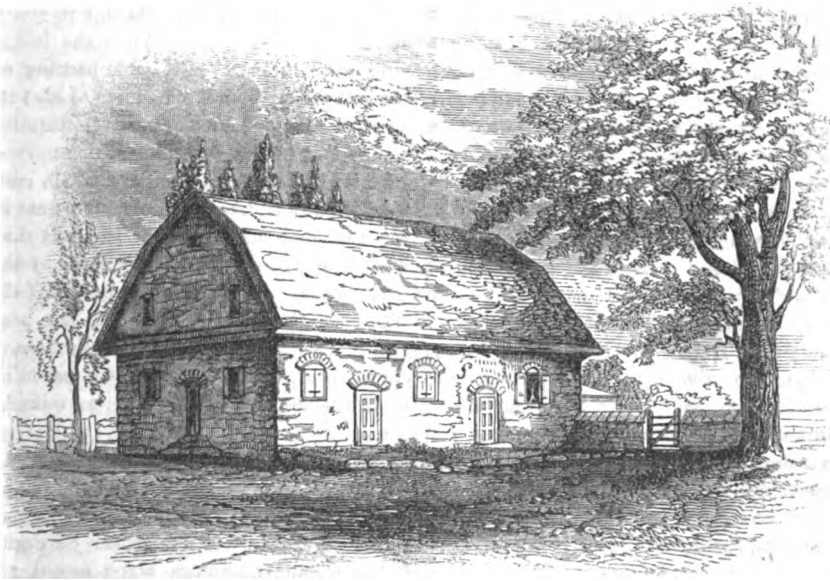
He further projected, and partly executed, a splendid series of paintings designed to illustrate the progress of revealed religion; he had executed twenty-four out of the thirty-six subjects he proposed to himself—when the derangement of his royal patron's intellect occasioned the suspension of his work; the instalments which enabled him to devote his skill to so magnificent a design, were stopped under the new *regime*. The labor was resumed on the king's partial recovery, but his relapse occasioned the final abandonment of the plan. The disappointment to our artist must have been great, and the loss to art would seem irreparable. He, however, began now a new style of

pictures—some of which have been exhibited in this country, and obtained great celebrity. "Death on the Pale Horse" is one of these, and is possessed by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. It measures twenty-five feet by fifteen; and was produced but two years before the author's decease. "Christ Healing the Sick in the Temple," originally presented by West to the Pennsylvania Hospital, his "Paul and Silas," and "Christ Rejected," are works of a similar description, and possessing great merit.

West was principally instrumental in the establishment of the Royal Academy of Arts in England—an institution that has vigorously sustained itself, and aided much in the promotion of general taste and skill in this noble domain of genius. He was the successor of Sir Joshua Reynolds as President of the institution, but declined the proffered honor of knighthood. He filled this position with eminent

usefulness and dignity, till the period of his death, in 1820, at the advanced age of eighty-two years.

In concluding this narrative, we have to record a circumstance in the history of our illustrious countryman, of touching interest, as showing the strength of childhood associations, which, with the lessons of virtue instilled into his youthful mind, were vividly awakened in his breast in subsequent years. Our own distinguished Sully was a pupil of West, and when, in 1810, he took his leave of him in London, the latter, already venerable with years, requested that he would visit in their native land, the spot where he was born, and make drawings of its familiar objects, to send to him in London. In the midst of all his glorious triumphs, the old man's heart yearned warmly towards the scenes of his boyhood. This parting request was piously fulfilled.



THE OLD SPRINGFIELD MEETING HOUSE.

It was the perusal of this incident which led another and younger artist (now eminent in his profession) to make, a few years since, a pilgrimage to the same spot. The engraving we present exhibits the appearance of the Springfield Meeting House, as sketched by Mr. Sartain, in 1837, except that the engraver has not given full effect to the noble buttonwood which stands in the foreground. When visited again in October, 1848, no material changes in the building were observed. A small panel will be noticed in the gable end, near the apex of the roof, similar to that in the end of West's house. This panel bears the date of 1733, showing the time of the erection of the edifice, which was just five years before West's birth.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—We have heard of sensible "old maids," and we have seen and conversed with some of them. The most sensible of this class that ever we listened to, has had some of her sound sense utterances on the subject of Women's Rights, published in a late number of "The Ladies' Repository." From the article referred to, we take a few sentences for their intrinsic worth, and as a specimen of the whole. This sensible "old maid" starts with the observation that "the more *womanly* a woman is, the more her influence is felt. The very moment she shows herself *manly*, that moment she fails to effect the purest and holiest results of character." By *womanly*, however, she does not mean weak or childish or babyish or insipid.

She assents to the truth of the old saying that woman's life is of the affections; not, however, in its narrowest sense of selfish and instinctive attachments, but in that wide sense which embraces everything animate and inanimate, *worthy* of being loved. "Woman's love is her strength, not her weakness. So at least it would be under a healthful development. That it is not so is the mistake of her education. I have often been astonished to see at how early an age young girls begin to think of love and marriage. I don't know as it can be helped; or if it could be, I don't know as it would be expedient to help it. Nature is the best teacher. If one could be left to nature with regard to these things, the development of woman would be more true and more perfect in her peculiar sphere—the affections. But in these days nothing is left to nature. I have no objection to the young girls thinking that love and marriage is her probable destiny—is, in fact, the highest destiny of woman. It certainly is. It will do no good for you to bid her not think of such things! You cannot prevent it. You may ridicule and censure, and thereby teach concealment, and instil false and unworthy ideas; but you cannot change the immutable law of nature, which is the law of God."

In woman's nature the affectional, doubtless, predominates, as this 'old maid' maintains. As she says, we do not feel the want of strong intellect in woman, as in man. If she have love,

conscientiousness, devotion to others, self-sacrifice, we can still say she is *womanly*; but if a man be wanting where we look for strength, judgment and power, then we are disappointed. "He is not in one woman's judgment *manly*. How we all like this word *manly*, and how much better the reality which it signifies! The more *womanly* a woman is, the more she esteems *manliness* in a man."

On the foundations thus laid down our "old maid" rests her claim for one of the most important of woman's *rights*. Woman has a right to have food furnished for her affections, to have the God-given and *unperverted* cravings of her nature satisfied. In other words, she has a *right* to claim *manliness*—all *manly* and estimable qualities in man. As to saying she is satisfied without these "it is all folly," says our sensible old maid; "she may make the best of her condition without them, but she feels she has not her *rights*. When she looks for strength, firmness, decision, unbending sense of rectitude in the man she loves, joined to respect, tenderness, and devotion to herself,—if she finds them not, her nature, rich in its own affection and the tender charity which springs from it, may strive to conceal even from itself the want and the defect; but she feels she has a *right in nature* to demand more. She acquiesces, but she is not satisfied. She feels in the depths of her being that she has not her *rights*. No legislation can give her these. All the knowledge of all the sciences; a free entrance to all the avenues of learning, to colleges, to the professions, to the arts; the right of going to the polls; of speaking in public assemblies; of haranguing in the market-place—everything may be granted her, and yet the inalienable right of her nature to the proper development of her *womanly* faculties being denied, she is still unsatisfied. A mistake of her own—the result perhaps of inexperience, perhaps of false education, perhaps of society—has made her life, in one sense, a failure; at any rate, it has been a disappointment. Let any single woman, if she dares, in the face of ridicule and sarcasm in this hard world, speak the truth, and she will say, that, with every advantage of wealth, education, position, &c., that can be accorded to her by law or favor, she has a

right to something more and higher which no human legislation can give her. And let many a married woman who is not happy, tell plainly what it is that makes her lot bitter, her life a disappointment, her heart an aching void—it is not that she cannot go with her husband to vote on election days, or share with him the labor of providing for the family; but it is because she does not find in him the man—strong, noble, good and devoted—that her nature requires to call out all its capacity of devotion."

Nothing then can make up to woman the want of something *worthy* to be loved. The old maid may be a Miss Kindly, and do deeds of use and kindness to all the neighborhood; and she whose partner is not worthy and cannot draw out her esteem and love, may find in the delights of maternal affections and duties a blessedness that will go far towards compensating her for her great want. But each of these is denied or deprived of her *first and most momentous* RIGHT.

Woman has another right—the right *to be loved*. As her title to this depends on herself—on her cultivation of loveable qualities, and not on man—there needs but little said about it in the present connection.

MRS. BROWNING'S LADY GERALDINE.—There are few lovers of poetry who have not read this vigorous, hurried, passionate poem; and wondered in reading it at the strange vehemence by which it is characterized. Its composition occupied, we are told, but twelve hours. Two volumes were in press by the author, and further copy was wanted to complete the second volume so as to make it uniform with the first. This copy must be furnished in time for the vessel that was to carry the proof-sheets to America, where an edition was to appear. It was under these circumstances that Mrs. Browning (then Miss Barrett) composed this singularly spirited poem. Referring to the circumstances, Miss Mitford says: "The delicious Ballad must have been lying unborn in her head and in her heart; but, when we think of its length and its beauty, the shortness of time in which it was put in form, it appears one of the most stupendous efforts of the human mind—as the writer was a delicate woman, a confirmed invalid, just dressed and supported for two or three

hours from her bed to her sofa, and back again." Like nearly all of Mrs. Browning's poetry, this exquisite love-ballad is marred by a frequent crabbedness of style and by a forced, unnatural compounding of nouns and adjectives, that obscure, rather than give force to the images the author would picture to the imagination. It has been remarked, and with truth, that Milton, Shakspeare, Byron and Burns, wrote the strongest poetry, without needing to compound words to convey their meaning after the manner of the Germans. "There was an abounding well of English undefiled at their hand, and if it answered their purposes, why coin new-fangled words, now, which neither suit our English tastes, nor help our English understandings?" The adoption of this style is, in most cases, a weak affectation to cover the defect of a clouded fancy.

A NEW BOOK BY MRS. DENISON.—"What Not" is the title of a volume, by Mrs. Denison, soon to be published by Lippincott, Grambo & Co. There is not one among all our female writers who excels Mrs. Denison in the art of throwing around every-day life and every-day scenes a humanitarian aspect that elevates the seeming common-place into interest and importance. She possesses the rare faculty of looking beneath the surface at a glance, and seeing how the heart beats—of drawing aside the veil which our indifference to other's good lets fall before our eyes, and showing us the griefs, the pains, the ardent hopes, the disappointments, and the sufferings of those who are moving side by side with us in the paths of life. As a writer, her mission is one of good to the world, and she is ever true to her mission. Under this somewhat quaint title of "What Not," she will give to the public a collection of brief sketches, embracing the widest range of subjects. The book must possess a value higher than its mere literary merit, for it will come into every home and heart that receives it with beautiful lessons of wisdom.

A TRUE SENTIMENT.—A correspondent says: "All right ends in literature are based upon a desire to benefit mankind. I know this to be true, and will try to act in accordance with the suggestion, for it is not in this field alone that the golden rule should be practiced; it is in every sphere and every condition of life."

DOMESTIC DRUDGERY MADE DELIGHTFUL.—How many fret and complain on account of what they call the dull drudgery of domestic duties! To quite a number, therefore, the knowledge of some method by which this dull, tedious, tiresome drudgery could be converted into delightful and pleasing employment, would be most desirable and of very great value. Lady Mary Wortley Montague has supplied her sisters with this most valuable knowledge. She has informed them, as a matter of experience, that "the most minute details of household economy become elegant and refined when ennobled by sentiment." And ennobled they certainly are when they are attended to, either from a sense of duty, or from consideration for the comfort of a parent, a husband, or any other member of the household. "To furnish a room," continues this lady, "is no longer a common-place affair shared with upholsterers and cabinet-makers; it is decorating the place where I am to meet my friends. To order dinner is not merely arranging a meal with my cook; it is preparing refreshments for him whom I love. These necessary occupations, viewed in this light by a person capable of strong attachments, are so many pleasures, and afford her far more delight than the games and shows which constitute the amusements of the world." These observations contain the secret of converting domestic drudgery into delightful employment. For here, as in almost everything else, a noble, pure and elevated motive raises all that flows from it to its own high level.

A CURIOUS LAW SUIT.—A singular law-suit has just been decided in France. It appears that M. Dumas, the author, set on foot a subscription for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of Balzac, to which the widow of Balzac objected, she wishing the privilege of honoring the deceased husband by placing over his mortal remains a suitable memorial. A suit was brought, in consequence, to restrain Dumas from carrying out his intention; which suit was lost by the widow, as she entirely failed to convince the Court that the public has not a right to honor the talents of its great men, by building them monuments after their death. Madame Balzac is to erect a mausoleum over the spot where her husband's remains are buried, and Dumas is to erect a mo-

nument in some square or public place of the capital, to be hereafter selected by the Administration. A circumstance like this could hardly have occurred out of France.

AN ANCIENT BOOK.—The oldest book in the United States, it is said, is a manuscript Bible in the possession of Dr. Witherspoon, of Alabama, written over a thousand years ago! He describes it as follows: "The book is strongly bound in boards of the old English oak, and with thongs, by which the leaves are also well bound together. The leaves are entirely made of parchment, of a most superior quality of fineness and smoothness little inferior to the best satin. The pages are all ruled with great accuracy, and written with great uniformity, and beauty, in the old German text hand, and divided off into chapters and verses. The first chapter of every book in the Bible is written with a large capital of inimitable beauty, and splendidly illuminated with red, blue and black ink, still in vivid colors; and no two of the capital letters in the book are precisely alike."

DEATH OF THE POET MONTGOMERY.—By the last news from England, we have intelligence of the death of James Montgomery, the poet, whose name is hallowed in the thought of hundreds of thousands in both hemispheres. We can never forget the delight we experienced, when a mere child, in reading his "Wanderer of Switzerland." As we grew older, many of his lyrical and devotional pieces fixed themselves in our memory, and have remained there fresh as in the beginning. Though not a poet of great power, Montgomery was one of exquisite sweetness. He died on the 30th April, at the age of 82.

BEAUTIFUL SIMILE.—The pious Jonathan Edwards describes a Christian as being like "such a little flower as we see in the Spring of the year, low and humble on the ground; opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory; rejoicing, as it were, in a calm of rapture; diffusing around a sweet fragrance; standing peacefully and lowly in the midst of other flowers." The world may think nothing of the little flower—they may not even notice it; but, nevertheless, it will be diffusing around sweet fragrance upon all who dwell within its lowly sphere.

WORTHY OF IMITATION.—In Berlin, Prussia, there are eight city physicians, whose duty it is to visit manufactories, workhouses, penal institutions, boarding-schools, &c., to see that the inmates have comfortable apartments and sleeping rooms, sufficient clothing, and food of a proper quality, that they have their regular hours of recreation, and that they are not tasked, either in work or study, beyond their strength.

BOYS, READ THE FOLLOWING.—We clip, from an exchange, the following noble answer of a boy:—

"Why did you not pocket some of those pears?" said one boy to another; "nobody was there to see."

"Yes, there was—I was there to see myself; and I don't ever mean to see myself do a mean thing."

MRS. OSGOOD.

MR. ARTHUR:—In your sketch of Mrs. Osgood, last month, you spoke of her having resided in Boston until her marriage. This, I believe, is partially incorrect. From conversation with some of our elders, I learn that the Locke family resided in this town ten or twelve years during the minority of Frances; and that she is well remembered here, as a school companion, and also for certain incidents wherein she early wore the wreath of honor.

The aspect of the mansion, which is pointed out as the former residence of that charmingly vivacious spirit, has been considerably changed since its now-illustrious occupation. The dwelling formerly stood on the rather prominent background of a gently sloping lawn; which lawn was planted with rows of the trim Lombardy poplar, and was the regular mustering-ground of a militia train band in that quarter of the town. The general appearance of the estate was then rather picturesque and pleasant. But of the grove of poplars not a trace now remains. A large factory fronts upon one side of the space, while immediately before the house a passage has been cut, through which, six times a day, the screaming locomotive rushes like an impersonation of nineteenth century restlessness; thus completely robbing the honored mansion of the quietly commodious appearance which it for-

merly presented. It is, however, still too much a source of gratification for us willingly to suffer a fact of this nature to pass quite out of memory.

Mr. Osgood has a sister living here, and still makes us an occasional visit, as he did last summer, when he brought with him his excellent portraits of Mrs. O. and her gentle May and Ellen, who were so early cited to their peaceful spirit-home. I think your representation of the head of the poetess very good for its kind.

Respectfully, Wm. A. K.

Hingham, Mass., May 6th, 1854.

ENGRAVINGS IN THIS NUMBER.

"The Dancing Dolls," our steel engraving for the month, is from one of the most pleasing pictures of Burnett, an artist who has rarely been equalled in his sketches of real life. There is not in the composition a single point where caricature or exaggeration is visible. Every figure, as well in attitude as in expression, is a study. We gaze from one to the other, and almost expect to see the smiles grow broader, or the limbs continue the actions seemingly created by the artist.

In looking at the picture of "The Wife," seeking to inspire her desponding husband with her own hopeful spirits, in how many memories will revive the noble lines of Mrs. Dinnies, commencing, "Come, Rouse Thee, Dearest!" We copy them entire, as among the finest in the language.

"Come, rouse thee, dearest! 'tis not well

To let the spirit brood

Thus darkly o'er the cares that swell

Life's current to a flood!

As brooks, and torrents, rivers, all

Increase the gulf in which they fall,

Such thoughts, by gathering up the rills

Of lesser griefs, spread real ills;

And with their gloomy shades conceal

The landmarks Hope would else reveal!

"Come, rouse thee, now! I know thy mind,

And would its strength awaken;

Proud, gifted, noble, ardent kind,

Strange, thou should'st be thus shaken!

But rouse afresh each energy,

And be what Heaven intended thee;

Shake from thy soul this wearying weight,

And prove thy spirit firmly great;

I would not see thee bend below

The angry storms of earthly woe!

"Full well I know the generous soul
Which warms thee into life,
Each spring which can its power control
Familiar to thy wife—
For deem'st thou she had stooped to bind
Her fate unto a common mind?
The eagle-like ambition, nursed
From childhood in her heart, had first
Consumed with its Promethean flame
Its shrine—than sunk her so to shame.

"Then rouse thee, dearest, from the dream
That fetters now thy powers;
Shake off this gloom! Hope sheds a beam
To gild each cloud that lowers—
And though, at present, seems so far
The wished-for goal—a guiding star,
With steady ray, would light thee on,
Until its utmost bound be won—
That quenchless ray thou'lt ever prove,
In fond, undying, wedded love!"

"The Country Girl," bright, erect, and firm-footed, how strikingly in contrast with the stooping figure, and air of lassitude that so often marks the city belle, who blanches in shaded rooms, or breathes the heated and poisoned air of crowded saloons. Only the former can know what the word health really means. How a picture like this awakens in the heart of we city-enviored workers, a longing desire to be away amid the green meadows, and cool retreats. But, we can only sing with Stoddard:

"The Summer-time has come again,
With all its light and mirth,
And June leads on the laughing hours
To bless the weary earth.

"The sunshine lies along the street,
So dim and cold before,
And in the open window creeps,
And slumbers on the floor.

"The country was so fresh and fine,
And beautiful in May,
It must be more than beautiful,
A Paradise to-day!

"If I were only there again,
I'd seek the lanes apart,
And shout aloud in mighty words,
To ease my happy heart.

"But prisoned here with flat brick walls,
I sit alone and sigh:
My only glimpse of Summer near,
A strip of cloudy sky."

SELECTED VARIETIES.

We can sooner become rich by retrenching our desires than by enlarging our estate.

One swallow does not make a summer, but one lion can make a spring.

A man may be great by chance, but never wise nor good without taking pains for it.

Nature loves novelty almost as much as other people.

Jean Paul says love may slumber in a lady's heart, but it always dreams.

Conceit is proud that he has learned so much. Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

"What's whiskey bringing?" inquired a dealer in that article. "Bringing men to the gallows," was the reply.

Great principles are at the bottom of all things; but to apply them to daily life, many little rules, precautions and insights are needed.

Innocence is a flower which withers when touched, but blooms not again when watered by tears.

A spade—A broad, semi-wooden, semi-iron instrument for tearing the bosom of terra-firma, the pioneer of the advenient seed.

Promises made in time of affliction require a better memory than people commonly possess.

Excuses are the pickpockets of time. The sun does not wait for his hot water, or his boots, but gets up at once.

A barber desired a groggy customer of his, on Sunday morning, whose breath smelled strong of alcohol, to keep his mouth shut, or the establishment might get indicted for keeping a rum-hole open on Sunday.

Ask a woman to do you a service, and she considers how she can best accomplish what you wish. Ask a man, and he considers how he can best make you appreciate his intention to serve you.

The surest way to fill a private apartment, whether in a printing office, a cotton factory, or sausage shop, with visitors, is to place over the door a placard, being the inscription, "No Admittance." Few persons ever read that prohibition over an entrance without instantly being attacked by an ungovernable desire to rush right in.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

BOILED PUDDINGS, PIES. &c.

Make the pudding bag of thick sheeting, so that the water will not soak through. Dip the bag in boiling water, and flour the inside thoroughly, then pour in the pudding mixture and tie it up tightly, leaving room enough to swell, and drop it into a pot of boiling water. Do not let it stop boiling for one minute, or the pudding will be injured; turn the bag occasionally and fill up the kettle when required, with boiling water, as cold would spoil it.

Boiled puddings generally want long cooking—if of Indian, four or five hours is none too long. When done, dip the bag suddenly in cold water and the pudding will usually turn out whole. Be as particular to beat the yolks and whites of eggs separately, for puddings as for cake, and use none but fresh eggs. If raisins are to be added, cut them and flour them well, to prevent their sinking to the bottom; if cream is used, put it in the last thing, as much beating decomposes it, and never put eggs in hot milk or it will poach them.

BOILED INDIAN PUDDING.—Boil three pints of good milk, and thicken with sifted meal till as stiff as ordinary mush, add salt and half a pint of molasses and set aside till cool, then add three well-beaten eggs, half a grated nutmeg or a spoonful of ginger, and raisins if you wish. Fill the bag but two-thirds full, so as to leave room to swell, and boil it steadily—the larger the better. Eat it with boiled sauce, made as directed for baked puddings.

QUAKING PUDDING.—Make a rich custard as before directed, and thicken with old bread rubbed or chopped fine, add two or three spoonfuls of flour, and boil according to the above directions for an hour. Eat with genuine cream well sweetened.

BOILED FRUIT PUDDING.—Take light dough and work in a little butter, roll it out till not a quarter of an inch thick, and cover it thickly with strawberries, blackberries, sliced peach or stewed apple, or almost any kind of preserves, put on sugar, roll it up tight, double it once or twice and fasten up the ends. Put it in the pudding bag and tie it, leaving room to swell. Eat it hot, with cream over it.

APPLE DUMPLINGS.—With a narrow knife or apple corer, take out the core of pared tart

mellow apples, and fill the place of the core with sugar; roll out some plain light pie crust about two-thirds of an inch thick, and cut it into pieces of just sufficient size to roll the apple in. Enclose an apple in each piece, tying each in a thick piece of cloth well floured. Boil one hour without intermission. A better way is to cover each cloth with soft boiled rice, enclose the apple in this and tie the cloth around snugly and boil till the apple is tender.

CORN STARCH makes an excellent pudding. Boil the milk in a pan over a kettle of boiling water. For each quart of milk, take six table-spoonfuls of starch rubbed smooth in a little milk, and three well-beaten eggs. Pour them into the boiling milk, adding a little salt, and stir constantly for three minutes and then turn it out for the table or mould it in tea cups, to be eaten cold. Sweetened cream with nutmeg is the best sauce.

MINUTE PUDDING is similar to starch pudding, using dry flour in place of starch paste, or the eggs may be omitted entirely. This must be eaten the moment it is done. A rice pudding prepared as directed for the oven, is also excellent boiled over boiling water.

A WORD ABOUT MUSH.—This is a dish very generally used, but seldom boiled enough. It should boil at least one hour, and to prevent lumps, mix the Indian meal smoothly in a little water before it is used for thickening. A small handful of flour improves it.

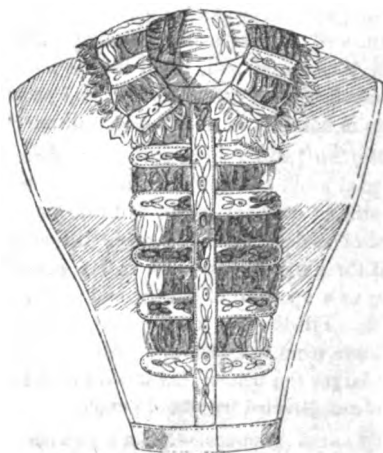
As **PIES** are generally made, they are an unhealthful article of food. The crust should never be made greasy, and buttermilk and saleratus, or rising powder, should be used to make it light. We are very much in favor of the yeast powders or rising powders that are now so commonly sold. Three tea-spoonfuls well mixed into each quart of flour, will generally make the pie crust, pudding crust, biscuit or bread perfectly light and palatable. These powders are cheap, and full directions for their use always accompany them.

The following additional recipe for **CORN BREAD** has been sent us by Tirzah M. Stanley, of Portage county. Scald one quart meal, when cool add a little yeast, half cup of sugar, tea-spoonful saleratus, little salt, mould in flour sufficient to hold it together; when light, bake.

—*Ohio Cultivator.*



HEAD DRESSES.



UNDER SLEEVE.—CHEMISETTE.



CORNERS FOR POCKET HANDKERCHIEF.

2000

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R. W. Buss

W. Williams

The Fox Shooting



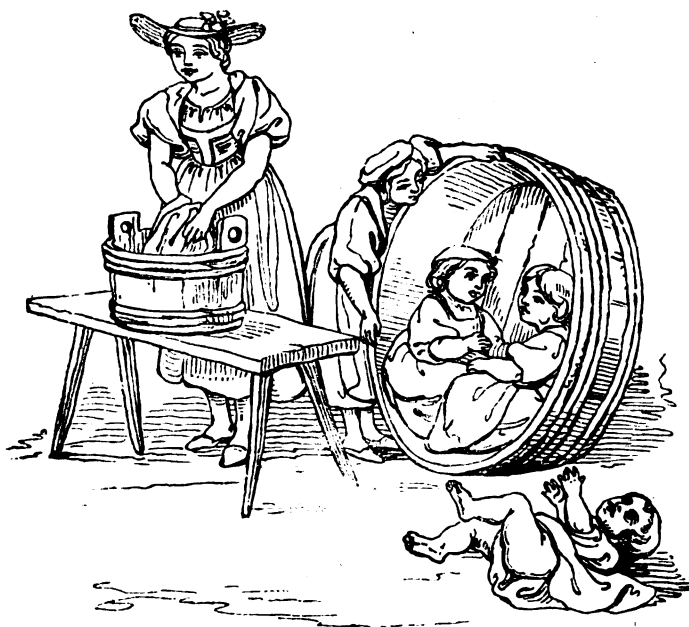
CITY AND HARBOR OF GENOA.



AMUSEMENTS FOR CHILDREN.—FROM A DESIGN BY GODFREY MIND.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA: AUGUST, 1854.



GODFREY MIND, THE SWISS ARTIST.

It has often been remarked as matter of astonishment that in such a country as Switzerland, where the magnificence of its scenery, its wild local traditions, and the almost patriarchal habits of the people conspire to impress the mind with a poetic spirit, and to kindle the latent sparks of imagination into a vivid flame, so few of its inhabitants should have attempted to record the glories of their native country through the medium of either the pencil or the pen. Of the poetry of Switzerland we have not now to speak; but in noticing the productions of Mind (almost the only Swiss name which has become celebrated in the annals of the sister art,) we cannot avoid making the remark that painting in Switzerland has but seldom risen above mediocrity. It is true there are many artists in that country employed in the delineation of its scenery, its manners, and its costume; but these have been called into existence by the constant demand of travellers anxious to possess memorials of the places they visit, rather than by that inspiration which can alone form the perfect artist, and which the mingled beauty and sublimity of the scenes by which the Swiss is surrounded is so well calculated to bestow. One would imagine it impossible for an artist to gaze upon the majestic Alps, with its snows, and glaciers, and torrents, and pathless forests: or to dwell in its valleys, clad with verdure, and ringing to the happy laugh of a simple peasantry, and not feel his heart dilate, and his ready hand obey the impulse of his mind, filled

with those high imaginings without which no painter, however facile his mechanical dexterity, will ever arrive at excellence in his art. Yet the generality of Swiss productions exhibit a total deficiency of these high qualifications: they are faithful representations of the objects they are designed to represent, certainly, being as exactly drawn as though done by means of the "Camera-lucida," or fixed by the Daguerreotype; but, like such productions, they are excessively flat and tame, with none of that freedom and spirit which shine throughout the meanest efforts of the true artist, and which evince the existence of mind and imagination, and prove the work to be more than the production of a mere automaton or machine.

Yet there are some Swiss painters who deserve not to be included in this censure, and among them may be mentioned Gesner, and Losi, and Mind, of the last of whom (better known perhaps as "the Cat Painter,") being the author of the designs which accompany this paper, we have now to speak.

Godfrey Mind was a native of Berne, where he was borne in 1768. His father was a carpenter in the employ of Mr. Grunn, a paper-maker. This gentleman having a taste for the fine arts, had collected among other engravings a set of Ridinger's celebrated etchings of animals, which it is supposed first gave young Mind, who had many opportunities of admiring them, a taste for drawing, and to which may probably be attributed the peculiar bent of the studies which in after-life rendered him so celebrated. The interest with which he regarded these productions and his attempts to copy them attracted the attention of an artist named Legel, one of Mr. Grunn's friends, who encouraged him with his advice, corrected his youthful essays, and became to all intents and purposes young Mind's drawing-master. His father, however, does not appear to have been so well pleased with his son's performances as was Mr. Legel, and when Godfrey required paper for his sketches, he gave him wood, a material in the fashioning of which he was desirous his son should become as skilful as he was himself. And indeed the fame of Mind, junior, as a "cunning" workman in wood, began to eclipse that of his honest parent, whose productions, though perhaps more useful to the community than those of his son, never obtained the same applause; for Mind, who had

imbibed quite a passion for animals, employed himself in carving representations of sheep, goats, cats, &c., in wood, and executed them with such fidelity that they were sought after by all the villagers, until scarcely a cottage was without some specimen of his genius. Among these he particularly excelled in the representation of cats, for which he appeared to entertain a greater affection than he ever suffered himself to exhibit towards any of his friends.

About the year 1780 he entered into the service of Freudenberger, an artist of some merit, who employed him to color his prints of Swiss costume, but he does not appear to have afforded him any instruction, or to have availed himself of the abilities of Mind as a designer.

While Freudenberger lived, his days passed on in a wearying monotony, and it was not until the death of that artist, that the peculiar talent of Mind as an animal painter began to be noticed. By unremitting study and a constant devotion to one object, he was now enabled to attain an excellence in the delineation of animals, especially cats and bears, which few have ever equalled.

He seems to have cared but for this one pursuit; to have had no ambition or desire for the world's favor; to have lived solely for his art. When Freudenberger died, he was content to receive a small pittance from his widow, in return for which he supplied her with those productions of his pencil which then became, and still are, eagerly sought by amateurs and collectors. Absorbed in his solitary occupation, his whole thoughts were for the objects he delighted to paint; his cats were his constant and dearest companions; he was never seen without them, and generally had one or two on his shoulders while drawing; and so careful was he not to disturb them, that, rather than do so, he would sit for hours in one attitude, however inconvenient it might happen to be.

As these were the most favored objects of his pencil, he represented them with the greatest success. But his bears are scarcely less perfect; he derived his acquaintance with these from some specimens which were kept by the municipal authorities in the ditches of the ramparts at Berne, where he was frequently a visitor. Every look and action of these animals was watched, and immediately transferred to paper with a spirit and accuracy which long practice had rendered natural to him.

But it is not only as a painter of animals that Mind deserves to be mentioned with honor, for although such were his favorite subjects, he would occasionally apply himself to the composition of little domestic scenes, representing the gambols of children, their sports, pastimes, and usual occupations. In the delineation of those subjects he displayed an elegance of conception, considerable knowledge of drawing, great power of expression, and a vigor of execution, which, had not his affection for animals withdrawn him from the pursuit of this branch of his art, we cannot doubt would have raised him to a place among the first of those artists who have made the human figure the principal object of their study.

In the specimens before us, copied from his designs, it is impossible not to admire the simplicity and truth, yet perfect elegance of the composition. Every figure wears an animated expression, not only in the features, but in the whole form, and there are a grace and purity pervading the subject which render it not inferior to the productions of our own Stothard. How inimitably graceful are those little figures swinging in the tub, and how admirably and elegantly is the idea of motion conveyed! We may almost see them move.

And what a constellation of crescent beauty do we behold in those romping children, who appear as though they could scarcely, altogether, resist the suppressed strength of the hardy little mountaineer at their head! One has evidently to pay forfeit! The eldest of the girls is perhaps rather too womanish for such sports, but she is good natured, and a favorite with the little ones, and she could not resist their entreaties that she would join them. But having promised, she engages heart and soul in the sport, and becomes as much a child as the rest. We cannot quarrel with her. This is but a quiet group to the noisy set which occupies the other composition, yet we scarcely know which to prefer.

But, alas! the hand that could have ministered to our wishes has long been cold and powerless, and we have only now to lament that the mind which directed it was so exclusively occupied with subjects comparatively so trivial.

Godfrey Mind died November 8, 1814, in the 46th year of his age. A selection from his works, which are much sought after by collectors, was published some years since at Berne.

CHILDREN AT PLAY.—FROM A DESIGN BY GODFREY MIND.



IN MEMORIUM.

BY WINNIE WOODFERN.

I walk in the scent of the evening breeze,
 To a farm-house, fronted with maple trees;
 There, the dog that is stretched on the sill
 Barks with joy as I climb the hill.
 Where kind voices and friendly hands,
 Give the welcome of other lands,
 There I sit, as the hours go by,
 Till the sun is down, and the moon is high.
 I am happy there, yet oft my heart
 Steals from the joyous ring apart,
 Cherishing thoughts of the by-gone years,
 When the eyes that smile were dim with tears.
 For there, in that farm-house red and old,
 When the winds of March blew chill and cold,
 Thy joys and thy sorrows were begun,

Robert, the son!

Never these eyes have gazed on thee,
 Never this heart has thrilled to see
 Lights and shadows pass over thy face,
 Adding their beauty to manly grace;
 Yet, in this home I have heard thy name
 Linked with a praise more dear than fame,
 Watched the tears in thy mother's eyes,
 Heard, in the dusk, thy sister's sighs.
 Here, with thy birth, a love was born—
 (Star of hope for thy life's young morn!)
 Love that a strength in sorrow gave,
 Love that has watched above thy grave.
 Here thou wert deeply dear to all;
 None can number the tears that fall,
 Wrung from the hearts thy death has moved,

Robert, the loved!

Oft I sit, in the twilight gray,
 (The hours when nuns in cloisters pray,)
 Thinking of thee, and the cruel fate
 That made these warm hearts desolate.
 I follow thy steps from that household band,
 And thy mother's love, to a distant land,
 Watching thy cheek and thy lip grow pale,
 Seeing thy strength and thy courage fail.
 I list to the hushed and gentle tread
 Of one who watches beside thy bed,
 Who stills thy murmurs and heavy sighs,
 And guards thy slumber, with anxious eyes.
 But I turn and weep when the end draws nigh,
 With its noble hope, and its faith so high;
 I weep that the turf lies on thy head,

Robert, the dead!

I know that thy rest is calm and sweet,
 Where the hickory tree and the grape-vine meet;
 I know that thy weary soul is still

Feeling no sorrow, and fearing no ill.
 But I mourn that thy step will sound no more
 On the oaken sill of the homestead door;
 I mourn for those thou hast left, for they
 Were far from thy dying bed that day!
 Taken away in thy life's bright morn,
 Dirges for thee in my heart are born,
 Mingled with anthems—for visions will come
 Unto my heart of thy glorious home,—
 Visions of thee, in the watches of night,
 Bearing no cross, but a crown of light,
 Shrined in a glory no pen can paint,
 Robert, the saint.

CONSISTENCY.

BY A LADY OF BALTIMORE.

"Do you wish to subscribe for a good paper, Mr. Irwyn?" said a friend, as he finished reading his favorite weekly. "If you do, you will not find a better one than this in the country."

"Think not? I may find as good, perhaps."

"I doubt it. I have never seen its equal yet."

"Have you seen the one issued by our society?"

"No; have you got one out?"

"The first number made its appearance yesterday."

"By whom is it edited?"

"By your humble servant."

"Ah! indeed! Then, I suppose, you will exchange with this paper."

"I presume not. I do not think it would be right for me, as the editor of a religious paper, to exchange or in any other way countenance a paper of that description."

"And why not? What harm is there in it."

"Tell me what good is to be derived from the senseless, silly trash with which these periodicals are generally filled?"

"I admit that is the case with a great many; but it is not so with all; it is not so with this one. In fact, its columns are freer from anything of this sort than many of the so-called religious newspapers."

"Our religious newspapers are not what they ought to be; far from it. There is too much worldliness about them; too much of the disposition to serve God and Mammon at the same time."

"I agree with you there, Mr. Irwyn, but yet I see no impropriety in any one's reading a paper like this. There are some I would not allow to come in my house, but, as I said before, this paper is of a different stamp. It is calculated to exert only a healthy, moral, I might say religious influence. I have never yet seen anything in it but what is in strict accordance with Bible doctrine. No one, I think, can fail to be benefited by its perusal. The duties and obligations of husbands and wives, parents and children, friends and neighbors, towards each other and the world at large, are so clearly pointed out, and that in so interesting and attractive a manner, that it cannot help but do good."

"You seem quite interested upon the subject."

"I feel interested, because I would like to see it prosper. To the shame of the public, it must be said that a paper like this is too often left to languish and die, while one, yea, many, not half so deserving of support, filled with sickening love tales and idle trash that pervert the mind instead of drawing it to love the truth, will be most liberally patronized."

"I patronize none of them. Even the best of them, I think, pervert the mind and give it a disinclination for more solid and useful reading."

No. Mr. Irwyn patronized none of them. As a Christian parent, he argued it was his duty to oppose the reading of all light and fictitious matter, whether the moral conveyed was good or bad. Enough that it was fiction. Histories, philosophical works, essays on all the duties of life, treatises of various kinds, all very good in their place, abounded in his library, yet they did not succeed in forming in his children's minds a relish for such reading to the banishment of all other. Hence books, magazines, and newspapers, were stealthily procured, many of them of a decidedly deleterious character, calculated to unfit the mind for pure and rational enjoyment by creating vain imaginations and longing desires after something which was never to be realized.

Mr. Irwyn, as has been stated, was the editor of a religious paper. Theoretically considered, perhaps, a better one could not be found. In doctrine, he was purely orthodox; in zeal for the cause, steadfast and unflinching as a martyr; in argument, clear, forcible and

persuasive; bold and fearless in reproving and exposing wrong, whether found among the mansions of the great and noble, or the cottage of the poor and lowly. But Mr. Irwyn was also editor of a weekly business paper. This was altogether another affair from the religious paper, which Mr. Irwyn never for one moment forgot. He could not think of blurring the columns of the latter by a favorable allusion to a moral and instructive periodical; yet he had no hesitation in informing the public, through the former, of the localities of numerous grog shops, drinking saloons, liquor dealers, &c. There was no harm in this, to be sure; it was all done in the way of business; and Mr. Irwyn was not the man to forget that business was one thing and religion another. What if he did lend his aid to scatter the seeds of devastation and death through the land! Was he not paid for it?—Who will say there was a want of consistency about him? What if he did at one time warn his brethren to be less worldly-minded, to take less delight in the pleasures of sense; to deny themselves for the Gospel's sake; to be "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," assuring them that "Religion is the chief concern of mortals here below," that it is the only road to happiness? What if he did assert all this and a great deal more in one paper, and in another give notice that a celebrated danseuse will make her first appearance that night; or a renowned actor is to perform a thrillingly interesting play; asserting that those who miss these amusements will miss a capital entertainment, and that none who attend can fail to be gratified—what if he did? Why should he be charged with inconsistency when one was done in the name of religion and the other in the way of business? What if his children should delight in witnessing theatrical performances; in attending horse races; in visiting the tavern, the gambling room, &c., should he be blamed therefor? Did he not at home, and at the weekly prayer-meeting, ever lift up his voice, and cry aloud against these things? Surely, he did. And if he did editorially puff these vanities and vices, and recommend *all* to go and see them, had they not sense enough to know that they were not included in the *all*? That he did not wish to lead *them* to destruction, but only—but only who? We must leave the question unanswered.



CHAPTERS ON BIRDS.

NUMBER ONE.

The Bob o link is the common name in the United States of a migratory bird, which finds an occasional residence in almost every part of the American continent. It is also well known in the West Indies, which appears to be its place of Winter resort. Journeying northward, the Bob o-link arrives in our southern States as early as the middle of March. About the first of May, the meadows of Massachusetts begin to re-echo with its lively song. This is familiar to almost every one, and is poured forth with extreme volubility. Among the few phrases that can be distinguished, the liquid sound of *bob-o-lee*, *bob-o-link*, *bob-o-linké*, is most prominent, and from it the bird derives its popular name.

The male Bob-o-link, in his Spring dress, has the head, forepart of the back, shoulders, wings, tail, and the whole of the under plumage black, going off in the middle of the back to grayish. On the nape and back of the neck there is a large patch of ochreous yellow, and other portions of the plumage are marked with white. The female, whose appearance the full-

grown male assumes after the season of breeding, has the back streaked with a dark brown, and the whole under parts are yellowish.



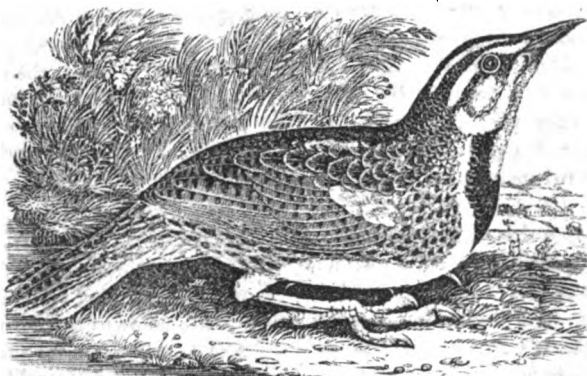
THE BOB-O-LINK.

Grassy meadows are the places usually selected by the Bob-o-link for its nest. This is made on the ground, generally in some slightly depressed spot, of withered grass carelessly huddled together. Here are laid five or six eggs of purplish white, blotched with purple and spotted with brown at the larger end.

About the middle of August, when the male bird has put on the plumage of the female, the

Bob-o-link begins to wing its way southward again, first entering New York and Pennsylvania. Here, along the shores of large rivers, where floating fields of wild rice are abundant, it is met with in large flocks, and under the name of the Reed-bird, is eagerly sought after by sportsmen. Further South, it is called the Rice-bird.

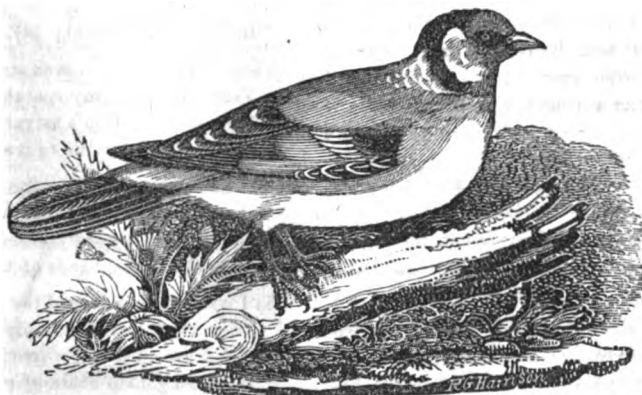
THE MEADOW LARK ; OR, AMERICAN STARLING.



This harmless and familiar bird is met with in almost every part of the new world. It is in some degree a migratory bird, being most frequently found in the icy season at the South, though it occasionally winters in colder sections of the country. Like the American Quail, the Meadow Lark is sociable and gregarious in its habits. Its flesh is white and as delicate as that of the Partridge. Its food consists of the larvæ of various insects, as well as worms, beetles, and grass seeds. Though the ground

is its feeding place, it not unfrequently alights on the topmost twigs of lofty trees, and there pours forth its simple song. This, according to Nuttall, "bears some resemblance to the slender singing and affected pronunciation of *é sé dé ah*," and cannot fail of being recognized if heard. The nest, which is ingeniously built and well concealed, contains four or five large white eggs, faintly tinged with blue and marked with numerous small reddish-brown spots.

THE GOLDFINCH.



Of all cage birds, this is one of the most delightful, alike from the beauty of its plumage, the sweetness of its song, its docility and remarkable cleverness. In its wild state, the

Goldfinch is found throughout Europe, being a bird of passage only in Holland. In the British Isles it is a constant resident. For its Winter sojourn there, it gives preference to wild and barren lands, where thistle and plaitain seeds are abundant. Taking a mate early in the Spring, it quits the wild and open country, resorting to gardens skirted by woods and coppices.

As soon as the foliage becomes dense enough, it commences the task of building its nest. This is placed in the fork of a branch, and is very neat and beautiful, being composed of lichens, moss, and dried grasses, lined with hair, wool, and the seed down of the willow and thistle. The eggs vary in number from four to six, and are of a pale, sea-green color, marked with light red spots and dots and deep red stripes.

The Goldfinch is a beautiful and animated bird. Its song is shrill and agreeable, and heard during all seasons, excepting only at the period of moulting. Its docility is extraordinary, and the tricks it may be taught to perform are truly wonderful.

In their free state, Goldfinches feed upon a variety of seeds; in the cage they should be fed upon poppy and hemp seed. The disease that most frequently attacks them is epilepsy. Sometimes their eyes become sore and swollen; to remedy which an ointment of butter will be found sufficient. Heaviness and greediness, occasioned by feeding too exclusively upon hemp seed, may be removed by changing their food to soaked salad and thistle seeds. It contributes much to their health to occasionally supply them with the head of a thistle. Although they often fall sick, they sometimes live to the age of sixteen and even twenty-four years. In old age, however, they become blind, and lose the beautiful red and yellow colors of the head and wings.

A woodsman, from the interior of Indiana, who had never been on board a steamboat, had occasion to go to St. Louis, a short time since. From the bank of the river, he hailed Harry of the West, with, "Captain, what's the fare to St. Louis?" "What part of the boat do you wish to go on—cabin or deck?" "Hang your cabin," said the gentleman from Indiana. "I live in a cabin at home. Give me the best you've got."

THE BIRDIE'S SONG.

As I came, o'er the distant hills,
I heard a wee bird sing:
"Oh! pleasant are the primrose buds
In the perfumed breath of Spring!
And pleasant are the mossy banks,
Beneath the birchen bowers,—
But a home wherein no children play,
Is a garden shorn of flowers!"

And once again I heard the bird,
His song was loud and clear:
"How glorious are the leafy woods
In the summer of the year!
All clothed in green, the lovely boughs
Spread wide o'er land and lea,—
But the home wherein no son is born,
In a land without a tree!"

The birdie ceased its happy song,
I heard its notes no more;
The water rippled silently
To the blue lake's quiet shore:
But a mother sang her cradle hymn:
"All hallowed be your rest,
And Angels watch the shining heads
That leaned on Jesus' breast!"

DRAWING WATER.

I had drunk, with lip unsated,
Where the founts of pleasure burst;
I had hewn out broken cisterns,
And they mocked my spirit's thirst:

And I said, life is a desert,
Hot, and measureless, and dry;
And God will not give me water,
Though I pray, and faint, and die.

Spoke there then a friend and brother,
"Rise, and roll the stone away;
There are founts of life upspringing
In thy pathway every day."

Then I said my heart was sinful,
Very sinful was my speech;
All the wells of God's salvation
Are too deep for me to reach.

And he answered, "Rise and labor,—
Doubt and idleness is death;
Shape thee out a goodly vessel
With the strong hands of thy faith."

So I wrought and shaped the vessel,
Then knelt lowly, humbly there,
And I drew up living water
With the golden chain of prayer.

PHOEBE CARRY.

A REVIVAL SCENE.

[From the "Records of Bubbleton Parish, or Papers from the Experience of an American Minister," just published in Boston by A. Tompkins and B. B. Mussey & Co., we take the following graphically described scene.]

While our affairs were in this threatening and dubious posture, a most exciting "revival" was in progress in one of the neighboring churches.

At the period of which I am writing, these famous meetings were electrifying many of the Congregationalist churches throughout New England. A flame of religious enthusiasm was kindled in the community. Sectarian zeal was enacting another crusade. The world was to be converted by a storm of fanaticism.

The experience of twenty years has not confirmed the wisdom of that experiment. The disastrous effects of the revival system are now pretty generally confessed. It may be safely affirmed, I think, that American Christianity suffers to this day—in the estimation of a respectable class of community—not only from the errors that were propagated during those exciting scenes, but from the *reaction* of that overstrained feeling and morbid exertion which they induced. It is as unwise to overtask the religious sensibilities, as to exhaust the mental or bodily powers. Nature demands reparation for every kind of excess. Why should we expect a frequent recurrence of the Day of Pentecost? It is not the aim of Providence to develop the Christian life in the soul by a succession of spasms. It is a *growth*—not to be realized, or even favored, by tumultuous excitement, frantic appeals to fear and selfishness, awful threatenings and terrific alarms—but secured under the conscious shelter of Divine Love, in the calm discourse of reason, in the serenity that unveils the heart to the renovating light and blessed harmonies of the universe.

The revivals to which I allude, may be symbolized by the dark wrath of hurricanes, that leave ruin moaning on their track, and prepare the waste for briars to grow and dragons to inhabit. But pure religion has its symbol in the peaceful shining of the sun, that wins forth the inherent beauty of Nature, and clothes the world in the garniture of Praise.

God's process—whether surveyed in the im-

perceptible movement of constellations, or in the renovation of a human being—is gradual, orderly, sublime.

His renewing influences descend "like the small rain, and distil like the dew." His kingdom cometh not with observation.

For why should a tumult like the tramp of armies, herald the reign of Him we call the Prince of Peace?

But to resume the narrative:

It was a night in March that I was returning from the house of a parishioner, whom I had visited in severe affliction.

My course lay directly by Dr. Screamer's large church, where the revival was being conducted. Although it was past the hour of ten, the meeting still continued. The building was evidently thronged, for the shadows of figures, standing erect against the upper tier of windows, darkened the ample sweep of the galleries; and a crowd of men filled the porch, or were crammed together in the three outer doorways. The voice of the preacher—shrill and hoarse—with frequent groans of conviction, and cries of sudden terror, and shouts of approval from the excited audience—rang fearfully into the still ear of night.

There was a fascination about the place that made me pause, and that drew my steps to the thronged entrance.

The porch-lamps glared dim and ghastly upon that compact mass of beings, and the breath of the dense crowd that filled the vast interior of the edifice, issued from the narrow apertures furnished by the half obstructed doors, in a rank, hot, and sickening steam.

It was horrible to think of the infatuated multitude thus wedged within this fatal church, and breathing this abominable atmosphere, charged thick with death!

I had barely secured a footing upon the outer threshold, before I was thrilled by a piercing, protracted shriek.

It was a man's voice—loud, harsh, and awful beyond anything I had ever heard. It had a certain rude and prolonged vehemence that indicated great physical strength, and reminded one of the despairing cry of a wild beast, rather than of any strictly *human* utterance of woe.

I instantly perceived that the men around me were powerfully agitated by the occurrence.

They pressed forward toward the inner doors,

and tried to look over the heads of the intervening throng.

"Is it *he*?" they demanded, in subdued but frantic whispers, reaching over and clutching the clothes of those who stood within.

"A judgment!—behold, a judgment of God!" was thundered from the lips of the preacher.

All eyes were directed toward the pulpit, in strange consternation. The multitude about the central aisle began to sway to and fro, and I heard the shuffle of many feet, mingled with hoarse cries of "Amen! glory to God! A judgment!—a judgment!"

Again was heard that fearful shriek, but lower, fainter than before—as if life itself were departing from the poor wretch.

Then down the aisle ran the cry—almost vindictive in its wild fervor—

"It's a judgment!—a judgment from Almighty God on the scoffer!"

The confusion increased within the church; but over all, the shrill voice of the preacher was distinctly audible, though his form was not visible to me, for he had left the pulpit, and stood exhorting by the altar.

At length I beheld—urging his course madly through the compact throng, and moving his arms like a swimmer in his efforts to reach the door—the large, scarred figure of an old man, who had been shown to me in the streets, not long previous, as Sharkey, the smuggler; and who, as my readers may recollect, was known to be a very liberal supporter of the Plush-street minister.

I saw in the distortion of his features, and in the wild terror of his look, the revelation of sudden insanity.

The awe-struck crowd gave way as fast as the scanty space would allow: and, like one marked by the curse of Heaven, the old man rushed forth into the night.

"Was ever a judgment more manifest?" exclaimed one, gazing solemnly after the fugitive.

Then I learned that old Sharkey had laid a wager that he would enter the crowded church and profanely defy the revivalists before the altar; and that, in pursuance of this reckless intention, he had encountered the fierce anathemas of the preacher, and, smitten by sudden repentance or superstitious fear—had fallen to the floor with a shriek of madness.

It was evident that the revivalist realized the

advantage which such an incident was calculated to furnish him.

His voice took an imperious tone. The threatenings he announced became more and more authoritative. Terrors multiplied around his agitated brow.

A desire seized me to behold the man who swayed these hundreds at his will, and detained them within these horrible walls at the risk of suffocation.

The gallery offered the only chance of gratifying my wish. With great exertion I reached the stairs. Here, as elsewhere, there was a dense, hot throng. Step by step, I made the wearisome ascent, and, pressing through the door that opened on the gallery, the immense magnitude of the audience rose before me with startling effect.

But admiration was not the emotion that made my sight swim and my brain whirl.

It was fear, consternation, at the vile, putrid heat, that rose—a dense, intolerable malaria—from those unconscious victims. Already hundreds seemed as torpid as so many figures of lead. In a few minutes more, as it seemed to my excited fancy, they would have been corpses.

A thrilling, dizzy sense of the danger darted through me in an instant. Without clearly realizing what I was doing—so sudden and imperious was the impulse that seized me—I made my way to the front of the gallery, and shouted with all my voice:

"People! are you mad? You are all dying of suffocation! Open the windows and clear the house!"

Of course, this was very presumptuous, but, at that instant, it seemed only the dictate of duty—as, indeed, I still think it was.

"Yes!" echoed the revivalist, glancing up at me with a fierce gesture, "you *are* all mad—mad with the folly of the world!—and suffocating,—yes, with hell fire! Open the windows?—ah! the windows of heaven, that you may have grace to repent!"

The man was frantic, and I did not wonder at it.

But the fatal spell was broken,—the people rose with a new terror—they began to appreciate their peril. There was a tumultuous rush for the door.

Alas! in giving my hasty alarm, I had not thought of this danger. Would they now trample each other to death, to reward me for my interference?

Leaning over the gallery, I shouted and expostulated; but I might as well have addressed a whirlwind.

And, as my gaze settled upon the scene, embracing with mute horror all its details, I distinguished one figure struggling in the abyss, that brought a cry from my lips and a keen pang to my heart.

It was Miss Arlington!

* * * * *

To spring to her rescue, was alike the impulse of manliness and of friendship. But to leave the gallery by the way I had entered it, was no longer a practicable achievement, owing to the mass of people that were crowded tumultuously upon the stairs; and I was compelled to accept the less decorous expedient of vaulting over the railing.

The whole church was a scene of uproar and terror.

The nature of the meeting—the appalling ideas on which the revivalist had dwelt, and the signal retribution that had smitten the scoffer, had excited the feelings of the people beyond the control of reason, and made them doubly susceptible to the panic of sudden alarm. They rushed upon each other with the frenzy of maniacs;—men shouted and struggled—women screamed and fainted; and a few, whose zeal had entirely eclipsed their perceptions, sang and prayed, like saints in the last ecstasy of martyrdom!

Dropping into this dangerous abyss, I was fortunate enough to reach the object of my anxiety, just as she fell, exhausted, in the midst of the mad throng.

A favorable movement of the crowd enabled me to rescue her without much difficulty, and to place her in the recess of a window, quite out of danger.

Then I forced up the sash, and—assuming the privilege of the coolest head in the house—expostulated with the people, and began to ventilate the place.

Gradually a passage was opened through the clotted doorways, and the eager multitude filed out. The cries and the frenzy abated—the score of the weak and helpless that had fainted were borne homeward—while the low groans of a few, who thus expressed the injuries they had received, imparted an air of tragic solemnity to this fearful consummation of the evening's service.

ON A DEAR FRIEND.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

I am thinking of thee, Adeline—
Not as thou liest now,
With the damp earth on thy bosom,
And death upon thy brow;
But I'm thinking of the olden times—
The times when first we met—
And my heart grows very heavy,
And my eyes are dim and wet.

I am alone, my Adeline,
In the little study room,
Where we have sat so often
Amid the twilight gloom—
Thy clasp seems warm upon my hand,
I almost feel thy breath,
As it was wont to warm the lips
That now are sealed in death.

The past comes o'er me, Adeline,
Like shadows o'er the sky,
I feel the pure and tender love
That brooded in thine eye;
And here, within my silent room,
I seem to hear thy tread,
And feel thy kind hand trembling
Upon my fevered head.

And I am thinking, Adeline,
Of that holy Sabbath time,
When our children stood together
Before the altar shrine;
When on their foreheads softly fell
The pure baptismal rain,
And the rich light lay around us
In many a gorgeous stain.

I've not forgotten, Adeline,
The promise often given,
That I would love those little ones
When thou wert called to Heaven!
We pledged the solemn promise,
With many a sigh and tear;
Dost thou think of it in Paradise,
While I am weeping here?

Oh! I am thinking, Adeline,
Of the pathway thou hast trod
Through the dim and silent valley
Which leadeth up to God.
I am praying that my soul may be
As calm and strong as thine
When it passes through that darksome way,
To God's eternal shrine!

ANGEL VISITS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

They do not always visit us in beautiful garments, making the air around golden with their sunny smiles. Oftener they come disguised in sober-hued vestments, lips grief-curved, and eyes heavy, as with weeping. But come to us when and how they will, it is ever in love. Daily they are about our paths, though we perceive them not with our dull bodily senses; nor even recognize their presence by the finer instincts of our spirits—for "of the earth earthy" as we are, and with affections clinging to the earth, we have neither eyes nor ears for the inner sight and inner voices that are for the pure in heart. Yes, they are about our daily paths, smoothing and making them flowery when they may; but oftener piling up obstructions and making them rough and thorny.

"Rough and thorny! Piling up obstructions!" we hear from the lips of some life-weary sufferer. "Is this a work for angels?"

Beautiful the way seemed before you, in the bright morning of early womanhood, heart-sick and life-weary one; and as your eyes went far onward, how many lovely vistas opened, showing blessed arcadias in the smiling distance! To gain them you felt was to gain heaven; and onward you pressed with eager footsteps. You did not gain them! For a while the path was even, and the fragrance of a hundred blossoms delighted your senses. But all at once your feet were wounded—there were sharp obstructions in the way; then thick clouds and darkness were before you, hiding the lovely Eden. Still, you sought to pass onward, though the way was rough, and the sunny vistas, opening to the land of promise, hidden from your straining vision. Then a mountain arose suddenly, whose rocky steeps you could not climb. Despair was in your heart; and in the bitterness of your disappointment you called yourself one mocked of God.

It was not so, precious immortal! Not so, pilgrim to a better land than the arcadia of your maiden dreams! At the very foot of that inaccessible mountain, a narrow path at length became visible; and though it looked rough and had no green margin, beautiful with flowers, there was an emotion of thankfulness in your heart for even this way of escape; for, already

a mortal dread had seized upon your spirits. With hurrying footsteps you entered this new way, and the hope that it would quickly lead around the mountain, and bring the sunny land again in view, repressed the fear that else had been paralyzing.

It was the hand of an angel which led you into that new way, and kept your heart from fainting. Narrow, rough and flowerless though it proved, it was a better way than that along which you were passing with such buoyant steps—for it bent heavenward. And think, life-weary one!—do you not feel that you are nearer heaven now than when the sun of this world shone from an unclouded sky above the path of pleasure and prosperity? Think, and answer to yourself the question.

A heart-stricken mother sat grieving for the loss of her youngest born, the sweetest and loveliest of her precious flock—grieving and refusing to be comforted. There had been loving sympathy, gentle remonstrances, and pious teaching from the lips of the minister who had a year before touched the forehead of her babe with the waters of baptism; but all availed not—the fountain of tears stayed not its waters, nor was the murmuring voice hushed in her rebellious spirit. At length one came to her who had known a like sorrow, and whose heart had, even like hers, been bowed into the very dust. She took into her own soft hand the passive hand of the mourner, which gave not back a sign. A little while she held it, clasping her fingers in a gentle pressure; then in a voice whose tender modulations went vibrating to the inmost of her spirit, she said:

"You had an angel visit last night."

An angel visit! What did the words signify?

"Only a year has passed since I had a like visit," continued the friend. "I did not recognize the heavenly messenger when she came, for my eyes were too full of tears to see her radiant form. She came and went, bearing on her bosom as she passed upward to the regions of eternal sunshine, the spirit of my lovely boy!"

The hand of the mourner answered to the light pressure of that in which it lay.

"That night," went on the comforter, "I saw in a dream—I call it a dream, but regard it as a revelation—my translated one among the blessed in the upper kingdom of our Fa-

ther. He was in the arms of the angel-mother, whose love for him it was plain to see was wise and tender, surpassing all my own deep affection, as far as the unselfish love of an angel surpasses a weak and erring creature of earth.

"Grieve no more!" said the heavenly being, as she came to me. "I have not taken this innocent one from you in anger or cruelty, but in love—love for both the mother and child. As for him, he is safe in his celestial home for ever, and is and will be blessed far above anything you could ask—for it hath not entered into the heart of even a mother to conceive what transcendent delights are in store for those who are born into heaven. Is it not therefore better for your child? Were I to say, take him again into the cold, dark world of sorrow, sin and suffering, would you bear him back? No, grieving mother, no! You love this precious one too well. But how is it better for you to lose the child in whom your heart was so bound up? I see the question on your lips. That is always best which lifts the spirit nearest to God—is it not so? Think! Not with a heavenly, but with an earthly and selfish affection, did you love your child—such an affection could not truly bless either you or your babe. It is now in heaven, and as your heart follows it there, it will come into heavenly associations, and thus be filled with aspirations for that higher life which descends from and bears back its recipient into heaven. Grieving one! I came to you in mercy; and though tears have followed my visit, they are falling on good seeds planted in your heart."

"Thus spoke to me that angel-mother of my child, and ever since her words have been my stay and comfort. Such an angel came to you last night, grieving friend. The visit was in love, not in anger. Then lift your eyes upward, and no longer permit them to rest on the cold earth-form and the gloomy grave. The spirit of your child has already arisen more beautiful in form, and is with the angels appointed for its guardianship. The wiser love of our good Father has removed it. Be thankful, then, dear friend. Oh, be thankful!—but weep not!"

And the heart, which no words of consolation had been able to reach, felt itself swelling with a deep emotion, and lifting itself upwards towards the All-Merciful.

"I will believe that it was an angel who

came here last night and bore away my child," she whispered, as with shut eyes, fringed by tear-gemmed lashes, she bowed her head upon the bosom of her consoler. "Oh, if anything can soothe the anguishment of this bereavement, it is to think that my precious babe, for whom I have cared so tenderly, passed from my arms to those of an angel, and that he was thus borne safely across the dark valley into which I looked down with such a heart-shudder. I bless you for speaking such words of consolation!"

Not alone in misfortune or bereavement do angels visit us. They do not always make the way rough, nor always darken the earth-fires around which we gather. Daily they come to us; hourly they seek to draw nearer and quicken our better impulses. A thousand evils—soul-destroying evils—are warded off by them, even though we are unconscious of their presence, and, it may be, resist the very influences by which such priceless benefits are conferred.

"Ah! if we could but open our eyes and see; if the scales that obstruct our inner vision could be removed; if we could know our celestial visitors when they come!"

We may know them; and we may perceive their presence. Whether we are in prosperity or adversity, in joy or in sorrow, angel-visitors are with us whenever the thought goes upward and the heart yearns for a better life. Their mission to the sons of men is to draw them heavenward; and if sorrow, affliction, or adversity, is needed for the accomplishment of this great end, they are made subservient in the good work. But when, in their high mission, they bow a thirsty soul to the bitter waters of Marah, their hands hold not back the healing leaves, and a song of rejoicing is soon heard instead of lamentation. Happy is that spirit to which the angels come not on their errand of mercy in vain!—*Gleason's Pictorial*.

"Is he alive?" inquired a little boy, the other day, as he gazed on a large turtle crawling in front of a restaurant. "Alive!" exclaimed a fat gentleman, who was looking at the monster with intense interest; "sartinly, boy. He acts live a live turtle, don't he?" "Why, yes, he acts like one," answered the little querist; "but I thought, perhaps, he was making believe."



THE VERNAL SHOWER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Now the lucid tears of May
Gem the blossoms of the spray;
Every leaf and bending flower
Glitters in the vernal shower.

Lovely in the clouded sky
See, the Rainbow shines on high;
Mark the heavenly colors bright
Ere they vanish from the sight.

Fairer now the view around;
Brighter verdure decks the ground;
Flora, smiling in her bower,
Hails the tender vernal shower.

Cool and fragrant is the gale,
Breathing sweets from yonder vale;
Where the flowers in freshened pride
Smile upon the fountain side.

See! again the skies appear
Clad in blue, serenely clear:
Mild and genial is the hour;
Sweet the balmy vernal shower.

AUGUST.

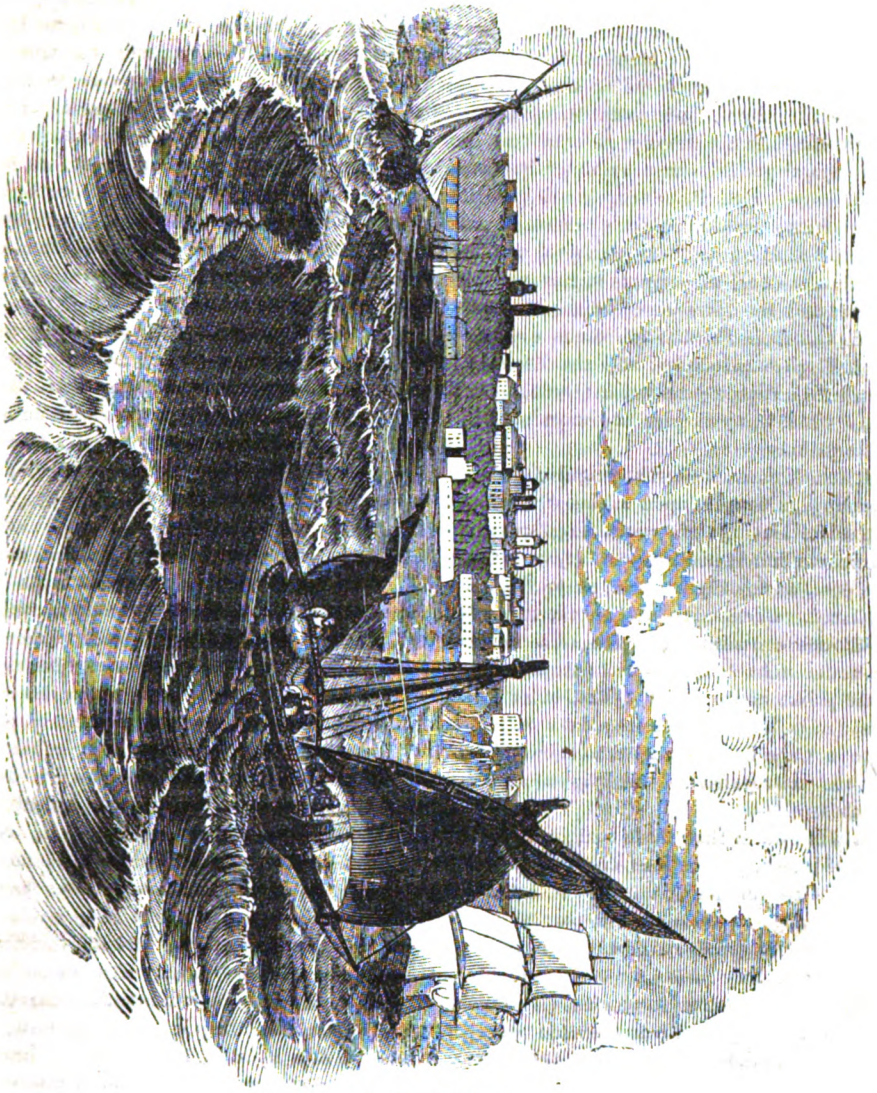
Dust on thy mantle! dust,
Bright Summer, on thy livery of green!
A tarnish as of rust,
Dims thy late brilliant sheen:
And thy young glories—leaf, and bud, and
flower—
Change cometh over them with every hour.

Thee hath the August sun
Looked on with hot, and fierce, and brassy
face;
And still and lazily run,
Scarce whispering in their pace;
The half-dried rivulets, that lately sent
A shout of gladness up, as on they went.

SUMMER.

The country was so fresh and fine
And beautiful in May,
It must be more than beautiful,
A paradise to-day!

If I were only there again,
I'd seek the lanes apart,
And shout aloud in mighty words,
To ease my happy heart. STODDARD.



ODESSA.

[The recent bombardment of the Russian port of Odessa, by the combined English and French fleets, has given a new interest to the place. Its situation on the Black Sea will be seen on reference to the map. From Oliphant's "Russian Shores of the Black Sea in 1852" we take the following account of his visit to Odessa:]

It was with mingled feelings of gratitude and triumph that I found myself climbing the steep hill which leads from the quay into the

town of Odessa. I felt thankful that we had escaped three weeks' quarantine; that we had passed through the custom-house without having our luggage examined; that there was a prospect at last of a return to some of the luxuries of civilized life after a somewhat arduous journey. And I felt triumphant, because I could now for the future fearlessly condemn Russian hotels, discuss the merits of Russian shops, and depreciate Muscovite civilization in general, without being told that I

was not in a position to judge of any of these subjects, from never having been at Odessa.

Hitherto, my life had been rendered miserable by repeated allusions to the "Russian Florence." Some infatuated Odessans on board the steamer impressed upon me, for two days and nights, that nothing I had seen at Moscow or St. Petersburg could give me even a faint conception of the glories of Odessa, which, according to them, combined in itself the charms of all the capitals in Europe. The statues and the opera were Italian; the boulevards and shops French; the clubs conducted upon English principles; and the hotels unequalled in Europe—the whole forming attractions which may surpass my most sanguine anticipations.

It struck me as somewhat singular, notwithstanding, to be told, upon asking what means existed of leaving this enchanting spot, that we should find it necessary to buy a carriage and post, as no diligence had as yet been established. Odessa, probably, is the only town in Europe containing upwards of a hundred thousand inhabitants, which cannot boast some public means of conveyance other than a post *teléga*, which is infinitely more barbarous than a Cape Bullock wagon, and only meant for the conveyance of field-jagers and dispatches.

It was evident that these benighted inhabitants of Odessa praised their city in utter ignorance of the merits of others. It could not seem strange to them that a pair of sheets should be charged a ruble extra in the best hotels, since they seldom or ever made use of them at home; while it was not to be wondered at that jugs and basins should seem superfluities to those who followed the mode of washing adopted on board the Russian steamer, which consisted in each man's trickling a little water into his friend's hands—so little, indeed, that but a very few drops of the precious liquid were spilt. Our exertions to obtain a basin on board evidently caused us to be looked upon as bad travellers, who did not conform to the manners of the country they were in.

The change from the climate, inhabitants and customs of the East, to those of the bleak North, was very marked on our arrival at Odessa. We were again surrounded by sheepskins, and pierced with a sharp east wind that howled over the desolate steppe. Here were

no lofty peaks to shelter us, nor Summer sun to warm us. Winter seemed fairly to have set in, the day we arrived, with the view of chasing us out of Russia. However, we could not go until we had been advertised a certain number of days, in the papers, for the benefit of imaginary creditors. Fortunately, we had given notice of our intended departure before we arrived, whereby the length of our stay was considerably diminished. Meantime, we found plenty to amuse us in the greatest mercantile emporium in Russia.

It must be admitted that Odessa is very cosmopolitan in its character. Almost every country in Europe has its representative here, and the principal streets are filled with an immense variety of costume. Indeed, Odessa has an air of business and activity about it quite foreign to Russian towns generally; and this is doubtless owing to its rapid growth and mixed population. There is a great deal more liberty enjoyed by the inhabitants than by those of any other town in the empire; and I was struck by the unwonted freedom of smoking and conversation which prevailed among those with whom I mixed. The evident effort made to be as little Russian as possible, is a significant comment upon the inconsistency of the inhabitants, who, while they maintain the superior excellence of everything national, seem chiefly desirous of sinking their nationality, and, with that facility of imitation peculiar to the Russian character, seek to assimilate themselves as much as possible to other European nations. It follows, therefore, that, apart from the novelty with which this city is invested by its commercial character, in a country affording no encouragement to trade, there is little to interest in its broad, glaring streets, where clouds of white dust overwhelm the passengers, and rows of stumpy trees are reduced almost to the same color as the tall houses behind him.

Odessa has existed to serve a definite purpose, and in that respect its case is altogether an exceptional one: it has been forced on in spite of government, by virtue of being a free port, and of possessing the most saleable commodity in Europe as its principal article of commerce. As its exports exceed the imports by two thirds, its prosperity cannot be said to have a very firm foundation; indeed, a war with Russia would be fraught with more se-

rious consequences to these provinces than to the country which derives its supply of corn from them. In the one case, the ruin would be permanent and irretrievable; in the other, the temporary inconvenience would doubtless be very great, but a new source of supply would surely be found, and one in all probability not liable to such sudden and violent interruptions. However, a consideration of the commercial interests of the Russian empire would never turn the scale with government one way or the other in a question of peace or war.

* * * * *

Although there is no macadamized road leading in any one direction out of Odessa, yet even the magnificent rivers which afford such evident means of communication with the interior are not taken advantage of. The Pruth, the Dnieper, the Dniester, and the Bug, are all either navigable or might easily be made so. At present, little else but woodrafts float down their broad waters. No private company has enterprise, or rather hardihood enough, to attempt an undertaking which government might at any moment ruin; and, even now, almost all speculations in Russia are carried on by rash foreigners, who have not lived long enough in the country to know better. I think, therefore, it will be some time before a railway is completed to Moscow, though government now offers a guarantee of four per cent. It will be a singular anomaly if a railway should connect Moscow and Odessa, in the absence of any macadamized road between the two; and one none the less striking, because only to be found elsewhere in America.

* * * * *

A police-office experience at Odessa affords the traveller a pretty correct notion of what he will have to encounter at all the large towns throughout the empire. At the top of a dingy flight of stairs is an antechamber, containing a crowd of bareheaded men and women waiting in the most suppliant manner at a sort of barrier, where two soldiers are placed to prevent indiscriminate intrusion. If the traveller be an Englishman, his resolute appearance daunts these two cerberi, and he passes into an extremely dirty room, where a number of worn-out, ragged-looking men are scribbling in a dejected manner, regardless alike of him

or his passport. At last, he follows the direction of the point of a pen, and finds himself in a similar room, where the coats of the writers look a little less threadbare; and here a man seizes the document, and looks through a pile of portfolios, among which he chooses one, and begins leisurely reading. Our traveller stands patiently waiting the result, which is probably the passing on of the passport to the next writer, who reads it through in rather an interested manner, and hands it back. Meantime, the original man has found something in the portfolio, which seems to have some reference to the passport, for he inscribes something thereon, and, giving it to its owner, directs him to another man, who, upon receiving it, makes the government charge, puts it one side, as if he never meant to look at it again, and goes on attending to numerous other applicants, regardless of the entreaties of his victim, who at last bethinks him of trying the effect of a bribe. This the nobleman complacently pockets, and tells him to come back in three hours. If time is valuable, however, on doubling his bribe the traveller is rejoiced with the sound of "sichass," which, if he has just come to Russia, he will have learnt means, literally, "immediately;" but if he has remained there any time, he will have discovered that it has practically the opposite signification.

Some time having elapsed, and the same routine having been gone through with three or four more rusty-looking members of the aristocracy, who confer continually with one another, as if his were a most exceptional case, the traveller, in despair, finally refuses to bestow another bribe, and, relinquishing his passport, determines to complain to the governor. This functionary, notwithstanding the fact of his having amassed considerable wealth by these very means, displays much righteous indignation, and orders an immediate resitution of the passport to the peppery Englishman, who has thus succeeded in scraping through one office in an incredibly short time, and has probably three more in prospect. It thus happened that we were fully occupied during our three days' stay in Odessa with trying to get away from it; while no doubt the kind exertions in our behalf by the British consul, Mr. Yeames, much facilitated our departure.

HARD TIMES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Continued from page 46.

CHAPTER XI.

The Fairy palaces, burst out into illumination, before pale morning, showed the monstrous serpents of smoke trailing themselves over Coketown. A clattering of clogs upon the pavement; a rapid ringing of bells; and all the melancholy-mad elephants, polished and oiled up for the day's monotony, were at their heavy exercise again.

Stephen bent over his loom, quiet, watchful, and steady. A special contrast, as every man was in the forest of looms where Stephen worked, to the crashing, smashing, tearing piece of mechanism at which he labored. Never fear, good people of an anxious turn of mind, that Art will consign Nature to oblivion. Set anywhere, side by side, the work of God and the work of man; and the former, even though it be a troop of Hands of very small account, will gain in solemn dignity from the comparison.

Four hundred and more Hands in this Mill; Two hundred and fifty horse Steam Power. It is known, to the force of a single pound weight, what the engine will do; but, not all the calculators of the National Debt can tell me the capacity for good or evil, for love or hatred, for patriotism or discontent, for the decomposition of virtue into vice, or the reverse, at any single moment in the soul of one of these its quiet servants, with the composed faces and the regulated actions. There is no mystery in it; there is an unfathomable mystery in the meanest of them, for ever. Supposing we were to reserve our arithmetic for material objects, and to govern these awful unknown quantities by other means!

The day grew strong, and showed itself outside, even against the flaming lights within. The lights were turned out, and the work went on. The rain fell, and the Smoke-serpents, submissive to the curse of all that tribe, trailed themselves upon the earth. In the waste-yard outside, the steam from the escape-pipe, the litter of barrels and old iron, the shining heaps of coals, the ashes everywhere, were shrouded in a veil of mist and rain.

The work went on, until the noon-bell rang. More clattering upon the pavements. The

looms, and wheels, and Hands, all out of gear for an hour.

Stephen came out of the hot mill into the damp wind and the cold wet streets, haggard and worn. He turned from his own class and his own quarter, taking nothing but a little bread as he walked along, towards the hill on which his principal employer lived, in a red house with black outside shutters, green inside blinds, a black street door, up two white steps, Bounderby (in letters very like himself) upon a brazen plate, and a round brazen door-handle underneath it like a brazen full-stop.

Mr. Bounderby was at his lunch. So Stephen had expected. Would his servant say that one of the Hands begged leave to speak to him? Message in return, requiring name of such Hand. Stephen Blackpool. There was nothing troublesome against Stephen Blackpool; yes, he might come in.

Stephen Blackpool in the parlor. Mr. Bounderby (whom he just knew by sight,) at lunch on chop and sherry. Mrs. Sparsit netting at the fireside, in a sidesaddle attitude, with one foot in a cotton stirrup. It was a part, at once of Mrs. Sparsit's dignity and service, not to lunch. She supervised the meal officially, but implied that in her own stately person she considered lunch a weakness.

"Now, Stephen," said Mr. Bounderby, "what's the matter with you?"

Stephen made a bow. Not a servile one—these Hands will never do that! Lord bless you, sir, you'll never catch them at that if they have been with you twenty years!—and, as a complimentary toilet for Mrs. Sparsit, tucked his neckerchief ends into his waistcoat.

"Now, you know," said Mr. Bounderby, taking some sherry, "we have never had any difficulty with you, and you have never been one of the unreasonable ones. You don't expect to be set up in a coach and six, and to be fed on turtle-soup and venison, with a gold spoon, as a good many of 'em do;" Mr. Bounderby always represented this to be the sole, immediate, and direct object of any Hand who was not entirely satisfied; "and therefore I know already that you have not come here to make a complaint. Now, you know, I am certain of that, beforehand."

"No, sir, sure I ha' not coom for nowt o' th' kind."

Mr. Bounderby seemed agreeably surprised,

notwithstanding his previous strong conviction.

"Very well," he returned. "You're a steady Hand, and I was not mistaken. Now, let me hear what it's all about. As it's not that, let me hear what it is. What have you got to say? Out with it, lad!"

Stephen happened to glance towards Mrs. Sparsit.

"I can go, Mr. Bounderby, if you wish it," said that self-sacrificing lady, making a feint of taking her foot out of the stirrup.

Mr. Bounderby stayed her, by holding a mouthful of chop in suspension before swallowing it, and putting out his left hand. Then, withdrawing his hand and swallowing his mouthful of chop, he said to Stephen:

"Now, you know, this good lady is a born lady, a high lady. You are not to suppose because she keeps my house for me, that she hasn't been very high up the tree—ah, up at the top of the tree! Now, if you have got anything to say that can't be said before a born lady, this lady will leave the room. If what you have got to say, *can* be said before a born lady, this lady will stay where she is."

"Sir, I hope I never had nowt to say, not fitten for a born lady to hear, sin' I were born mysen'," was the reply, accompanied with a slight flush.

"Very well," said Mr. Bounderby, pushing away his plate, and leaning back. "Fire away!"

"I ha' coom," Stephen began, raising his eyes from the floor, after a moment's consideration, "to ask yo yor advice. I need 't overmuch. I were married on a Eas'r Monday nineteen year sin', long and dree. She were a young lass—pretty enow—wi' good accounts of hersen'. Well! She went bad—soon. Not along of me. Gonnows I were not a unkind husband to her."

"I have heard all this before," said Mr. Bounderby. "She found other companions, took to drinking, left off working, sold the furniture, pawned the clothes, and played old Gooseberry."

"I were patient wi' her."

("The more fool you, I think," said Mr. Bounderby, in confidence to his wine-glass.)

"I were very patient wi' her. I tried to wean her fra't, ower and ower agen. I tried this, I tried that, I tried t'ooter. I ha' gone

home, many's the time, and found all vanished as I had in the world, and her without a sense left to bless hersen' lying on bare ground. I ha' dun't not once, not twice—twenty time!"

Every line in his face deepened as he said it, and put in its affecting evidence of the suffering he had undergone.

"From bad to worse, from worse to worse. She left me. She disgraced hersen' everyways, bitter and bad. She coom back, she coom back, she coom back. What could I do t' hinder her? I ha' walked the streets night long, ere ever I'd go home. I ha' gone t' th' brigg, minded to fling mysen' ower, and ha' no more on't. I ha' bore that much, that I were owd when I were young."

Mrs. Sparsit, easily ambling along with her netting-needles, raised the Coriolanian eyebrows and shook her head, as much as to say, "The great know trouble as well as the small. Please to turn your humble eye in My direction."

"I ha' paid her to keep awa' fra' me. These five year I ha' paid her. I ha' gotten decent fewtrils about me agen. I ha' lived hard and sad, but not ashamed and fearf' a' the minnits o' my life. Last night, I went home. There she lay upon my harston! There she is!"

In the strength of his misfortune, and the energy of his distress, he fired for the moment like a proud man. In another moment, he stood as he had stood all the time—his usual stoop upon him; his pondering face addressed to Mr. Bounderby, with a curious expression on it, half-shrewd, half-perplexed, as if his mind were set upon unravelling something very difficult; his hat held tight in his left hand, which rested on his hip; his right arm, with a rugged propriety and force of action, very earnestly emphasising what he said: not least so when it always paused, a little bent, but not withdrawn, as he paused.

"I was acquainted with all this, you know," said Mr. Bounderby, "except the last clause, long ago. It's a bad job; that's what it is. You had better have been satisfied as you were, and not have got married. However, it's too late to say that."

"Was it an unequal marriage, sir, in point of years?" asked Mrs. Sparsit.

"You hear what this lady asks. Was it an unequal marriage in point of years, this unlucky job of yours?" said Mr. Bounderby.

"Not e'en so. I were one-and-twenty mysen; she were twenty nighbout."

"Indeed, sir?" said Mrs. Sparsit to her Chief, with great placidity. "I inferred, from its being so miserable a marriage, that it was probably an unequal one in point of years."

Mr. Bounderby looked very hard at the good lady in a sidelong way that had an odd sheepishness about. He fortified himself with a little more sherry.

"Well? Why don't you go on?" he then asked, turning rather irritably on Stephen Blackpool.

"I ha coom to ask yo, sir, how I am to be ridden o' this woman."

Stephen infused a yet deeper gravity into the mixed expression of his attentive face. Mrs. Sparsit uttered a gentle ejaculation, as having received a moral shock.

"What do you mean?" said Bounderby, getting up to lean his back against the chimney-piece. "What are you talking about? You took her, for better for worse."

"I mun' be ridden o' her. I cannot bear't nommore I ha' lived under't so long, for that I ha' had'n the pity and the comforting words o' th' best lass living or dead. Haply, but for her, I should ha' gone hottering mad."

"He wishes to be free, to marry the female of whom he speaks, I fear, sir," observed Mrs. Sparsit, in an undertone, and much dejected by the immorality of the people.

"I do. The lady says what's right. I do. I were a coming to't. I ha' read i' th' papers that great fok (fair faw 'em a'! I wishes 'em no hurt!) are not bonded together for better for worse so fast, but that they can be set free fra' their misfortnet marriages, and marry ower agen. When they dunnot agree, for that their tempers is ill-sorted, they have rooms of one kind an' another in their houses, and they can live asunders. We fok ha' only one room, and we can't. When that won't do, they ha, gowd and other cash, and they can say, This for yo, and that for me, and they can go their separate ways. We can't. Spite o' all that, they can be set free for smaller wrongs than is suffered by hundreds an' hundreds of us—by women fur more than men—they can be set free for smaller wrongs than mine. So, I mun be ridden o' this wife o' mine, and I wan t' know how?"

"No how," returned Mr. Bounderby.

"If I do her any hurt, sir, there's a law to punish me?"

"Of course, there is."

"If I flee from her, there's a law to punish me?"

"Of course, there is."

"If I marry t'oother dear lass, there's a law to punish me?"

"Of course, there is."

"If I was to live wi' her an' not marry her—saying such a thing could be, which it never could or would, an' her so good—there's a law to punish me, in every innocent chilt belonging to me?"

"Of course, there is."

"Now, a' God's name," said Stephen Blackpool, "show me the law to help me!"

"There's a sanctity in this relation of life," said Mr. Bounderby, "and—and—it must be kept up."

"No, no, dunnot say that, sir. 'Tan't kep' up that way. Not that way. 'Tis kep' down that way. I'm a weaver, I were in a fac'ry when a chilt, but I ha' gotten een to see wi' and eern to hear wi'. I read in th' papers, every 'Sizes, every Sessions—and you read, too—I know it!—with dismay—how th' unpossibility o' ever getting unchained from one another, at any price, on any terms, brings blood upon this land, and brings many common married fok (agen I say, women fur ofener than men) to battle, murder, and sudden death. Let us ha' this, right understood. Mine's a grievous case, an' I want—if yo will be so good—t' know the law that helps me."

"Now, I tell you what!" said Mr. Bounderby, putting his hands in his pockets. "There is such a law."

Stephen, subsiding into his quiet manner, and, never wandering in his attention, gave a nod.

"But it's not for you, at all. It costs money. It costs a mint of money."

"How much might that be?" Stephen calmly asked.

"Why, you'd have to go to Doctors' Commons with a suit, and you'd have to go to a court of Common Law with a suit, and you'd have to go to the House of Lords with a suit, and you'd have to get an Act of Parliament to enable you to marry again, and it would cost you (if it was a case of very plain sailing) I suppose from a thousand to fifteen hundred

pound," said Mr. Bounderby. "Perhaps twice the money."

"There's no other law?"

"Certainly not."

"Why, then, sir," said Stephen, turning white, and motioning with that right hand of his, as if he gave everything to the four winds, "'tis a muddle. 'Tis just a muddle a' together, an' the sooner I am dead, the better."

(Mrs. Sparsit again dejected by the impiety of the people.)

"Pooh, pooh! Don't you talk nonsense, my good fellow," said Mr. Bounderby, "about things you don't understand; and don't you call the Institutions of your country a muddle, or you'll get yourself into a real muddle one of these fine mornings. The institutions of your country are not your piece-work, and the only thing you have got to do is, to mind your piece-work. You didn't take your wife for fast and for loose; but for better for worse. If she has turned out worse—why, all we have got to say is, she might have turned out better."

"'Tis a muddle," said Stephen, shaking his head as he moved to the door. "'Tis a' a muddle!"

"Now, I'll tell you what!" Mr. Bounderby resumed, as a valedictory address. "With what I shall call your unhallowed opinions, you have been quite shocking this lady—who, as I have already told you, is a born lady, and who, as I have not already told you, has had her own marriage misfortunes to the tune of tens of thousands of pounds—tens of Thousands of Pounds!" (he repeated it with great relish.) "Now, you have always been a steady Hand hitherto; but my opinion is, and so I tell you plainly, that you are turning into the wrong road. You have been listening to some mischievous stranger or other—they're always about—and the best thing you can do is, to come out of that. Now, you understand"—here his countenance expressed marvellous acuteness—"I can see as far into a grindstone as another man: farther than a good many, perhaps, because I had my nose well kept to it when I was young. I see traces of the turtle soup, and venison, and gold spoon in this. Yes, I do!" cried Mr. Bounderby, shaking his head with obstinate cunning. "By the Lord Harry, I do!"

With a very different shake of the head and a deep sigh, Stephen said—

"Thank you, sir, I wish you good day."

So he left Mr. Bounderby swelling at his own portrait on the wall, as if he were going to explode himself into it; and Mrs. Sparsit, still ambling on with her foot in her stirrup, looking quite cast down by the popular vices.

CHAPTER XII.

Old Stephen descended the two white steps, shutting the black door with the brazen door-plate, by the aid of the brazen full-stop, to which he gave a parting polish with the sleeve of his coat, observing that his hot hand clouded it. He crossed the street with his eyes bent upon the ground, and thus was walking sorrowfully away, when he felt a touch upon his arm.

It was not the touch he needed most at such a moment—the touch that could calm the wild waters of his soul, as the uplifted hand of the sublimest love and patience could abate the raging of the sea—yet it was a woman's hand, too. It was an old woman, tall and shapely still, though withered by Time, on whom his eyes fell when he stopped and turned. She was very cleanly and plainly dressed, had country mud upon her shoes, and was newly come from a journey. The flutter of her manner, in the unwonted noise of the streets: the spare shawl, carried unfolded on her arm; the heavy umbrella and little basket; the loose, long-fingered gloves, to which her hands were unused; all bespoke an old woman from the country, in her plain holiday clothes, come into Coketown on an expedition of rare occurrence. Remarking this at a glance, with the quick observation of his class, Stephen Blackpool bent his attentive face—his face, which, like the faces of many of his order, by dint of long working with eyes and hands in the midst of a prodigious noise, had acquired the concentrated look with which we are familiar in the countenances of the deaf—the better to hear what she asked him.

"Pray, sir," said the old woman, "didn't I see you come out of that gentleman's house?" pointing back to Mr. Bounderby's. "I believe it was you, unless I have had the bad luck to mistake the person in following?"

"Yes, missus," returned Stephen, "it were me."

"Have you—you'll excuse an old woman's curiosity—have you seen the gentleman?"

"Yes, missus."

"And how did he look, sir? Was he portly, bold, outspoken, hearty?"

As she straightened her own figure, and held up her head in adapting her action to her words, the idea crossed Stephen that he had seen this old woman before, and had not quite liked her.

"Oh! yes," he returned, observing her more attentively, "he were all that."

"And healthy," said the old woman, "as the fresh wind?"

"Yes," returned Stephen. "He were ett'n and drinking—as large and as loud as a Hum-mobee."

"Thank you!" said the old woman, with infinite content. "Thank you!"

He certainly never had seen this old woman before. Yet there was a vague remembrance in his mind, as if he had more than once dreamed of some old woman like her.

She walked along at his side, and, gently accommodating himself to her humor, he said Coketown was a busy place, was it not? To which she answered, "Eigh sure! Dreadful busy!" Then he said, she came from the country, he saw? To which she answered in the affirmative.

"By Parliamentary, this morning. I came forty mile by Parliamentary this morning, and I'm going back the same forty mile this afternoon. I walked nine mile to the station this morning, and if I find nobody on the road to give me a lift, I shall walk the nine mile back to-night. That's pretty well, sir, at my age!" said the chatty old woman, her eyes brightening with exultation.

"Deed 'tis. Don't do't too often, missus."

"No, no. Once a year," she answered, shaking her head. "I spend my savings so, once every year. I come regular, to tramp about the streets, and see the gentleman."

"Only to see 'em?" returned Stephen.

"That's enough for me," she replied, with great earnestness and interest of manner. "I ask no more! I have been standing about, on this side of the way, to see that gentleman," turning her head back towards Mr. Bounderby's again, "come out. But, he's late this year, and I have not seen him. You came out, instead. Now, if I am obliged to go back without a glimpse of him—I only want a glimpse—well! I have seen you, and you have

seen him, and I must make that do." Saying this, she looked at Stephen as if to fix his features in her mind, and her eyes were not so bright as they had been.

With a large allowance for difference of tastes, and with all submission to the patri-cians of Coketown, this seemed so extraordinary a source of interest to take so much trouble about, that it perplexed him. But they were passing the church now, and as his eye caught the clock, he quickened his pace.

He was going to his work? the old woman said, quickening hers, too, quite easily. Yes, time was nearly out. On his telling her where he worked, the old woman became a more singular old woman than before.

"An't you happy?" she asked him.

"Why—there's—awmost nobbody but has their troubles, missus." He answered evasively, because the old woman appeared to take it for granted that he would be very happy indeed, and he had not the heart to disappoint her. He knew that there was trouble enough in the world; and if the old woman had lived so long, and could count upon his having so little, why so much the better for her, and none the worse for him.

"Ay, ay! You have your troubles at home, you mean?" she said.

"Times. Just now and then," he answered slightly.

"But, working under such a gentleman, they don't follow you to the Factory?"

"No, no; they didn't follow him there," said Stephen. "All correct there. Everything accordant there." (He did not go so far as to say, for her pleasure, that there was a sort of Divine Right there; but, I have heard claims almost as magnificent of late years.)

They were now in the black bye-road near the place, and the Hands were crowding in. The bell was ringing, and the Serpent was a serpent of many coils, and the Elephant was getting ready. The strange old woman was delighted with the very bell. It was the beautifullest bell she had ever heard, she said, and sounded grand!

She asked him, when he stopped good-naturedly to shake hands with her before going in, how long he had worked there?

"A dozen year," he told her.

"I must kiss the hand," said she, "that has worked in this fine factory for a dozen year!"

And she lifted it, though he would have prevented her, and put it to her lips. What harmony, besides her age and her simplicity, surrounded her, he did not know, but even in this fantastic action there was a something neither out of time nor place: a something which it seemed as if nobody else could have made as serious, or done with such a natural and touching air.

He had been at his loom full half an hour, thinking about this old woman, when, having occasion to move round the loom for its adjustment, he glanced through a window which was in his corner, and saw her still looking up at the pile of building, lost in admiration. Heedless of the smoke and mud and wet, and of her two long journeys, she was gazing at it, as if the heavy thrum that issued from its many stories were proud music to her.

She was gone by and by, and the day went after her, and the lights sprung up again, and the Express whirled in full sight of the Fairy Palace over the arches near: little felt amid the jarring of the machinery, and scarcely heard above its crash and rattle. Long before then, his thoughts had gone back to the dreary room above the little shop, and to the shameful figure heavy on the bed, but heavier on his heart.

Machinery slackened; throbbing feebly like a fainting pulse; stopped. The bell again; the glare of light and heat dispelled; the factories, looming heavy in the black wet night; their tall chimneys rising up into the air like competing Towers of Babel.

He had spoken to Rachael only last night, it was true, and had walked with her a little way; but he had his new misfortune on him, in which no one else could give him a moment's relief, and, for the sake of it, and because he knew himself to want that softening of his anger which no voice but hers could effect, he felt he might so far disregard what she had said as to wait for her again. He waited, but she had eluded him. She was gone. On no other night in the year, could he so ill have spared her patient face.

Oh! Better to have no home in which to lay his head, than to have a home and dread to go to it, through such a cause. He ate and drank, for he was exhausted—but, he little knew or cared what; and he wandered about in the

chill rain, thinking and thinking, and brooding and brooding.

No word of a new marriage had ever passed between them; but Rachael had taken great pity on him years ago, and to her alone he had opened his closed heart all this time, on the subject of his miseries; and he knew very well that if he were free to ask her, she would take him. He thought of the home he might at that moment have been seeking with pleasure and pride; of the different man he might have been that night; of the lightness then in his now heavy-laden breast; of the then restored honor, self respect, and tranquillity, now all torn to pieces. He thought of the waste of the best part of his life, of the change it made in his character for the worse every way, of the dreadful nature of his existence, bound hand and foot to a dead woman, and tormented by a demon in her shape. He thought of Rachael, how young when they were first brought together in these circumstances, how mature now, how soon to grow old. He thought of the number of girls and women she had seen marry, how many homes with children in them she had seen grown up around her, how she had contentedly pursued her own lone quiet path—for him—and how he had sometimes seen a shade of melancholy on her blessed face, that smote him with remorse and despair. He set the picture of her up, beside the infamous image of last night; and thought, Could it be, that the whole earthly course of one so gentle, good, and self-denying, was subjugate to such a wretch as that!

Filled with these thoughts—so filled that he had an unwholesome sense of growing larger, of being placed in some new and diseased relation towards the objects among which he passed, of seeing the iris round every misty light turn red—he went home for shelter.

CHAPTER XIII.

A candle faintly burned in the window, to which the black ladder had often been raised for the sliding away of all that was most precious in this world to a striving wife and a brood of hungry babies; and Stephen added to his other thoughts the stern reflection that, of all the casualties of this existence upon earth, not one was dealt out with so unequal a hand as Death. The inequality of Birth was nothing to it. For, say that the child of a King

and the child of a Weaver were born to-night in the same moment, what was that disparity, to the death of any human creature who was serviceable to, or beloved by, another, while this abandoned woman lived on!

From the outside of his home, he gloomily passed to the inside, with suspended breath and with a slow footstep. He went up to his door, opened it, and so into the room.

Quiet and peace were there. Rachael was there, sitting by the bed.

She turned her head, and the light of her face shone in upon the midnight of his mind. She sat by the bed, watching and tending his wife. That is to say, he saw that some one lay there, and he knew too well it must be she; but Rachael's hands had put a curtain up, so that she was screened from his eyes. Her disgraceful garments were removed, and some of Rachael's were in the room. Everything was in its place and order as he had always kept it, the little fire was newly trimmed, and the hearth was freshly swept. It appeared to him that he saw all this in Rachael's face, and looked at nothing besides. While looking at it, it was shut out from his view by the softened tears that filled his eyes; but, not before he had seen how earnestly she looked at him, and how her own eyes were filled too.

She turned again towards the bed, and satisfying herself that all was quiet there, spoke in a low, calm, cheerful voice.

"I am glad you have come at last, Stephen. You are very late."

"I ha' been walking up an' down."

"I thought so. But 'tis too bad a night for that. The rain falls very heavy, and the wind has risen."

The wind? True. It was blowing hard. Hark to the thundering in the chimney, and the surging noise! To have been out in such a wind, and not to have known it was blowing!

"I have been here once before, to-day, Stephen. Landlady came round for me, at dinner-time. There was some one here that needed looking to, she said. And, 'deed, she was right. All wandering and lost, Stephen. Wounded, too, and bruised."

He slowly moved to a chair, and sat down, drooping his head before her.

"I came to do what little I could, Stephen; first, for that she worked with me when we

were girls both, and for that you courted her and married her when I was her friend—"

He laid his furrowed forehead on his hand, with a low groan.

"And next, for that I know your heart, and am right sure and certain that 'tis far too merciful to let her die, or even so much as suffer, for want of aid. Thou knowest who said, 'Let him who is without sin among you, cast the first stone at her!' There have been plenty to do that. Thou art not the man to cast the last stone, Stephen, when she is brought so low."

"Oh! Rachael, Rachael!"

"Thou hast been a cruel sufferer, Heaven reward thee!" she said, in compassionate accents. "I am thy poor friend, with all my heart and mind."

The wounds of which she had spoken seemed to be about the neck of the self-made outcast. She dressed them now, still without showing her. She steeped a piece of linen in a basin, into which she poured some liquid from a bottle, and laid it with a gentle hand upon the sore. The three-legged table had been drawn close to the bedside, and on it there were two bottles. This was one.

It was not so far off but that Stephen, following her hands with his eyes, could read what was printed on it, in large letters. He turned of a deadly hue, and a sudden horror seemed to fall upon him.

"I will stay here, Stephen," said Rachael, quietly resuming her seat, "till the bells go Three. 'Tis to be done again at three, and then she may be left till morning."

"But thy rest agen to-morrow's work, my dear."

"I slept sound, last night. I can wake many nights, when I am put to it. 'Tis thou who art in need of rest—so white and tired. Try to sleep in the chair, there, while I watch. Thou hadst no sleep, last night, I can well believe. To-morrow's work is far harder for thee than for me."

He heard the thundering and surging out of doors, and it seemed to him as if his late angry mood were going about trying to get at him. She had cast it out; she would keep it out; he trusted to her to defend him from himself.

"She don't know me, Stephen; she just drowsily mutters and stares. I have spoken

to her times and again, but she don't notice! 'Tis as well so. When she comes to her right mind once more, I shall have done what I can, and she never the wiser."

"How long, Rachael, is't looked for, that she'll be so?"

"Doctor said she would haply come to her mind, to-morrow."

His eyes again fell on the bottle, and a tremble passed over him, causing him to shiver in every limb. She thought he was chilled with the wet.

"No," he said; "it was not that. He had had a fright."

"A fright?"

"Ay, ay! coming in. When I were walking. When I were thinking. When I—"

It seized him again; and he stood up, holding by the mantel-shelf, as he pressed his dank cold hair down with a hand that shook as if it were palsied.

"Stephen!"

She was coming to him, but he stretched out his arm to stop her.

"No! Don't, please; don't! Let me see thee settin by the bed. Let me see thee, a' so good, and so forgiving. Let me see thee as I see thee when I coom in. I can never see thee better than so. Never, never, never!"

He had a violent fit of trembling, and then sunk into his chair. After a time, he controlled himself, and, resting with an elbow on one knee, and his head upon that hand, could look towards Rachael. Seen across the dim candle with his moistened eyes, she looked as if she had a glory shining round her head. He could have believed she had. He did believe it, as the noise without shook the window, rattled at the door below, and went about the house, clamoring and lamenting.

"When she gets better, Stephen, 'tis to be hoped she'll leave thee to thyself again, and do thee no more hurt. Anyways, we will hope so now. And now I shall keep silence, for I want thee to sleep."

He closed his eyes, more to please her than to rest his weary head; but, by slow degrees, as he listened to the great noise of the wind, he ceased to hear it, or it changed into the working of his loom, or even into the voices of the day (his own included) saying what had been really said. Even this imperfect consciousness faded away, at last, and he dreamed a long, troubled dream.

He thought that he, and some one on whom his heart had long been set—but she was not Rachael, and that surprised him, even in the midst of his imaginary happiness—stood in the church, being married. While the ceremony was performing, and while he recognised among the witnesses some whom he knew to be living, and many whom he knew to be dead, darkness came on, succeeded by the shining of a tremendous light. It broke from one line in the table of commandments at the altar, and illuminated the building with the words. They were sounded through the church, too, as if there were voices in the fiery letters. Upon this, the whole appearance before him and around him changed, and nothing was left as it had been but himself and the clergyman. They stood in the daylight, before a crowd so vast, that if all the people in the world could have been brought together into one space, they could not have looked, he thought, more numerous; and they all abhorred him, and there was not one pitying or friendly eye among the millions that were fastened on his face. He stood on a raised stage, under his own loom; and, looking up at the shape the loom took, and hearing the burial service distinctly read, he knew that he was there to suffer death. In an instant, what he stood on fell below him, and he was gone.

Out of what mystery he came back to his usual life, and to places that he knew, he was unable to consider; but he was back in those places by some means, and with this condemnation upon him, that he was never, in this world or the next, through all the unimaginable ages of eternity, to look on Rachael's face or hear her voice. Wandering to and fro, unceasingly, without hope, and in search of he knew not what (he only knew that he was doomed to seek it), he was the subject of a nameless, horrible dread, a mortal fear of one particular shape which everything took. Whatsoever he looked at grew into that form, sooner or later. The object of his miserable existence was to prevent its recognition by any one among the various people he encountered. Hopeless labor! If he led them out of rooms where it was, if he shut up drawers and closets where it stood, if he drew the curious from places where he knew it to be secreted, and got them out into the streets, the very chimneys of the mills assumed that shape, and round them was the printed word.

The wind was blowing again, the rain was beating on the housetops, and the larger spaces through which he had strayed contracted to the four walls of his room. Saving that the fire had died out, it was as his eyes had closed upon it. Rachel seemed to have fallen into a doze, in the chair by the bed. She sat wrapped in her shawl, perfectly still. The table stood in the same place, close by the bedside, and on it, in its real proportions and appearance, was the shape so often repeated.

He thought he saw the curtain move. He looked again, and he was sure it moved. He saw a hand come forth, and grope about a little. Then the curtain moved more perceptibly, and the woman in the bed put it back and sat up.

With her woful eyes, so haggard and wild, so heavy and large, she looked all around the room, and passed the corner where he slept in his chair. Her eyes returned to that corner, and she put her hand over them as a shade, while she looked into it. Again they went all round the room, scarcely heeding Rachel, if at all, and returned to that corner. He thought, as she once more shaded them—not so much looking at him, as looking for him with a brutish instinct that he was there—that no single trace was left in those debauched features, or in the mind that went along with them, of the woman he had married eighteen years before. But that he had seen her come to this by inches, he never could have believed her to be the same.

All this time, as if a spell were on him, he was motionless and powerless, except to watch her.

Stupidly dozing, or communing with her incapable self about nothing, she sat for a little while with her hands at her ears, and her head resting on them. Presently, she resumed her staring round the room. And now, for the first time, her eyes stopped at the table with the bottles on it.

Straightway she turned her eyes back to his corner, with the defiance of last night, and, moving very cautiously and softly, stretched out her greedy hand. She drew a mug into the bed, and sat for awhile considering which of the two bottles she should choose. Finally, she laid her insensate grasp upon the bottle that had swift and certain death in it, and,

before his eyes, pulled out the cork with her teeth.

Dream or reality, he had no voice, nor had he power to stir. If this be real, and her allotted time be not yet come, wake, Rachael, wake!

She thought of that, too. She looked at Rachael, and very slowly, very cautiously, poured out the contents. The draught was at her lips. A moment and she would be past all help, let the whole world wake and come about her with its utmost power. But, in that moment Rachael started up with a suppressed cry. The creature struggled, struck her, seized her by the hair; but Rachael had the cup.

Stephen broke out of his chair. "Rachael, am I wakin' or dreamin' this dreadfo' night!"

"'Tis all well, Stephen. I have been asleep myself. 'Tis near three. Hush! I hear the bells."

The wind brought the sounds of the church clock to the window. They listened, and it struck three. Stephen looked at her, saw how pale she was, noted the disorder of her hair, and the red marks of fingers on her forehead, and felt assured that his senses of sight and hearing had been awake. She held the cup in her hand even now.

"I thought it must be near three," she said, calmly pouring from the cup into the basin, and steeping the linen as before. "I am thankful I stayed! 'Tis done now, when I have put this on. There! And now she's quiet again. The few drops in the basin I'll pour away, for 'tis bad stuff to leave about, though ever so little of it."

As she spoke, she drained the basin into the ashes of the fire, and broke the bottle on the hearth.

She had nothing to do, then, but to cover herself with her shawl before going out into the wind and rain.

"Thou'lt let me walk wi' thee at this hour, Rachael?"

"No, Stephen. 'Tis but a minute and I'm home."

"Thou'rt not fearfo'," he said it in a low voice, as they went out at the door, "to leave me alone wi' her!"

As she looked at him, saying "Stephen?" he went down on his knee before her, on the

poor mean stairs, and put an end of her shawl to his lips.

"Thou art an Angel. Bless thee, bless thee!"

"I am, as I have told thee, Stephen, thy poor friend. Angels are not like me. Between them, and a working woman fu' of faults, there is a deep gulf set. My little sister is among them, but she is changed."

She raised her eyes for a moment as she said the words; and then they fell again, in all their gentleness and mildness, on his face.

"Thou changest me from bad to good. Thou mak'st me humbly wishfo' to be more like thee, and fearfo' to lose thee when this life is ower, an' a' the muddle cleared awa'. Thou'rt an Angel; it may be, thou hast saved my soul alive!"

She looked at him, on his knee at her feet, with her shawl still in his hand, and the reproof on her lips died away when she saw the working of his face.

"I coom home desp'rate. I coom home wi'out a hope, and mad wi' thinking that when I said a word o' complaint, I was reckoned a onreasonable Hand. I told thee I had had a fright. It were the Poison-bottle on table. I never hurt a livin' creeter; but, happenin' so suddenly upon't, I thowt, 'How can I say what I might ha' done to mysen, or her, or both!'"

She put her two hands on his mouth, with a face of terror, to stop him from saying more. He caught them in his unoccupied hand, and holding them, and still clasping the border of her shawl, said, hurriedly:

"But I see thee, Rachael, setten' by the bed. I ha' seen thee a' this night. In my troublous sleep I ha' known thee still to be there. Evermore I will see thee. I nevermore will see her or think o' her, but thou shalt be beside her. I nevermore will see or think o' anything that angers me, but thou, so much better than me, shalt be by th' side on't. And so I will try t' look t' th' time, and so I will try t' trust t' th' time, when thou and me at last shall walk together far awa', beyond the deep gulf, in th' country where thy little sister is."

He kissed the border of her shawl again, and let her go. She bade him good night in a broken voice, and went out into the street.

The wind blew from the quarter where the day would soon appear, and still blew strongly.

It had cleared the sky before it, and the rain had spent itself or travelled elsewhere, and the stars were bright. He stood bare-headed in the road, watching her quick disappearance. As the shining stars were to the heavy candle in the window, so was Rachael, in the rugged fancy of this man, to the common experiences of his life.

CHAPTER XIV.

Time went on in Coketown like its own machinery; so much material wrought up, so much fuel consumed, so many powers worn out, so much money made. But, less inexorable than iron, steel, and brass, it brought its varying seasons even into that wilderness of smoke and brick, and made the only stand that ever *was* made in the place against its direful uniformity.

"Louisa is becoming," said Mr. Gradgrind, "almost a young woman."

Time, with his innumerable horse-power, worked away, not minding what anybody said, and presently turned out young Thomas a foot taller than when his father had last taken particular notice of him.

"Thomas is becoming," said Mr. Gradgrind, "almost a young man."

Time passed Thomas on in the mill, while his father was thinking about it, and there he stood in a long tail-coat and a stiff shirt-cellar.

"Really," said Mr. Gradgrind, "the period has arrived when Thomas ought to go to Bounderby."

Time, sticking to him, passed him on into Bounderby's Bank, made him an inmate of Bounderby's house, necessitated the purchase of his first razor, and exercised him diligently in his calculations relative to number one.

The same great manufacturer, always with an immense variety of work on hand, in every stage of development, passed Sissy onward in his mill, and worked her up into a very pretty article indeed.

"I fear, Jupe," said Mr. Gradgrind, "that your continuance at the school any longer, would be useless."

"I am afraid it would, sir," Sissy answered with a courtsey.

"I cannot disguise from you, Jupe," said Mr. Gradgrind, knitting his brow, "that the result of your probation there has disappointed

me; has greatly disappointed me. You have not acquired, under Mr. and Mrs. M'Choakumchild, anything like that amount of exact knowledge which I looked for. You are extremely deficient in your facts. Your acquaintance with figures is very limited. You are altogether backward and below the mark."

"I am sorry, sir," she returned; "but I know it is quite true. Yet I have tried hard, sir."

"Yes," said Mr. Gradgrind, "yes, I believe you have tried hard: I have observed you, and I can find no fault in that respect."

"Thank you, sir. I have thought sometimes," Sissy very timid here, "that perhaps I tried to learn too much, and that if I had asked to be allowed to try a little less, I might have—"

"No, Jupe, no," said Mr. Gradgrind, shaking his head in his profoundest and most eminently practical way. "No. The course you pursued, you pursued according to the system—the system—and there is no more to be said about it. I can only suppose that the circumstances of your early life were too unfavorable to the development of your reasoning powers, and that we began too late. Still, as I have said already, I am disappointed."

"I wish I could have made a better acknowledgment, sir, of your kindness to a poor forlorn girl who had no claim upon you, and of your protection of her."

"Don't shed tears," said Mr. Gradgrind. "Don't shed tears. I don't complain of you. You are an affectionate, earnest, good, young woman, and—and we must make that do."

"Thank you, sir, very much," said Sissy, with a grateful curtsy.

"You are useful to Mrs. Gradgrind, and (in a generally pervading way) you are serviceable in the family also; so I understand from Miss Louisa, and indeed, so I have observed myself. I therefore hope," said Mr. Gradgrind, "that you can make yourself happy in those relations."

"I should have nothing to wish, sir, if—"

"I understand you," said Mr. Gradgrind; "you still refer to your father. I have heard from Miss Louisa that you still preserve that bottle. Well! If your training in the science of arriving at exact results had been more successful, you would have been wiser on these points. I will say no more."

He really liked Sissy too well to have a contempt for her; otherwise he held her calculating

powers in such very slight estimation, that he must have fallen upon that conclusion. Somehow or other, he had become possessed by an idea that there was something in this girl which could hardly be set forth in a tabular form. Her capacity of definition might be easily stated at a very low figure, her mathematical knowledge at nothing; yet he was not sure that if he had been required, for example, to tick her off into columns in a parliamentary return, he would have quite known how to divide her.

In some stages of his manufacture of the human fabric, the processes of Time are very rapid. Young Thomas and Sissy being both at such a stage of their working up, these changes were effected in a year or two; while Mr. Gradgrind himself seemed stationary in his course, and underwent no alteration.

Except one, which was apart from his necessary progress through the mill. Time hustled him into a little noisy and rather dirty machinery, in a bye corner, and made him Member of Parliament for Coketown: one of the respected members for ounce weights and measures, one of the representatives of the multiplication table, one of the deaf honorable gentlemen, dumb honorable gentlemen, blind honorable gentlemen, lame honorable gentlemen, dead honorable gentlemen, to every other consideration. Else wherefore live we in a Christian land, eighteen hundred and odd years after our Master?

All this while, Louisa had been passing on, so quiet and reserved, and so much given to watching the bright ashes at twilight as they fell into the grate and became extinct, that from the period when her father had said that she was almost a young woman—which seemed but yesterday—she had scarcely attracted his notice again, when he found her quite a young woman.

"Quite a young woman," said Mr. Gradgrind, musing. "Dear me!"

Soon after this discovery he became more thoughtful than usual for several days, and seemed much engrossed by one subject. On a certain night, when he was going out, and Louisa came to bid him good bye before his departure—as he was not to be home until late and she would not see him again until the morning—he held her in his arms, looking at her in his kindest manner, and said:

"My dear Louisa, you are a woman!"

She answered with the old, quick, searching look of the night when she was found at the Circus; then cast down her eyes. "Yes, father."

"My dear," said Mr. Gradgrind. "I must speak with you alone and seriously. Come to me in my room after breakfast to-morrow, will you?"

"Yes, father."

"Your hands are rather cold, Louisa. Are you not well?"

"Quite well, father."

"And cheerful?"

She looked at him again, and smiled in her peculiar manner. "I am as cheerful, father, as I usually am, or usually have been."

"That's well," said Mr. Gradgrind. So, he kissed her and went away; and Louisa returned to the serene apartment of the hair-cutting character, and leaning her elbow on her hand, looked again at the short-lived sparks that so soon subsided into ashes.

"Are you there, Loo?" said her brother, looking in at the door. He was quite a young gentleman of pleasure now, and not quite a prepossessing one.

"Dear Tom," she answered, rising and embracing him, "how long it is since you have been to see me!"

"Why, I have been otherwise engaged, Loo, in the evenings; and in the daytime old Bounderby has been keeping me at it rather. But I touch him up with you, when he comes it too strong, and so we preserve an understanding. I say! Has father said anything particular to you, to-day or yesterday, Loo?"

"No, Tom. But he told me to-night that he wished to do so in the morning."

"Ah! That's what I mean," said Tom. "Do you know where he is to-night?"—with a very deep expression.

"No."

"Then I'll tell you. He's with old Bounderby. They are having a regular confab together, up at the Bank. Why at the Bank, do you think? Well, I'll tell you again. To keep Mrs. Sparsit's ears as far off as possible, I expect."

With her hand upon her brother's shoulder, Louisa still stood looking at the fire. Her brother glanced at her face with greater interest than usual, and, encircling her waist with his arm, drew her coaxingly to him.

"You are very fond of me, an't you, Loo?"

"Indeed I am, Tom, though you do let such long intervals go by without coming to see me."

"Well, sister of mine," said Tom, "when you say that, you are near my thoughts. We might be so much oftener together—mightn't we? Always together, almost—mightn't we? It would do me a great deal of good if you were to make up your mind to I know what, Loo. It would be a splendid thing for me. It would be uncommonly jolly!"

Her thoughtfulness baffled his cunning scrutiny. He could make nothing of her face. He pressed her in his arm, and kissed her cheek. She returned the kiss, but still looked at the fire.

"I say, Loo! I thought I'd come, and just hint to you what was going on; though I supposed you'd most likely guess, even if you didn't know. I can't stay, because I am engaged to some fellows to-night. You won't forget how fond you are of me?"

"No, dear Tom, I won't forget."

"That's a capital girl," said Tom. "Good bye, Loo."

She gave him an affectionate good night, and went out with him to the door, whence the fires of Coketown could be seen, making the distance lurid. She stood there, looking steadfastly towards them, and listening to his departing steps. They retreated quickly, as glad to get away from Stone Lodge; and she stood there yet, when he was gone, and all was quiet. It seemed as if, first in her own fire within the house, and then in the fiery haze without, she tried to discover what kind of woof Old Time, that greatest and longest-established Spinner of all, would weave from the threads he had already spun into a woman. But, his factory is a secret place, his work is noiseless, and his Hands are mutes.

CHAPTER XV.

Although Mr. Gradgrind did not take after Blue Beard, his room was quite a Blue chamber in its abundance of blue books. Whatever they could prove (which is usually anything you like), they proved there, in an army constantly strengthening by the arrival of new recruits. In that charmed apartment, the most complicated social questions were cast up, got into exact totals, and finally settled—if

those concerned could only have been brought to know it. As if an astronomical observatory should be made without any windows, and the astronomer within should arrange the starry universe solely by pen, ink, and paper, so Mr. Gradgrind, in his Observatory (and there are many like it) had no need to cast an eye upon the teeming myriads of human beings around him, but could settle all their destinies on a slate, and wipe out all their tears with one dirty little bit of sponge.

To this Observatory, then—a stern room, with a deadly-statistical clock in it, which measured every second with a beat like a rap upon a coffin-lid—Louisa repaired on the appointed morning. The window looked towards Coketown; and when she sat down near her father's table, she saw the high chimneys and the long tracks of smoke looming in the heavy distance gloomily.

"My dear Louisa," said her father, "I prepared you last night to give me your serious attention in the conversation we are now going to have together. You have been so well trained, and you do, I am happy to say, so much justice to the education you have received, that I have perfect confidence in your good sense. You are not impulsive, you are not romantic, you are accustomed to view everything from the strong, dispassionate ground of reason and calculation. From that ground alone, I know you will view and consider what I am going to communicate."

He waited, as if he would have been glad that she said something. But, she said never a word.

"Louisa, my dear, you are the subject of a proposal of marriage that has been made to me."

Again he waited, and again she answered not one word. This so far surprised him, as to induce him gently to repeat, "a proposal of marriage, my dear." To which, she returned without any visible emotion whatever:

"I hear you, father. I am attending, I assure you."

"Well!" said Mr. Gradgrind, breaking into a smile, after being for the moment at a loss, "you are even more dispassionate than I expected, Louisa. Or, perhaps you are not unprepared for the announcement I have it in charge to make?"

"I cannot say that, father, until I hear it. Prepared or unprepared, I wish to hear it all from you. I wish to hear you state it to me, father."

Strange to relate, Mr. Gradgrind was not so collected at this moment as his daughter was. He took a paper-knife in his hand, turned it over, laid it down, took it up again, and even then had to look along the blade of it, considering how to go on.

"What you say, my dear Louisa, is perfectly reasonable. I have undertaken then to let you know that—that Mr. Bounderby has informed me that he has long watched your progress with particular interest and pleasure, and has long hoped that the time might ultimately arrive when he should offer you his hand in marriage. That time, to which he has long, and certainly with great constancy, looked forward, is now come. Mr. Bounderby has made his proposal of marriage to me, and has entreated me to make it known to you, and to express his hope that you will take it into your favorable consideration."

Silence between them. The deadly-statistical clock very hollow. The distant smoke very black and heavy.

"Father," said Louisa, "do you think I love Mr. Bounderby?"

Mr. Gradgrind was extremely discomfited by this unexpected question. "Well, my child," he returned, "I really—cannot take upon myself to say."

"Father," pursued Louisa, in exactly the same voice as before, "do you ask me to love Mr. Bounderby?"

"My dear Louisa, no. No, I ask nothing."

"Father," she still pursued, "does Mr. Bounderby ask me to love him?"

"Really, my dear," said Mr. Gradgrind, "it is difficult to answer your question—"

"Difficult to answer it, Yes or No, father?"

"Certainly, my dear. Because;" here was something to demonstrate, and it set him up again; "because the reply depends so materially, Louisa, on the sense in which we use the expression. Now, Mr. Bounderby does not do you the injustice, and does not do himself the injustice, of pretending to anything fanciful, fantastic, or (I am using synonymous terms) sentimental. Mr. Bounderby would have seen you grow up under his eyes, to very little purpose, if he could so far forget what is due to

your good sense, not to say to his, as to address you from any such ground. Therefore, perhaps the expression itself—I merely suggest this to you, my dear—may be a little misplaced."

"What would you advise me to use in its stead, father?"

"Why, my dear Louisa," said Mr. Gradgrind, completely recovered by this time, "I would advise you, (since you ask me) to consider this question, as you have been accustomed to consider every other question, simply as one of tangible Fact. The ignorant and the giddy may embarrass such subjects with irrelevant fancies, and other absurdities that have no existence, properly viewed—really no existence—but it is no compliment to you to say, that you know better. Now, what are the Facts of this case? You are, we will say in round numbers, twenty years of age; Mr. Bounderby is, we will say in round numbers, fifty. There is some disparity in your respective years, but in your means and positions there is none; on the contrary, there is a great suitability. Then the question arises, Is this one disparity sufficient to operate as a bar to such a marriage? In considering this question, it is not unimportant to take into account the statistics of marriage, so far as they have yet been obtained, in England and Wales. I find, on reference to the figures, that a large proportion of these marriages are contracted between parties of very unequal ages, and that the elder of these contracting parties is, in rather more than three-fourths of these instances, the bridegroom. It is remarkable as showing the wide prevalence of this law, that among the natives of the British possessions in India, also in a considerable part of China, and among the Calmucks of Tartary, the best means of computation yet furnished us by travellers, yield similar results. The disparity I have mentioned, therefore, almost ceases to be disparity, and (virtually) all but disappears."

"What do you recommend, father," asked Louisa, her reserved composure not in the least affected by these gratifying results, "that I should substitute for the term I used just now? For the misplaced expression?"

"Louisa," returned her father, "it appears to me that nothing can be plainer. Confining yourself rigidly to Fact, the question of Fact you state to yourself is: Does Mr. Bounderby

ask me to marry him? Yes, he does. The sole remaining question then is: Shall I marry him? I think nothing can be plainer than that."

"Shall I marry him?" repeated Louisa, with great deliberation.

"Precisely. And it is satisfactory to me, as your father, my dear Louisa, to know that you do not come to the consideration of that question with the previous habits of mind, and habits of life, that belong to many young women."

"No, father," she returned, "I do not."

"I now leave you to judge for yourself," said Mr. Gradgrind. "I have stated the case, as such cases are usually stated among practical minds; I have stated it as the case of your mother and myself was stated in its time. The rest, my dear Louisa, is for you to decide."

From the beginning, she had sat looking at him fixedly. As he now leaned back in his chair, and bent his deep-set eyes upon her in his turn, perhaps he might have seen one wavering moment in her, when she was impelled to throw herself upon his breast, and give him the pent-up confidences of her heart. But, to see it, he must have overleaped at a bound the artificial barriers he had for many years been erecting, between himself and all those subtle essences of humanity which will elude the utmost cunning of algebra until the last trumpet ever to be sounded shall blow even algebra to wreck. The barriers were too many and too high for such a leap. He did not see it. With his unbending, utilitarian, matter-of-fact face, he hardened her again; and the moment shot away into the plumbless depths of the past, to mingle with all the lost opportunities that are drowned there.

Removing her eyes from him, she sat so long looking silently towards the town, that he said, at length: "Are you consulting the chimneys of the Coketown works, Louisa?"

"There seems to be nothing there, but languid and monotonous smoke. Yet when the night comes, Fire bursts out, father!" she answered, turning quickly.

"Of course I know that, Louisa. I do not see the application of the remark." To do him justice he did not, at all.

She passed it away with a slight motion of her hand, and concentrating her attention upon him again, said, "Father, I have often thought

that life is very short"—This was so distinctly one of his subjects that he interposed:

"It is short, no doubt, my dear. Still, the average duration of human life is proved to have increased of late years. The calculations of various life assurance and annuity offices, among other figures which cannot go wrong, have established the fact."

"I speak of my own life, father."

"Oh, indeed? Still," said Mr. Gradgrind, "I need not point out to you, Louisa, that it is governed by the laws which govern lives in the aggregate."

"While it lasts, I would wish to do the little I can, and the little I am fit for. What does it matter?"

Mr. Gradgrind seemed rather at a loss to understand the last four words; replying, "How matter? What matter, my dear?"

"Mr. Bounderby," she went on in a steady, straight way, without regarding this, "asks me to marry him. The question I have to ask myself is, shall I marry him? That is so, father, is it not? You have told me so, father. Have you not?"

"Certainly, my dear."

"Let it be so. Since Mr. Bounderby likes to take me thus, I am satisfied to accept his proposal. Tell him, father, as soon as you please, that this was my answer. Repeat it word for word, if you can, because I should wish him to know what I said."

"It is quite right, my dear," retorted her father approvingly, "to be exact. I will observe your very proper request. Have you any wish, in reference to the period of your marriage, my child?"

"None, father. What does it matter?"

Mr. Gradgrind had drawn his chair a little nearer to her, and taken her hand. But, her repetition of these words seemed to strike with some little discord on his ear. He paused to look at her, and, still holding her hand, said:

"Louisa, I have not considered it essential to ask you one question, because the possibility implied in it appeared to me to be too remote. But, perhaps I ought to do so. You have never entertained in secret any other proposal?"

"Father," she returned, almost scornfully, "what other proposal can have been made to me? Whom have I seen? Where have I been? What are my heart's experiences?"

"My dear Louisa," returned Mr. Gradgrind, re-assured and satisfied, "you correct me justly. I merely wished to discharge my duty."

"What do I know, father," said Louisa in her quiet manner, "of tastes and fancies; of aspirations and affections; of all that part of my nature in which such light things might have been nourished? What escape have I had from problems that could be demonstrated, and realities that could be grasped?"

As she said it, she unconsciously closed her hand, as if upon a solid object, and slowly opened it as though she were releasing dust or ash.

"My dear," assented her eminently practical parent, "quite true, quite true."

"Why, father," she pursued, "what a strange question to ask me! The baby-preference that even I have heard of as common among children, has never had its innocent resting-place in my breast. You have been so careful of me, that I never had a child's heart. You have trained me so well, that I never dreamed a child's dream. You have dealt so wisely with me, father, from my cradle to this hour, that I never had a child's belief or a child's fear."

Mr. Gradgrind was quite moved by his success and by this testimony to it.

"My dear Louisa," said he, "you abundantly repay my care. Kiss me, my dear girl."

So, his daughter kissed him. Detaining her in his embrace, he said, "I may assure you now, my favorite child, that I am made happy by the sound decision at which you have arrived. Mr. Bounderby is a very remarkable man; and what little disparity can be said to exist between you—if any—is more than counterbalanced by the tone your mind has acquired. It has always been my object so to educate you, as that you might, while still in your early youth, be (if I may so express myself) almost, any age. Kiss me once more, Louisa. Now, let us go and find your mother."

Accordingly, they went down to the drawing-room, where the esteemed lady with no nonsense about her was recumbent as usual, while Sissy worked beside her. She gave some feeble signs of returning animation when they entered, and presently the faint transparency was presented in a sitting attitude.

"Mrs. Gradgrind," said her husband, who had waited for the achievement of this feat with some impatience, "allow me to present to you Mrs. Bounderby."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Gradgrind, "so you have settled it! Well, I am sure I hope your health may be good, Louisa; for if your head begins to split as soon as you are married, which was the case with mine, I cannot consider that you are to be envied, though I have no doubt you think you are, as all girls do. However, I give you joy, my dear—and I hope you may now turn all your ological studies to good account, I am sure I do! I must give you a kiss of congratulation, Louisa; but don't touch my right shoulder, for there's something running down it all day long. And now you see," whimpered Mrs. Gradgrind, adjusting her shawls after the affectionate ceremony, "I shall be worrying myself, morning, noon, and night, to know what I am to call him!"

"Mrs. Gradgrind," said her husband, solemnly, "what do you mean?"

"Whatever I am to call him, Mr. Gradgrind, when he is married to Louisa! I must call him something. It's impossible," said Mrs. Gradgrind, with a mingled sense of politeness and injury, "to be constantly addressing him, and never giving him a name. I cannot call him Josiah, for the name is insupportable to me. You yourself wouldn't hear of Joe, you very well know. Am I to call my own son-in-law, Mister? Not, I believe, unless the time has arrived when, as an invalid, I am to be trampled upon by my relations. Then, what am I to call him!"

Nobody present having any suggestion to offer in the remarkable emergency, Mrs. Gradgrind departed this life for the time being, after delivering the following codicil to her remarks already executed:

"As to the wedding, all I ask, Louisa, is—and I ask it with a fluttering in my chest, which actually extends to the soles of my feet—that it may take place soon. Otherwise, I know it is one of those subjects I shall never hear the last of."

When Mr. Gradgrind had presented Mrs. Bounderby, Sissy had suddenly turned her head, and looked, in wonder, in pity, in sorrow, in doubt, in a multitude of emotions, towards Louisa. Louisa had known it, and seen it, without looking at her. From that mo-

ment she was impassive, proud, and cold—held Sissy at a distance—changed to her altogether.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mr. Bounderby's first disquietude, on hearing of his happiness, was occasioned by the necessity of imparting it to Mrs. Sparsit. He could not make up his mind how to do that, or what the consequences of the step might be. Whether she would instantly depart bag and baggage, to Lady Scadgers, or would positively refuse to budge from the premises; whether she would be plaintive or abusive, tearful or tearing; whether she would break her heart, or break the looking-glass; Mr. Bounderby could not at all foresee. However, as it must be done, he had no choice but to do it; so, after attempting several letters, and failing in them all, he resolved to do it by word of mouth.

On his way home, on the evening he set aside for this momentous purpose, he took the precaution of stepping into a chemist's shop and buying a bottle of the very strongest smelling-salts. "By George!" said Mr. Bounderby, "if she takes it in the fainting way, I'll have the skin off her nose, at all events!"

But, in spite of being thus forearmed, he entered his own house with anything but a courageous air; and appeared, before the object of his misgivings, like a dog who was conscious of coming direct from the pantry.

"Good evening, Mr. Bounderby!"

"Good evening, ma'am, good evening." He drew up his chair, and Mrs. Sparsit drew back hers, as who should say, "Your fireside, sir. I freely admit it. It is for you to occupy it all, if you think proper."

"Don't go the North Pole, ma'am!" said Mr. Bounderby.

"Thank you, sir," said Mrs. Sparsit, and returned, though short of her former position.

Mr. Bounderby sat looking at her, as, with the points of a stiff, sharp pair of scissors, she picked out holes for some inscrutable ornamental purpose, in a piece of cambric. An operation which, taken in connexion with the bushy eyebrows and the Roman nose, suggested with some liveliness the idea of a hawk engaged upon the eyes of a tough little bird. She was so stedfastly occupied, that many minutes elapsed before she looked up from her work;

when she did so, Mr. Bounderby bespoke her attention with a hitch of his head.

"Mrs. Sparsit, ma'am," said Mr. Bounderby, putting his hands in his pockets, and assuring himself with his right hand that the cork of the little bottle was ready for use, "I have no occasion to say to you that you are not only a lady born and bred, but a very sensible woman."

"Sir," returned the lady, "this is, indeed, not the first time that you have honored me with similar expressions of your good opinion."

"Mrs. Sparsit, ma'am," said Mr. Bounderby, "I am going to astonish you."

"Yes, sir?" returned Mrs. Sparsit, interrogatively, and in the most tranquil manner possible. She generally wore mittens, and she now laid down her work, and smoothed those mittens.

"I am going, ma'am," said Bounderby, "to marry Tom Gradgrind's daughter."

"Yes, sir?" returned Mrs. Sparsit. "I hope you may be happy, Mr. Bounderby. Oh! indeed, I hope you may be happy, sir!"

And she said it with such great condescension, as well as with such great compassion for him, that Bounderby—far more disconcerted than if she had thrown her work-box at the mirror, or swooned on the hearth-rug—corked up the smelling-salts tight in his pocket, and thought—

"Now, con-found this woman; who could have ever guessed that she would take it in this way!"

"I wish with all my heart, sir," said Mrs. Sparsit, in a highly superior manner; somehow she seemed, in a moment, to have established a right to pity him ever afterwards; "that you may be in all respects very happy."

"Well, ma'am," returned Bounderby, with some resentment in his tone: which was clearly lowered, though in spite of himself, "I am obliged to you. I hope I shall be."

"Do you, sir?" said Mrs. Sparsit, with great affability. "But naturally you do; of course, you do."

A very awkward pause on Mr. Bounderby's part succeeded. Mrs. Sparsit sedately resumed her work, and occasionally gave a small cough, which sounded like the cough of conscious strength and forbearance.

"Well, ma'am," resumed Bounderby, "under these circumstances, I imagine it would

not be agreeable to a character like yours to remain here, though you would be very welcome here?"

"Oh! dear, no, sir, I could on no account think of that!"

Mrs. Sparsit shook her head, still in her highly superior manner, and a little changed the small cough—coughing now, as if the spirit of prophecy rose within her, but had better be coughed down.

"However, ma'am," said Bounderby, "there are apartments at the Bank, where a born and bred lady, as keeper of the place, would be rather a catch than otherwise; and if the same terms—"

"I beg your pardon, sir. You were so good as to promise that you would always substitute the phrase—annual compliment."

"Well, ma'am, annual compliment. If the same annual compliment would be acceptable there, why, I see nothing to part us unless you do."

"Sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit. "The proposal is like yourself, and if the position I should assume at the Bank is one that I could occupy without descending lower in the social scale—"

"Why, of course, it is," said Bounderby. "If it was not, ma'am, you don't suppose that I should offer it to a lady who has moved in the society you have moved in. Not that I care for such society, you know! But you do."

"Mr. Bounderby, you are very considerate."

"You'll have your own private apartments, and you'll have your coals and your candles and all the rest of it, and you'll have your maid to attend upon you, and you'll have your light porter to protect you, and you'll be what I take the liberty of considering precious comfortable," said Bounderby.

"Sir," rejoined Mrs. Sparsit, "say no more. In yielding up my trust here, I shall not be freed from the necessity of eating the bread of dependence"—she might have said the sweet-bread, for that delicate article in a savory brown sauce was her favorite supper—"and I would rather receive it from your hand than from any other. Therefore, sir, I accept your offer gratefully, and with many sincere acknowledgments for past favors. And I hope, sir," said Mrs. Sparsit, concluding in an impressively compassionate manner, "I fondly

hope that Miss Gradgrind may be all you desire and deserve!"

Nothing moved Mrs. Sparsit from that position any more. It was in vain for Bounderby to bluster, or to assert himself in any of his explosive ways; Mrs. Sparsit was resolved to have compassion on him, as a Victim. She was polite, obliging, cheerful, hopeful; but the more polite, the more obliging, the more cheerful, the more hopeful, the more exemplary altogether, she: the forlorn Sacrifice and Victim, he. She had that tenderness for his melancholy fate, that his great red countenance used to break out into cold perspirations when she looked at him.

Meanwhile, the marriage was appointed to be solemnised in eight weeks' time, and Mr. Bounderby went every evening to Stone Lodge as an accepted wooer. Love was made on these occasions in the form of bracelets; and, on all occasions during the period of betrothal, took a manufacturing aspect. Dresses were made, jewelry was made, cakes and gloves were made, settlements were made, and an extensive assortment of Facts did appropriate honor to the contract. The business was all Fact, from first to last. The Hours did not go through any of those rosy performances, which foolish poets have ascribed to them at such times; neither did the clocks go any faster, or any slower, than at other seasons. The deadly-statistical recorder in the Gradgrind observatory knocked every second on the head as it was born, and buried it with his accustomed regularity.

So the day came, as all other days come to people who will only stick to reason; and when it came, there were married in the church of the florid wooden legs—that popular order of architecture—Josiah Bounderby, Esquire, of Coketown, to Louisa, eldest daughter of Thomas Gradgrind, Esquire, of Stone Lodge, M. P. for that borough. And when they were united in holy matrimony, they went home to breakfast at Stone Lodge aforesaid.

There was an improving party assembled on the auspicious occasion, who knew what everything they had to eat and drink was made of, and how it was imported or exported, and in what quantities, and in what bottoms, whether native or foreign, and all about it. The bridesmaids, down to little Jane Gradgrind, were, in an intellectual point of view,

fit helpmates for the calculating boy; and there was no nonsense about any of the company.

After breakfast, the bridegroom addressed them in the following terms.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown. Since you have done my wife and myself the honor of drinking our healths and happiness, I suppose I must acknowledge the same; though, as you all know me, and know what I am, and what my extraction was, you won't expect a speech from a man who, when he sees a Post, says 'that's a Post,' and when he sees a Pump, says 'that's a Pump,' and is not to be got to call a Post a Pump, or a Pump a Post, or either of them a Toothpick. If you want a speech, this morning, my friend and father-in-law, Tom Gradgrind, is a Member of Parliament, and you know where to get it. I am not your man. However, if I feel a little independent when I look around this table, to-day, and reflect how little I thought of marrying Tom Gradgrind's daughter when I was a ragged street-boy, who never washed his face unless it was at a pump, and that not oftener than once a fortnight, I hope I may be excused. So, I hope you like my feeling independent. If you don't, I can't help it. I *do* feel independent. Now, I have mentioned, and you have mentioned, that I am this day married to Tom Gradgrind's daughter. I am very glad to be so. It has long been my wish to be so. I have watched her bringing-up, and I believe she is worthy of me. At the same time—not to deceive you—I believe I am worthy of her. So, I thank you, on both our parts, for the good-will you have shown towards us; and the best wish I can give the unmarried part of the present company, is this: I hope every bachelor may find as good a wife as I have found. And I hope every spinster may find as good a husband as my wife has found."

Shortly after which oration, as they were going on a nuptial trip to Lyons, in order that Mr. Bounderby might take the opportunity of seeing how the Hands got on in those parts, and whether they, too, required to be fed with gold spoons, the happy pair departed for the railroad. The bride, in passing down stairs, dressed for her journey, found Tom waiting for her—flushed, either with his feelings or the vinous part of the breakfast.

"What a game girl you are, to be such a first-rate sister, Loo!" whispered Tom.

She clung to him, as she should have clung to some far better nature, that day, and was a little shaken in her reserved composure for the first time.

"Old Bounderby's quite ready," said Tom. "Time's up. Good bye! I shall be on the lookout for you, when you come back. say, I my dear Loo! AIN'T it uncommonly jolly, now?"

CHAPTER XVII.

A sunny midsummer day. There was such a thing sometimes, even in Coketown.

Seen from a distance in such weather, Coketown lay shrouded in a haze of its own, which appeared impervious to the sun's rays. You only knew the town was there, because you know there could have been no such sulky blotch upon the prospect without a town. A blur of soot and smoke, now confusedly tending this way, now that way, now aspiring to the vault of heaven, now murkily creeping along the earth, as the wind rose and fell, or changed its quarter; a dense formless jumble, with sheets of cross-light in it, that showed nothing but masses of darkness: Coketown in the distance was suggestive of itself, though not a brick of it could be seen.

The wonder was, it was there at all. It had been ruined so often, that it was amazing how it had borne so many shocks. Surely there never was such fragile China-ware as that of which the millers of Coketown were made. Handle them never so lightly, and they fell to pieces with such ease that you might suspect them of having been flawed before. They were ruined, when they were required to send laboring children to school; they were ruined, when inspectors were appointed to look into their works; they were ruined, when such inspectors considered it doubtful whether they were quite justified in chopping people up with their machinery; they were utterly undone, when it was hinted that perhaps they need not always make quite so much smoke. Besides Mr. Bounderby's gold spoon which was generally received in Coketown, another prevalent fiction was very popular there. It took the form of a threat. Whenever a Coketowner felt he was ill-used—that is to say, whenever he was not left entirely alone, and it was pro-

posed to hold him accountable for the consequences of any of his acts—he was sure to come out with the awful menace, that he would "sooner pitch his property into the Atlantic." This had terrified the Home Secretary within an inch of his life, on several occasions.

However, the Coketowners were so patriotic after all, that they never had pitched their property into the Atlantic yet, but on the contrary, had been kind enough to take mighty good care of it. So there it was, in the haze yonder; and it increased and multiplied.

The streets were hot and dusty on the Summer day, and the sun was so bright that it even shone through the heavy vapor drooping over Coketown, and could not be looked at steadily. Stokers emerged from low underground dooways into factory yards, and sat on steps, and posts, and palings, wiping their swarthy visages, and contemplating coals. The whole town seemed to be frying in oil. There was a stifling smell of hot oil everywhere. The steam-engines shone with it, the dresses of the Hands were soiled with it, the mills throughout their many stories oozed and trickled it. The atmosphere of those Fairy palaces was like the breath of the simoom; and their inhabitants, wasting with heat, toiled languidly in the desert. But no temperature made the melancholy mad elephants more mad or more sane. Their wearisome heads went up and down at the same rate, in hot weather and cold, wet weather and dry, fair weather and foul. The measured motion of their shadows on the walls, was the substitute Coketown had to show for the shadows of rustling woods; while, for the summer hum of insects, it could offer, all the year round, from the dawn of Monday to the night of Saturday, the whirr of shafts and wheels.

Drowsily they whirled all through this sunny day, making the passenger more sleepy and more hot as he passed the humming walls of the mills. Sun-blinds, and sprinklings of water, a little cooled the main streets and the shops; but the mills, and the courts and alleys, baked at a fierce heat. Down upon the river that was black and thick with dye, some Coketown boys who were at large—a rare sight there—rowed a crazy boat, which made a spumous track upon the water as it jogged along, while every dip of an oar stirred up vile smells. But the sun itself, however beneficent generally,

was less kind to Coketown than hard frost, and rarely looked intently into any of its closer regions without engendering more death than life. So does the eye of Heaven itself become an evil eye, when incapable or sordid hands are interposed between it and the things it looks upon to bless.

Mrs. Sparsit sat in her afternoon apartment at the Bank, on the shadier side of the frying street. Office-hours were over; and at that period of the day, in warm weather, she usually embellished with her genteel presence, a managerial board-room over the public office. Her own private sitting-room was a story higher, at the window of which post of observation she was ready, every morning, to greet Mr. Bounderby as he came across the road with the sympathising recognition appropriate to a Victim. He had been married now a year; and Mrs. Sparsit had never released him from her determined pity a moment.

The Bank offered no violence to the wholesome monotony of the town. It was another red brick house, with black outside shutters, green inside blinds, a black street door up two white steps, a brazen door-plate, and a brazen door handle full stop. It was a size larger than Mr. Bounderby's house, as other houses were from a size to half-a-dozen sizes smaller; in all other particulars, it was strictly according to pattern.

Mrs. Sparsit was conscious that by coming in the evening-tide among the desks and writing implements, she shed a feminine, not to say also aristocratic, grace upon the office. Seated with her needle work or netting apparatus at the window, she had a self-laudatory sense of correcting, by her lady-like deportment, the rude business aspect of the place. With this impression of her interesting character upon her, Mrs. Sparsit considered herself, in some sort, the Bank Fairy. The townspeople who, in their passing and repassing, saw her there, regarded her as the Bank Dragon, keeping watch over the treasures of the mine.

What those treasures were, Mrs. Sparsit knew as little as they did. Gold and silver coin, precious paper, secrets that if divulged would bring vague destruction upon vague persons (generally, however, people whom she disliked,) were the chief items in her ideal catalogue thereof. For the rest, she knew that after office hours, she reigned supreme over all

the office furniture, and over a locked-up iron room with three locks, against the door of which strong chamber the light porter laid his head every night on a truckle bed that disappeared at cockcrow. Further, she was lady paramount over certain vaults in the basement, sharply spiked off from communication with the predatory world; and over the relics of the current day's work, consisting of blots of ink, worn-out pens, fragments of wafers, and scraps of paper torn so small, that nothing interesting could ever be deciphered on them when Mrs. Sparsit tried. Lastly, she was guardian over a little armory of cutlasses and carbines, arrayed in vengeful order above one of the official chimney-pieces; and over that respectable tradition never to be separated from a place of business claiming to be wealthy—a row of fire-buckets—vessels calculated to be of no physical utility on any occasion, but observed to exercise a fine moral influence, almost equal to bullion, on most beholders.

A deaf serving-woman and the light porter completed Mrs. Sparsit's empire. The deaf serving-woman was rumored to be wealthy; and a saying had for years gone about among the lower orders of Coketown, that she would be murdered some night when the Bank was shut, for the sake of her money. It was generally considered, indeed, that she had been due some time, and ought to have fallen long ago; but she had kept her life, and her situation, with an ill-conditioned tenacity that occasioned much offence and disappointment.

Mr. Sparsit's tea was just set for her on a pert little table, with its tripod of legs in an attitude, which she insinuated after office-hours, into the company of the stern, leathern-topped, long board-table that bestrode the middle of the room. The light porter placed the tea-tray on it, knuckling his forehead as a form of homage.

"Thank you, Bitzer," said Mrs. Sparsit.

"Thank you, ma'am," returned the light porter. He was a very light porter indeed; as light as in the days when he blinkingly defined a horse, for girl number twenty.

"All is shut up, Bitzer?" said Mrs. Sparsit.

"All is shut up, ma'am."

"And what," said Mrs. Sparsit, pouring out her tea, "is the news of the day? Anything?"

"Well, ma'am, I can't say that I have heard

anything particular. Our people are a bad lot, ma'am; but that is no news, unfortunately."

"What are the restless wretches doing now?" asked Mrs. Sparsit.

"Merely going on in the old way, ma'am. Uniting, and leaguings, and engaging to stand by one another."

"It is much to be regretted," said Mrs. Sparsit, making her nose more Roman and her eyebrows more Caroleanian in the strength of her severity, "that the united masters allow of any such class combinations."

"Yes, ma'am," said Bitzer.

"Being united themselves, they ought one and all to set their faces against employing any man who is united with any other man," said Mrs. Sparsit.

"They have done that, ma'am," returned Bitzer; "but—it rather fell through, ma'am."

"I do not pretend to understand these things," said Mrs. Sparsit, with dignity, "my lot having been originally cast in a widely different sphere; and Mr. Sparsit, as a Powler, being also quite out of the pale of any such dissensions. I only know that these people must be conquered, and that it's high time it was done, once for all."

"Yes, ma'am," returned Bitzer, with a demonstration of great respect for Mrs. Sparsit's oracular authority. "You couldn't put it clearer, I am sure, ma'am."

As this was his usual hour for having a little confidential chat with Mrs. Sparsit, and as he had already caught her eye and seen that she was going to ask him something, he made a pretence of arranging the rulers, inkstands, and so forth, while that lady went on with her tea, glancing through the open window down into the street.

"Has it been a busy day, Bitzer?" asked Mrs. Sparsit.

"Not a very busy day, my lady. About an average day."

He now and then slid into my lady, instead of ma'am, as an involuntary acknowledgment of Mrs. Sparsit's personal dignity and claims to reverence.

"The clerks," said Mrs. Sparsit, carefully brushing an imperceptible crumb of bread and butter from her left-hand mitten, "are trustworthy, punctual, and industrious, of course?"

"Yes, ma'am, pretty fair, ma'am. With the usual exception."

He held the respectable office of general spy and informer in the establishment, for which volunteer service he received a present at Christmas, over and above his weekly wage. He had grown into an extremely clear-headed, cautious, prudent young man, who was safe to rise in the world. His mind was so exactly regulated, that he had no affections or passions. All his proceedings were the result of the nicest and coldest calculation; and it was not without cause that Mrs. Sparsit habitually, observed of him, that he was a young man of the steadiest principle she had ever known. Having satisfied himself, on his father's death, that his mother had a right of settlement in Coketown, this excellent young economist had asserted that right for her with such a steadfast adherence to the principle of the case, that she had been shut up in the workhouse ever since. It must be admitted that he allowed her half a pound of tea a year, which was weak in him; first, because all gifts have an inevitable tendency to pauperise the recipient, and secondly, because his only reasonable transaction in that commodity would have been to buy it for as little as he could possibly give, and sell it for as much as he could possibly get; it having been clearly ascertained by philosophers that in this is comprised the whole duty of man—not a part of man's duty, but the whole.

"Pretty fair, ma'am. With the usual exception, ma'am," repeated Bitzer.

"Ah—h!" said Mrs. Sparsit, shaking her head over her tea-cup, and taking a long gulp.

"Mr. Thomas, ma'am, I doubt Mr. Thomas very much, ma'am, I don't like his ways at all."

"Bitzer," said Mrs. Sparsit, in a very impressive manner, "do you recollect my having said anything to you respecting names?"

"I beg your pardon, ma'am. It's quite true that you did object to names being used, and they're always best avoided."

"Please to remember that I have a charge here," said Mrs. Sparsit, with her air of state. "I hold a trust here, Bitzer, under Mr. Bounderby. However improbable both Mr. Bounderby and myself might have deemed it years ago, that he would ever become my patron, making me an annual compliment, I cannot but regard him in that light. From Mr. Bounderby I have received every acknowledgment

of my social station, and every recognition of my family descent, that I could possibly expect. More, far more. Therefore, to my patron I will be scrupulously true. And I do not consider, I will not consider, I cannot consider," said Mrs. Sparsit, with a most extensive stock on hand of honor and morality, "that I *should* be scrupulously true, if I allowed names to be mentioned under this roof, that are unfortunately—most unfortunately—no doubt of that—connected with his."

Bitzer knuckled his forehead again, and again begged pardon.

"No, Bitzer," continued Mrs. Sparsit, "say an individual, and I will hear you; say Mr. Thomas, and you must excuse me."

"With the usual exception, ma'am," said Bitzer, trying back, "of an individual."

"Ah—h!"

Mrs. Sparsit repeated the ejaculation, the shake of the head over her tea-cup, and the long gulp, as taking up the conversation again at the point where it had been interrupted.

"An individual, ma'am," said Bitzer, "has never been what he ought to have been, since he first came into the place. He is a dissipated, extravagant idler. He is not worth his salt, ma'am. He wouldn't get it either, if he hadn't a friend and relation at court, ma'am!"

"Ah—h!" said Mrs. Sparsit, with another melancholy shake of her head.

"I only hope, ma'am," pursued Bitzer, "that his friend and relation may not supply him with the means of carrying on. Otherwise, ma'am, we know out of whose pocket *that* money comes."

"Ah—h!" sighed Mrs. Sparsit again, with another melancholy shake of her head.

"He is to be pitied, ma'am. The last party I have alluded to, is to be pitied, ma'am," said Bitzer.

"Yes, Bitzer," said Mrs. Sparsit. "I have always pitied the delusion, always."

"As to an individual, ma'am," said Bitzer, dropping his voice and drawing nearer, "he is as improvident as any of the people in this town. And you know what *their* improvidence is, ma'am. No one could wish to know it better than a lady of your eminence does."

"They would do well," returned Mrs. Sparsit, "to take example by you, Bitzer."

"Thank you, ma'am. But, since you do refer to me, now look at me, ma'am. I have

put by a little, ma'am, already. That gratuity which I receive at Christmas, ma'am: I never touch it. I don't even go to the length of my wages, though they're not high, ma'am. Why can't they do as I have done, ma'am? What one person can do, another can do."

This, again, was among the fictions of Coketown. Any capitalist there, who had made sixty thousand pounds out of sixpence, always professed to wonder why the sixty thousand nearest Hands didn't each make sixty thousand pounds out of sixpence, and more or less reproached them every one for not accomplishing the little feat. What I did, you can do. Why don't you go and do it?

"As to their wanting recreations, ma'am," said Bitzer, "it's stuff and nonsense. I don't want recreations. I never did, and I never shall; I don't like 'em. As to their combining together, there are many of them, I have no doubt, that by watching and informing upon one another could earn a trifle now and then, whether in money or good will, and improve their livelihood. Then, why don't they improve it, ma'am? It's the first consideration of a rational creature, and it's what they pretend to want."

"Pretend indeed!" said Mrs. Sparsit.

"I am sure we are constantly hearing, ma'am, till it becomes quite nauseous, concerning their wives and families," said Bitzer. "Why look at me, ma'am! I don't want a wife and family. Why should they?"

"Because they are improvident," said Mrs. Sparsit.

"Yes, ma'am," returned Bitzer, "that's where it is. If they were more provident and less perverse, ma'am, what would they do? They would say, 'While my hat covers my family,' or, 'while my bonnet covers my family'—as the case might be, ma'am—I have only one to feed, and that's the person I most like to feed."

"To be sure," assented Mrs. Sparsit, eating muffin.

"Thank you, ma'am," said Bitzer, knuckling his forehead again, in return for the favor of Mrs. Sparsit's improving conversation. "Would you wish a little more hot water, ma'am, or is there anything else that I could fetch you?"

"Nothing just now, Bitzer."

"Thank you, ma'am. I shouldn't wish to

disturb you at your meals, ma'am, particularly tea, knowing your partiality for it," said Bitzer, craning a little to look over into the street from where he stood: "but there's a gentleman been looking up here for a minute or so, ma'am, and he has come across as if he was going to knock. That is his knock, ma'am, no doubt."

He stepped to the window, and looking out, and drawing in his head again, confirmed himself with, "Yes, ma'am. Would you wish the gentleman to be shown in, ma'am?"

"I don't know who it can be," said Mrs. Sparsit, wiping her mouth and arranging her mittens.

"A stranger, ma'am, evidently."

"What a stranger can want at the Bank at this time of the evening, unless he comes upon some business for which he is too late, I don't know," said Mrs. Sparsit; "but I hold a charge in this establishment from Mr. Bounderby, and I will never shrink from it. If to see him is any part of the duty I have accepted, I will see him. Use your own discretion, Bitzer."

Here the visitor, all unconscious of Mrs. Sparsit's magnanimous words, repeated his knock so loudly that the light porter hastened down to open the door; while Mrs. Sparsit took the precaution of concealing her little table, with all its appliances upon it, in a cupboard, and then decamped up stairs that she might appear, if needful, with the greater dignity.

"If you please, ma'am, the gentleman would wish to see you," said Bitzer, with his light eye at Mrs. Sparsit's keyhole. So, Mrs. Sparsit, who had improved the interval by touching up her cap, took her classical features down stairs again, and entered the board room in the manner of a Roman matron going outside the city walls to treat with an invading general.

The visitor having strolled to the window, and being then engaged in looking carelessly out, was as unmoved by this impressive entry as man could possibly be. He stood whistling to himself with all imaginable coolness, with his hat still on, and a certain air of exhaustion upon him, in part arising from excessive summer, and in part from excessive gentility. For, it was to be seen with half an eye that he was a thorough gentleman, made to the model of

the time; weary of everything, and putting no more faith in anything than Lucifer.

"I believe, sir," quoth Mrs. Sparsit, "you wished to see me."

"I beg your pardon," he said, turning and removing his hat; "pray excuse me."

"Humph!" thought Mrs. Sparsit, as she made a stately-bend. "Five and thirty, good-looking, good figure, good teeth, good voice, good breeding, well dressed, dark hair, bold eyes." All which Mrs. Sparsit observed in her womanly way—like the Sultan who put his head in the pail of water—merely in dipping down and coming up again.

"Please to be seated, sir," said Mrs. Sparsit.

"Thank you. Allow me." He placed a chair for her, but remained himself carelessly lounging against the table. "I left my servant at the railway, looking after the luggage—very heavy train and vast quantity of it in the van—and strolled on, looking about me. Exceedingly odd place. Will you allow me to ask you if it's *always* as black as this?"

"In general, much blacker," returned Mrs. Sparsit, in her uncompromising way.

"Is it possible! Excuse me: you are not a native, I think?"

"No, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit. "It was once my good or ill fortune, as it may be—before I became a widow—to move in a very different sphere. My husband was a Powler."

"Beg your pardon, really!" said the stranger. "Was—?"

Mrs. Sparsit repeated, "A Powler."

"Powler Family?" said the stranger, after reflecting a few moments.

Mrs. Sparsit signified assent. The stranger seemed a little more fatigued than before.

"You must be very much bored here?" was the inference he drew from the communication.

"I am the servant of circumstances, sir," said Mrs. Sparsit, "and I have long adapted myself to the governing power of my life."

"Very philosophical," returned the stranger; "and very exemplary and laudable, and—" It seemed to be scarcely worth his while to finish the sentence, so he played with his watch-chain, wearily.

"May I be permitted to ask, sir," said Mrs. Sparsit, "to what I am indebted for the favor of—"

"Assuredly," said the stranger. "Much obliged to you for reminding me. I am the

bearer of a letter of introduction to Mr. Bounderby, the banker. Walking through this extraordinarily black town, while they were getting dinner ready at the hotel, I asked a fellow whom I met—one of the working people—who appeared to have been taking a shower-bath of something fluffy, which I assume to be the raw material;—”

Mrs. Sparsit inclined her head.

“—Raw material—where Mr. Bounderby, the banker, might reside. Upon which, misled, no doubt, by the word Banker, he directed me to the Bank. Fact being, I presume, that Mr. Bounderby, the Banker, does *not* reside in the edifice in which I have the honor of offering this explanation?”

“No, sir,” returned Mrs. Sparsit, “he does not.”

“Thank you. I had no intention of delivering my letter at the present moment, nor have I. But, strolling on to the Bank to kill time, and having the good fortune to observe at the window,” towards which he languidly waved his hand, then slightly bowed, “a lady of a very superior and agreeable appearance, I considered that I could not do better than take the liberty of asking that lady where Mr. Bounderby, the Banker, *does* live. Which I accordingly venture, with all suitable apologies, to do.”

The inattention and indolence of his manner were sufficiently relieved, to Mrs. Sparsit's thinking, by a certain gallantry at ease, which offered her homage, too. Here he was, for instance, at this moment, all but sitting on the table, and yet lazily bending over her, as if he acknowledged an attraction in her that made her charming—in her way.

“Banks, I know, are always suspicious, and officially must be,” said the stranger, whose lightness and smoothness of speech were pleasant likewise; suggesting matter far more sensible and humorous than it ever contained—which was perhaps a shrewd device of the founder of this numerous sect, whosoever may have been that great man; “therefore, I may observe that my letter—here it is—is from the member for this place—Gradgrind—whom I have had the pleasure of knowing in London.”

Mrs. Sparsit recognised the hand, intimated that such confirmation was quite unnecessary, and gave Mr. Bounderby's address, with all needful clues and directions in aid.

“Thousand thanks,” said the stranger. “Of course, you know the Banker well?”

“Yes, sir,” rejoined Mrs. Sparsit. “In my dependent relation towards him, I have known him ten years.”

“Quite an eternity! I think he married Gradgrind's daughter?”

“Yes,” said Mrs. Sparsit, suddenly compressing her mouth. “He had that—honor.”

“The lady is quite a philosopher, I am told?”

“Indeed, sir,” said Mrs. Sparsit. *Is she?*”

“Excuse my impertinent curiosity,” pursued the stranger, fluttering over Mrs. Sparsit's eyebrows, with a propitiatory air, “but you know the family, and know the world. I am about to know the family, and may have much to do with them. Is the lady so very alarming? Her father gives her such a portentously hard-headed reputation, that I have a burning desire to know. Is she absolutely unapproachable? Repellently and stunningly clever? I see, by your meaning smile, you think not. You have poured balm into my anxious soul. As to age, now. Forty? Five and thirty?”

Mrs. Sparsit laughed outright. “A chit,” said she. “Not twenty when she was married.”

“I give you my honor, Mrs. Fowler,” returned the stranger, detaching himself from the table, “that I never was so astonished in my life!”

It really did seem to impress him, to the utmost extent of his capacity of being impressed. He looked at his informant for full a quarter of a minute, and appeared to have the surprise in his mind all the time. “I assure you, Mrs. Fowler,” he then said, much exhausted, “that the father's manner prepared me for a grim and stony maturity. I am obliged to you, of all things, for correcting so absurd a mistake. Pray excuse my intrusion. Many thanks. Good day!”

He bowed himself out; and Mrs. Sparsit, hiding in the window-curtain, saw him languishing down the street, on the shady side of the way, observed of all the town.

“What do you think of the gentleman, Bitzer?” she asked the light porter, when he came to take away.

“Spends a deal of money on his dress, ma'am.”

“It must be admitted,” said Mrs. Sparsit, “that it's very tasteful.”

"Yes, ma'am," returned Bitzer, "if that's worth the money."

"Besides which, ma'am," resumed Bitzer, while he was polishing the table, "he looks to me as if he gamed."

"It's immoral to game," said Mrs. Sparsit.

"It's ridiculous, ma'am," said Bitzer, "because the chances are against the players."

Whether it was that the heat prevented Mrs. Sparsit from working, or whether it was that her hand was out, she did no work that night. She sat at the window, when the sun began to sink behind the smoke; she sat there, when the smoke was burning red, when the color faded from it, when darkness seemed to rise slowly out of the ground, and creep upward, upward, up to the house-tops, up the church steeple, up to the summits of the factory chimneys, up to the sky. Without a candle in the room, Mrs. Sparsit sat at the window, with her hands before her, not thinking much of the sounds of evening: the whooping of boys, the barking of dogs, the rumbling of wheels, the steps and voices of passengers, the shrill street cries, the clogs upon the pavement when it was their hour for going by, the shutting up of shop-shutters. Not until the light porter announced that her nocturnal sweetbread was ready, did Mrs. Sparsit arouse herself from her reverie, and convey her dense black eyebrows—by that time creased with meditation, as if they needed ironing out—up stairs.

"Oh! you Fool!" said Mrs. Sparsit, when she was alone at her supper. Whom she meant, she did not say; but she could scarcely have meant the sweetbread.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Gradgrind party wanted assistance in murdering the Graces. They went about recruiting; and where could they enlist recruits more readily than among the fine gentlemen, who, having found out everything to be worth nothing, were equally ready for anything?

Moreover, the healthy spirits who had mounted to this sublime height were attractive to many of the Gradgrind school. They liked fine gentlemen: they pretended that they did not, but they did. They became exhausted in imitation of them; and they yaw-yawed in their speech like them; and they served out, with an enervated air, the little mouldy rations

of political economy, on which they regaled their disciples. There never before was seen on earth such a wonderful hybrid race as was thus produced.

Among the fine gentlemen not regularly belonging to the Gradgrind school, there was one of a good family and a better appearance, with a happy turn of humor which had told immensely with the House of Commons on the occasion of his entertaining it with his (and the Board of Directors') view of a railway accident, in which the most careful officers ever known, employed by the most liberal managers ever heard of, assisted by the finest mechanical contrivances ever devised, the whole in action on the best line ever constructed, had killed five people and wounded thirty-two, by a casualty without which the excellence of the whole system would have been positively incomplete. Among the slain was a cow, and among the scattered articles unowned, a widow's cap. And the honorable member had so tickled the House (which has a delicate sense of humor) by putting the cap on the cow, that it became impatient of any serious reference to the Coroner's Inquest, and brought the railway off with Cheers and Laughter.

Now, this gentleman had a younger brother, of still better appearance than himself, who had tried life as a Cornet of Dragoons, and found it a bore; and had afterwards tried it in the train of an English minister abroad, and found it a bore; and had then strolled to Jerusalem, and got bored there; and had then gone yatching about the world, and got bored everywhere. To whom this honorable and jocular member fraternally said, one day, "Jem, there's a good opening among the hard Fact fellows, and they want men. I wonder you don't go in for statistics." Jem, rather taken by the novelty of the idea, and very hard up for a change, was as ready to "go in" for statistics as for anything else. So, he went in. He coached himself up with a blue book or two; and his brother put it about among the hard Fact fellows, and said, "If you want to bring in, for any place, a handsome dog who can make you a devilish good speech, look after my brother Jem, for he's your man." After a few dashes in the public meeting way, Mr. Gradgrind and a council of political sages approved of Jem, and it was resolved to send him down to Coketown, to become known

there and in the neighborhood. Hence the letter Jem had, last night, shown to Mrs. Sparsit, which Mr. Bounderby now held in his hand; superscribed, "Josiah Bounderby, Esquire, Banker, Coketown. Specially to introduce James Harthouse, Esquire. Thomas Gradgrind."

Within an hour of the receipt of this dispatch and Mr. James Harthouse's card, Mr. Bounderby put on his hat and went down to the hotel. There, he found Mr. James Harthouse looking out of window, in a state of mind so disconsolate that he was already half disposed to "go in" for something else.

"My name, sir," said his visitor, "is Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown."

Mr. James Harthouse was very happy, indeed (though he scarcely looked so), to have a pleasure he had long expected.

"Coketown, sir," said Bounderby, obstinately taking a chair, "is not the kind of place you have been accustomed to. Therefore, if you'll allow me—or whether you will or not, for I am a plain man—I'll tell you something about it before we go any further."

Mr. Harthouse would be charmed.

"Don't be too sure of that," said Bounderby. "I don't promise it. First of all, you see our smoke. That's meat and drink to us. It's the healthiest thing in the world in all respects, and particularly for the lungs. If you are one of those who want us to consume it, I differ from you. We are not going to wear the bottoms of our boilers out any faster than we wear 'em out now, for all the humbugging sentiment in Great Britain and Ireland."

By way of "going in" to the fullest extent, Mr. Harthouse rejoined, "Mr. Bounderby, I assure you I am entirely and completely of your way of thinking. On conviction."

"I am glad to hear it," said Bounderby. "Now, you have heard a lot of talk about the work in our mills, no doubt. You have? Very good. I'll state the fact of it to you. It's the pleasantest work there is, and it's the lightest work there is, and it's the best paid work there is. More than that, we couldn't improve the mills themselves, unless we laid down Turkey carpets on the floors. Which we're not a-going to do."

"Mr. Bounderby, perfectly right."

"Lastly," said Bounderby, "as to our Hands. There's not a Hand in this town, sir,

man, woman, or child, but has one ultimate object in life. That object is, to be fed on turtle soup and venison with a gold spoon. Now, they're not a-going—none of 'em—ever to be fed on turtle soup and venison with a gold spoon. And now you know the place."

Mr. Harthouse professed himself in the highest degree instructed and refreshed by this condensed epitome of the whole Coketown question.

"Why, you see," replied Mr. Bounderby, "it suits my disposition to have a full understanding with a man, particularly with a public man, when I make his acquaintance. I have only one thing more to say to you, Mr. Harthouse, before assuring you of the pleasure with which I shall respond, to the utmost of my poor ability, to my friend Tom Gradgrind's letter of introduction. You are a man of family. Don't you deceive yourself by supposing for a moment that I am a man of family. I am a bit of dirty riff-raff, and a genuine scrap of tag, rag and bobtail."

If anything could have exalted Jem's interest in Mr. Bounderby, it would have been this very circumstance. Or, so he told him.

"So, now," said Bounderby, "we may shake hands on equal terms. I say, equal terms, because although I know what I am, and the exact depth of the gutter I have lifted myself out of, better than any man does, I am as proud as you are. I am just as proud as you are. Having now asserted my independence in a proper manner, I may come to how do you find yourself, and I hope you're pretty well."

The better, Mr. Harthouse gave him to understand as they shook hands, for the salubrious air of Coketown. Mr. Bounderby received the answer with favor.

"Perhaps you know," said he, "or perhaps you don't know, I married Tom Gradgrind's daughter. If you have nothing better to do than to walk up town with me, I shall be glad to introduce you to Tom Gradgrind's daughter."

"Mr. Bounderby," said Jem, "you anticipate my dearest wishes."

They went out without further discourse; and Mr. Bounderby piloted the new acquaintance, who so strongly contrasted with him, to the private red brick dwelling, with the black outside shutters, the green inside blinds, and

the black street door up the two white steps. In the drawing-room of which mansion, there presently entered to them the most remarkable girl Mr. James Harthouse had ever seen. She was so constrained, and yet so careless; so reserved, and yet so watchful; so cold and proud, and yet so sensitively ashamed of her husband's braggart humility—from which she shrunk as if every example of it were a cut or a blow—that it was quite a new sensation to observe her. In face, she was no less remarkable than in manner. Her features were handsome; but their natural play was so suppressed and locked up, that it seemed impossible to guess at their genuine expression. Utterly indifferent, perfectly self-reliant, never at a loss, and yet never at her ease, with her figure in company with them there, and her mind apparently quite alone—it was of no use “going in” yet awhile to comprehend this girl, for she baffled all penetration.

From the mistress of the house, the visitor glanced to the house itself. There was no mute sign of a woman in the room. No graceful little adornment, no fanciful little device, however trivial, anywhere expressed her influence. Cheerless and comfortless, boastfully and doggedly rich, there the room stared at its present occupants, unsoftened and unrelieved by the least trace of any womanly occupation. As Mr. Bounderby stood in the midst of his household gods, so those unrelenting divinities occupied their places around Mr. Bounderby, and they were worthy of one another and well matched.

“This, sir,” said Bounderby, “is my wife, Mrs. Bounderby: Tom Gradgrind’s eldest daughter. Loo, Mr. James Harthouse. Mr. Harthouse has joined your father’s muster-roll. If he is not Tom Gradgrind’s colleague before long, I believe we shall at least hear of him in connexion with one of our neighboring towns. You observe, Mr. Harthouse, that my wife is my junior. I don’t know what she saw in me to marry me, but she saw something in me, I suppose, or she wouldn’t have married me. She has lots of expensive knowledge, sir, political and otherwise. If you want to cram for anything, I should be troubled to recommend you to a better adviser than Loo Bounderby.”

To a more agreeable adviser, or one from whom he would be more likely to learn, Mr. Harthouse could never be recommended.

“Come!” said his host. “If you’re in the complimentary line, you’ll get on here, for you’ll meet with no competition. I have never been in the way of learning compliments myself, and I don’t profess to understand the art of paying ’em. In fact, I despise ’em. But, your bringing up was different from mine; mine was a real thing, by George! You’re a gentleman, and I don’t pretend to be one. I am Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown, and that’s enough for me. However, though I am not influenced by manners and station, Loo Bounderby may be. She hadn’t my advantages—disadvantages you would call ’em, but I call ’em advantages—so you’ll not waste your power, I dare say.”

“Mr. Bounderby,” said Jem, turning with a smile to Louisa, “is a noble animal in a comparatively natural state, quite free from the harness in which a conventional hack like myself works.”

“You respect Mr. Bounderby very much,” she quietly returned. “It is natural that you should.”

He was disgracefully thrown out, for a gentleman who had seen so much of the world, and thought, “Now, how am I to take this?”

“You are going to devote yourself, as I gather from what Mr. Bounderby has said, to the service of your country. You have made up your mind,” said Louisa, still standing before him where she had first stopped—in all the singular contrariety of her self-possession, and her being obviously so very ill at ease—“to show the nation the way out of all its difficulties.”

“Mrs. Bounderby,” he returned laughing, “upon my honor, no. I will make no such pretence to you. I have seen a little, here and there, up and down; I have found it all to be very worthless, as everybody has, and as some confess they have, and some do not; and I am going in for your respected father’s opinions—really because I have no choice of opinions, and may as well back them as anything else.”

“Have you none of your own?” asked Louisa.

“I have not so much as the slightest predilection left. I assure you I attach not the least importance to any opinions. The result of the varieties of boredom I have undergone, is a conviction (unless conviction is too industrious

a word for the lazy sentiment I entertain on the subject,) that any set of ideas will do just as much good as any other set, and just as much harm as any other set. There's an English family with a capital Italian motto. What will be, will be. It's the only truth going!"

This vicious assumption of honesty in dishonesty—a vice so dangerous, so deadly, and so common—seemed, he observed, a little to impress her in his favor. He followed up the advantage, by saying in his pleasantest manner: a manner to which she might attach as much or as little meaning as she pleased—

"The side that can prove anything in a line of units, tens, hundreds, and thousands, Mrs. Bounderby, seems to me to afford the most fun, and to give a man the best chance. I am quite as much attached to it as if I believed it. I am quite ready to go in for it, to the same extent as if I believed it. And what more could I possibly do, if I did believe it!"

"You are a singular politician," said Louisa.

"Pardon me; I have not even that merit. We are the largest party in the state, I assure you, Mrs. Bounderby, if we all fell out of our adopted ranks and were reviewed together."

Mr. Bounderby, who had been in danger of bursting in silence, interposed here with a project for postponing the family dinner to half past six, and taking Mr. James Harthouse in the meantime on a round of visits to the voting and interesting notabilities of Coketown and its vicinity. The round of visits was made; and Mr. James Harthouse, with a discreet use of his blue coaching, came off triumphantly, though with a considerable accession of boredom.

In the evening, he found the dinner-table laid for four, but they sat down only three. It was an appropriate occasion for Mr. Bounderby to discuss the flavor of the hap'orth of stewed eels he had purchased in the streets at eight years old, and also of the inferior water, specially used for laying the dust, with which he had washed down that repast. He likewise entertained his guest, over the soup and fish, with the calculation that he (Bounderby) had eaten in his youth at least three horses under the guise of polonies and saveloys. These recitals, Jem, in a languid manner, received with "charming!" every now then; and they probably would have decided him to go in for Jeru-

salem again to-morrow morning, had he been less curious respecting Louisa.

"Is there nothing," he thought, glancing at her as she sat at the head of the table, where her youthful figure, small and slight, but very graceful, looked as pretty as it looked misplaced; "is there nothing that will move that face?"

Yes! By Jupiter, there was something, and here it was, in an unexpected shape! Tom appeared. She changed as the door opened, and broke into a beaming smile.

A beautiful smile. Mr. James Harthouse might not have thought so much of it, but that he had wondered so long at her impassive face. She put out her hand—a pretty little soft hand; and her fingers closed upon her brother's, as if she would have carried them to her lips.

"Ay, ay?" thought the visitor. "This whelp is the only creature she cares for. So, so!"

The whelp was presented, and took his chair. The appellation was not flattering, but not unmerited.

"When I was your age, young Tom," said Bounderby, "I was punctual, or I got no dinner!"

"When you were my age," returned Tom, "you hadn't a wrong balance to get right, and hadn't to dress afterwards."

"Never mind that now," said Bounderby.

"Well, then," grumbled Tom. "Don't begin with me."

"Mrs. Bounderby," said Harthouse, perfectly hearing this under-strain as it went on, "your brother's face is quite familiar to me. Can I have seen him abroad? Or at some public school, perhaps?"

"No," she returned, quite interested, "he has never been abroad yet, and was educated here, at home. Tom, love, I am telling Mr. Harthouse that he never saw you abroad."

"No such luck, sir," said Tom.

There was little enough in him to brighten her face, for he was a sullen young fellow, and ungracious in his manner even to her. So much the greater must have been the solitude of her heart, and her need of some one on whom to bestow it. "So much the more is this whelp the only creature she has ever cared for," thought Mr. James Harthouse, turning it over and over. "So much the more. So much the more."

Both in his sister's presence, and after she had left the room, the whelp took no pains to hide his contempt for Mr. Bounderby, whenever he could indulge it without the observation of that independent man, by making wry faces, or shutting one eye. Without responding to these telegraphic communications, Mr. Harthouse encouraged him much in the course of the evening, and showed an unusual liking for him. At last, when he rose to return to his hotel, and was a little doubtful whether he knew the way by night, the whelp immediately proffered his services as guide, and turned out with him to escort him thither.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

E V A.

BY MRS. COOKE.

"Earnest vows of love
Uttered when passion's bisterous tide ran high,
Sincerely uttered, though but seldom kept"
PULLOK'S COURSE OF TIME.

Where each tiny floweret closes,
Hid the woodbine leaves among,
Out upon the dewy roses
Looks a lady fair and young.

Hues of day, so warm and sunny,
Fade upon the distant hill,
But the moon, *her* moon of honey,
Sheds a mimic daylight still.

Rising one, one lowly sitting,
Queenly moon and queenly wife,
Each appears an emblem fitting
Of the other's radiant life.

For the Past, a glimmering crescent
In the twilight sank and died;—
Now, behold the full-orbed Present
Upward still serenely glide.

Girlhood's thoughtless hours are ended,
And its dreams of roseate hue
Are with softest shadows blended,
Strange, and beautiful, and new.

He who wooed the blushing Eva
For his being's cherished flower,
He has vowed that nought shall grieve her,
Guarded in her nuptial bower.

Life may be a changing story,
Mingled rapture and regret,
But the future's gloom or glory
Shall not harm his pride and pet.

Deeming that the orb above her
Smiles upon a sister's bliss,
Eva waits her wedded lover,
And responds to Luna's kiss.

And her woman's heart is dreaming,
Dreaming of the coming years,
And she sees the moonlight beaming
Through a mist of happy tears.

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Years have passed;—the night-wind chilly
Moans about those silent halls;
Eva leans, a blighted lily,
Where the quiet moonlight falls.

Duty's voice, with Pleasure's blended,
Calls her wedded lord away,
And when Duty's task is ended,
Pleasure still prolongs his stay.

Empty noise, and clamors wordy,
Rouse his heart and fill the hour;—
He has wearied of the birdie,
Drooping in her lonely bower.

Lonely—for she has no other;—
All the world was left for him;
Far is she from friend or brother,
And the light of life is dim.

Onward, onward—still ascending,
Climbs he up the steep of life;
Lowly, 'neath her burden bending,
After toils the struggling wife.

Lo' he stands where hill and meadow
Smile beneath their owner's eye;—
Cowering in his lengthened shadow,
Wearied Eve lies down to die.

Soon that wan and faded blossom
Sleeps within the churchyard pale—
Sleeps at last upon the bosom
Of a love that will not fail.

Silently the husband ponders,
As he moves the tombs among,
And with dainty footstep wanders
Near, a lady fair and young.

She, the second bride, is dreaming,
Dreaming of the coming years;
And she sees the marbles gleaming
Through a mist of happy tears.

An editor down East objects to a female legislature, on the grounds that they would miss-represent the country.



THE FOREST FOUNTAIN.

Here the sinking sun hath broken through a
 forest close as night;
 Plashing all the deepened darkness with its
 thick and wine-like light.
 Shivered lies the broad, red sunbeam slant
 athwart the withered leaf,
 Laughing back the startled shadows from their
 high and holy grief;
 Down yon dusk-pool, slant, obliquely, shoots a
 line like sparry splinter,
 As the waking flush of Spring-time lightens up
 the eyes in Winter:
 Dimming as it straineth downward melts the red
 light of the sun,
 Darkling pool and piercing beamlet mingling
 whitely into one.

Fallen rays, like broken crystals, spangle thick
 the shadowy ground,
 Ragged fragments, glorious gushes scattered
 richly, redly round.
 Where the lazy lilies languish, one intruding
 sunbeam creeps;
 In the arms of slumberous shadow, like a child
 it sinks and sleeps;
 And the quiet leaves around it seem to think it
 all their own,
 'Mid the grass and lightened lilies sleeping
 silent and alone.
 Here the dew-damp lingers longest 'mid the
 plushy fountain moss;
 Here the bergamot's red blossom leans the stilly
 stream across;

Here the shade is darkly silent; here the breeze
 is liquid cool,
 And the very air seems married to the freshness
 of that pool.
 See, where down its depths pellucid, Nature's
 purest waters well,
 Breaking up in curving current, wimpled line
 and bubbly swell;
 While in swift and noiseless beauty, through
 the deep and dewy grass,
 O'er the rock and down the valley, see the
 hurrying waters pass.
 Oh! how dreamy grow my senses, as I couch
 me 'mid the flowers,
 Oh! how still the blue sky looketh, oh! how
 noteless creep the hours;
 Oh! how wide the silence seemeth, not a sound
 disturbing comes,
 Save a drowsy, sleepy buzzing, that around
 continuous hums;
 And I seem to float out loosely on weak slum-
 ber's languid breast,
 With a kind of half reluctance that sinks gradu-
 ally to rest.
 Distant faces group around me, kindly eyes look
 in my own,
 And I hear, though indistinctly, voices of the
 lost and gone:
 His whose bark went down in tempest; his
 whose life and death were gloom;
 His whose hopes and young ambitions fell and
 faded on the tomb;
 Oh! again his earnest language breaks upon my
 dreaming ear,
 And I catch the tones that waking I shall never,
 never hear.

THE WILD GOOSE—A DANGEROUS FEAT.

BY A TRAVELLING NATURALIST.

Many a daring adventure had Aleck Brent in his lonely quarters by Pawah lake. During Indian times it was esteemed a courageous thing for the noted braves to lurk around Aleck's cabin and wait for his scalp; but every such attempt proved a miscarriage, and every miscarriage cost an Indian life or two. So they learned discretion at length, and sought other war trails, wherein there was less danger.

Then Aleck remained unmolested, and was allowed to grow grey-headed, and in due time to disappear altogether from the field of human action without further interruption.

The history of this man, hermit yet hospitable, taciturn yet full of interesting lore, is the history of a race whose fortunate description immortalized Cooper. They are fading fast away, and to find them, even now, requires a journey far beyond the *ultima thule* of cockney travellers and city sportsmen. The reader will not complain, especially he who loves wild romance and startling peculiarities of character, if I rescue from oblivion some fragments that have long remained fading and useless in my memorandum book.

Many a daring adventure had Aleck Brent in his lonely quarters; of such was the following.

The lake by which his cabin was pitched was a horrid pool; in Summer, the head quarters of alligators, water moccasin snakes and gar-fish; in Winter, backed up by the Mississippi river, until it frequently backed Aleck clean out of his little home and drove him to the hills. Why he lived in such an aguish spot, none could say. Probably it was for the convenience of fish, which were abundant, and to be handy to the deer and bear that came down to the lake to drink. But whatever the cause, there lived Aleck, Summer and Winter, for thirty years, fishing when he choose it, hunting a day or two in the week—just long enough in fact to knock up a fat buck or bear—and drinking the lake water until its very slime was relished as *sauce piquante* to a Frenchman. With this introduction enter the story of the Wild Goose.

One rainy, bleak March day, Aleck found upon examination of his larder that his provisions were out. Bread he had never cared for, and there had been so much wet weather, that the hunter, who was getting rheumatic from a life of continued exposure, had kept within doors, smoking his Indian pipe, till the last piece of dried venison gave out. So with an ill-natured growl, he shouldered his old gun that had done him service from a boy, and took the way to his favorite deer haunts. But the deer were closely housed and did not afford him a single shot. Wearied and wet, he turned back with the uncomfortable prospect of sleeping supperless, when his eye fell upon a large gander that had pitched into the lake some sixty yards from shore, and was swimming temptingly about, quite regardless of his propinquity.

With but little reflection Aleck levelled the piece, and had spread the bird headless upon the water before he had time to think how he was to get it out.

The alligators were so abundant that a dog could not swim across without being picked up, and even the deer were frequently attacked attempting the passage.

But night was coming on, his canoe was a mile off at least, and it was the gander or no supper.

Aleck stripped his buckskins for the attempt. He attached his hunting knife by a thong to his neck, took a stout chunk for support, and a club for defence, then boldly plunged in. The first dash nearly chilled him to the heart; but he reached the prize, fastened it around him and started back. Scarcely had he turned, however, when he was startled by a well-known sound, and a glance over his shoulder assured him that an old soldier, a bull alligator, to use the language of the frontiers, was upon his track, length ten or fifteen feet, teeth long enough to carve him at a nip, stomach sufficiently capacious to hold every ounce of him, and an appetite to match all three. It is unnecessary to remark upon the velocity with which Aleck's fins were moved, following this interesting discovery. Danger may sometimes render men reckless, but the prospect of such an ending to his wild goose adventure, only rendered Aleck swift; he had seen a fellow hunter dissected at his very side, when their canoe was upset, and the sight was one of unmitigated horror.

The alligator struck two to his one, and the race was a short one. Aleck tossed the bird from his back, and to his great satisfaction, the reptile stopped a moment to smell it, which slight delay saved his life. But he had only reached the top of the bank as his pursuer thrust his ugly nose high up on the mud at his feet. His gun being already loaded—for when did genuine hunter fail to load before leaving his tracks?—gave him now an advantage and an opportunity for revenge; and as the alligator, stimulated to unwonted rapacity by his long winter's fast, came on up the bank in his clumsy way, the enraged hunter, putting the muzzle of his piece into his very mouth, fired a ball down the throat he had so narrowly escaped, a mode of operation that killed him as quickly as such hardy chaps ever die.

Will the reader believe me that Aleck Brent was reckless enough to plunge the second time into the lake and bring out the bird—even while his enemy was floundering half dead upon the shore, and hundreds more were within sound of his voice!

The only journeys that he ever made to the white settlements were two each year to the nearest store, fifty miles distant. These were for the purpose of exchanging a pack of bear-skins for powder and lead.

I met him upon one of these excursions, and accompanied him home. Nothing could be more dismal than his locality, unless it was his dwelling-house. The cabin consisted of a single room about twelve feet square, made of poles and covered with bark. The interior was hung thickly round with skins, many of them large and valuable, among which I recognized those of the panther, wild cat, fox, bear and deer. A fine festoon of Indian scalps gave evidence of the barbarous tastes contracted from so long a residence nigh the aborigines.

Amongst these, of which he was particularly proud, he pointed out the top-knots of several distinguished braves.

His bed was more luxuriant than the most fastidious city dame can boast, being composed of swan feathers and swan skins dressed with the feathers on. And here through the cold wet months the old man burrowed; a string of dried venison and a few fleeces of fat bear meat for his food; a gourd of lake water his supply of drink; his patched up yet faithful rifle gun hard by, and the panther might scream upon his very roof pole, he cared not. The wolf's howling through the long nights never disturbed his slumbers. The alligators might splash the mossy lake or build their mud heaps by the very side of his walls, or bellow in rage upon the adjacent sand-bars, old Brent heard them not, or only heard them as the dweller in city walls hears the ordinary sounds of the thronged streets. Nothing was of interest enough to attract his attention, except the voice of man, and this, for obvious reasons, the gray-haired hunter did not often hear.

My visit was protracted to a week, and when I offered him the parting hand, a convulsive twitching of his face answered the words of thankfulness and real esteem with which I acknowledged his hospitality. And now by the side

of a Comanche war helmet, in my cabinet of curiosities, hangs the top-knot of a huge Creek warrior, slain by old Brent in his days of youthful strife, and presented me as the highest token of esteem that he could entertain towards his fellow-man.

THE FIRST MARRIAGE IN THE FAMILY.

[In what book, magazine or newspaper, the following sketch originally appeared, we do not know, and therefore cannot give the due credit.]

"Home!" How that little word strikes upon the heart strings, awakening all the sweet memories that had slept in memory's chamber! *Our* home was a "pearl of price" among homes; not for its architectural elegance—for it was only a four gabled, brown, country house, shaded by two antediluvian oak trees; nor was its interior crowded with luxuries that charm every sense and come from every clime. Its furniture had grown old with us, for we remembered no other; and though polished as highly as furniture could be, by daily scrubbing, was somewhat the worse for wear, it must be confessed.

But neither the house nor its furnishing makes the *home*; and the charm of *ours* lay in the sympathy that linked the nine that called it "home" to one another. Father, mother, and seven children—five of them gay-hearted girls, and two boys, petted just enough to be spoiled—not one link had ever dropped from the chain of love or one corroding drop fallen upon its brightness.

"One star differeth from another in glory," even in the firmament of home. Thus—though we could not have told a stranger which sister or brother was dearest—from our gentlest "eldest," an invalid herself, but the comforter and counsellor of all beside, to the curly haired boy, who romped and rejoiced in the appellation of "baby," given five years before—still an observing eye would soon have singled out sister Ellen as the sunbeam of our heaven, the "morning star" of our constellation. She was the second in age, but the first in the inheritance of that load of responsibility, which in such a household falls naturally upon the eldest daughter. Eliza, as I have said, was ill from early girlhood; and Ellen had shouldered all

her burden of care and kindness, with a light heart and a lighter step. Up stairs and down cellar, in the parlor, nursery or kitchen—at the piano or the wash-tub—with pen, pencil, needle, or ladle—sister Ellen was always busy, always with a smile on her cheek, and a warble on her lip.

Quietly, happily, the months and years went by. We never realized that change was to come over our band. To be sure, when mother would look in upon us, seated together with our books, paintings, and needle-work, and say, in her gentle way, with only a half a sigh, "Ah, girls, you are living your happiest days!" we would glance into each other's eyes, and wonder who would go first. But it was a wonder that passed away with the hour, and ruffled not even the surface of our sisterly hearts. It could not be always so—and the change came at last!

Sister Ellen was to be married!

It was like the crash of a thunderbolt in a clear Summer sky! Sister Ellen—the fairy of the hearthstone, the darling of every heart—which of us *could* spare her? *Who* had been so presumptuous as to find out her worth? For the first moment, *this* question burst from each surprised, half angry sister of the blushing, tearful Ellen! It was only for a moment; for our hearts told us that no body could help loving her, who had looked through her loving blue eyes, into the clear well-spring of the heart beneath. So we threw our arms around her and sobbed without a word!

We knew very well that the young clergyman, whose Sunday sermons and gentle admonitions had won all hearts, had been for months a weekly visitor to our fireside circle. With baby Georgie on his knee, and Georgie's brothers and sisters clustered about him, he had sat through many an evening charming the hours away, until the clock startled us with its unwelcome nine o'clock warning; and the softly spoken reminder, "Girls, it is bed time!" woke more than one stifled sigh of regret. Then sister Ellen must always go with us to lay Georgie in his little bed; to hear him and Annette repeat the evening prayer and hymn her lips had taught them; to comb out the long brown braids of Emily's head; to rob Arthur of the story book, over which he would have squandered the "midnight oil;" and to breathe a kiss and a blessing over the pillow of each

other sister, as she tucked the warm blankets tenderly about them.

We do not know how often of late she had stolen down again, from these sisterly duties, after our senses were locked in sleep; or if our eyes and ears had ever been open to the fact, we could never have suspected the minister to be guilty of such a plot against our peace! That name was associated, in our minds, with all that was superhuman. The gray-haired pastor who had gone to his grave six months previous, had sat as frequently on that same oaken arm-chair; and talked with us. We had loved him as a father and friend, and had almost worshipped him as the embodiment of all attainable goodness. And when Mr. Neville came among us, with his high, pale forehead, and soul-kindled eye, we had thought his face also "the face of an angel"—too glorious for the print of mortal passion! Especially, after in answer to an urgent call from the people among whom he was laboring, he had frankly told them that his purpose was not to remain among them, or anywhere on his native shore; that he only waited the guidance of Providence to a home in a foreign clime. After this much bewailed disclosure of his plans, we placed our favorite preacher on a higher pinnacle of saintship!

But sister Ellen was to be married—and married to Mr. Neville. And then—"Oh, sister, you are not going away to India!" burst from our lips, with a fresh gush of sobs.

I was the first to look up into Ellen's troubled face. It was heaving with emotions that ruffled its calmness, as the tide-waves ruffle the sea. Her lips were firmly compressed; her eyes were fixed on some distant dream, glassed with two tears, that stood still in their chalices, forbidden to fall. I almost trembled as I caught her glance.

"Sister! Agnes—Emily!" she exclaimed in a husky whisper. "Hush! be calm! *Don't* break my heart! Do I love home less than"—

The effort was too much; the words died on her lips. We lifted her to bed, frightened into forgetfulness of her own grief. We soothed her until she, too, wept freely and passionately, and, in weeping, grew strong for the sacrifice to which she had pledged her heart.

We never spoke another word of remonstrance to her tender heart, though often, in

the few months that flitted by us together, we used to choke with sobbing, in some speech that hinted of the coming separation, and hurry from her presence to cry alone.

Our mother has told us the tidings with white lips that quivered tenderly and sadly. No love is so uniformly unselfish as a mother's, surely; for though she leaned on Ellen as the strong staff of her declining years, she sorrowed not as we did, that she was going. She too was happy in the thought that her child had found that "pearl of price" in a cold and evil world—a true, noble, loving heart to guide and protect her.

Father sat silently in the chimney corner, reading in the family Bible. *He* was looking farther than any of us—to the perils that would environ his dearest daughter, and the privations that might come upon her young life, in that unhealthy, uncivilized corner of the globe, whither she was going. Both our parents had dedicated their children to God; and they would not cast even a shadow on the path of self-sacrifice and duty their darling had chosen.

To come down to the unromantic little details of wedding preparations; how we stitched and trimmed, packed and prepared—stoned raisins with tears in our eyes, and seasoned the wedding cake with sighs. But there is little use in thinking over these things. Ellen was first and foremost in all, as she had always been in every emergency, great or small. Nothing could be made without her. Even the bride's cake was taken from the oven by her own fair hands, because no one—servant, sister, or even mother—was willing to run the risk of burning sister Ellen's bride's cake; and "*she knew just how to bake it.*"

We were not left alone in our labors: for Ellen had been loved by more than the home-roof sheltered. Old and young, poor and rich, united in bringing their gifts, regrets and blessings to the chosen companion of the pastor they were soon to lose. There is something in the idea of missionary life that touches the sympathy of every heart which mammon has not too long seared. To see one, with sympathies and refinements like our own, rend the strong ties that bind to country and home, comfort and civilization, for the good of the lost and degraded heathen, brings too strongly into relief, by contrast, the selfishness of most

human lives led among the gayeties and luxuries of time.

The day, the hour came. The ship was to sail from B. on the ensuing week; and it must take away an idol.

She stood up in the village church, that all who loved her, and longed for another sight of her sweet face, might look upon her, and speak the simple words that should link hearts for eternity. We sisters stood all around her, but not too near; for our hearts were overflowing, and we could not wear the happy faces that should grace a train of bridesmaids. She had cheered us through the day with sunshine from her own heart, and even while we are arraying her in her simple white muslin, like a lamb for sacrifice, she had charmed our thoughts into cheerfulness. It seemed like some dream of fairy land, and she the embodiment of grace and loveliness, acting the part of some Queen Titania for a little while. The dream changed to a far different reality, when, at the door of her mother's room, she put her hand into that of Henry Neville, and lifted her eye with a look that said, "Where thou goest will I go," even from all beside!

Tears fell fast in that assembly; though the good old matrons tried to smile, as they passed around the bride, to bless her and bid her good bye. A little girl in a patched but clean frock, pushed forward, with a bouquet of violets and strawberry blossoms in her hand.

"Here, Miss Nelly—please Miss Nelly," she cried, half-laughing, half-sobbing, "I picked them on purpose for you!"

Ellen stooped and kissed the little, eager face. The child burst into tears, and caught the folds of her dress, as though she would have buried her face there. But a strong armed woman, mindful of the bride's attire, snatched the child away.

"And for what would ye be whimpering in that style, as if you had any right to Miss Ellen?"

"She was always good to me, and she's my Sunday school teacher," plead the little girl in a subdued undertone.

Agnes drew her to her side and silently comforted her.

"Step aside—Father Herrick is here!" said one just then.

The crowd about the bridal pair opened, to admit a white-haired, half-blind old man, who

came leaning on the arm of his rosy granddaughter. Father Herrick was a superannuated deacon whose good words and works had won for him a place in every heart of that assembly.

"They told me she was going," he murmured to himself; "they say 'tis her wedding. I want to see my little girl again—bless her."

Ellen sprang forward, and laid both her white trembling hands in the large hand of the good old man. He drew her near his failing eyes; and looked searchingly into her young, soul-lit countenance.

"I can just see you, darling: and they tell me I shall never see you again! Well, well, if we go in God's way we shall all get to Heaven, and it's all light *there*!" He raised his hand over her head, and added, solemnly, "The blessing of blessings be upon thee, my child. Amen!"

"Amen!" echoed the voice of Henry Neville.

And Ellen looked up with the look of an angel

So she went from us! Oh! the last moment of that parting hour has burnt itself into my being for ever! *Could* the human heart endure the agony of parting like that, *realized* to be indeed the last—lighted by no ray of hope for eternity! Would not reason reel under the pressure?

It was hard to bear; but I have no words to tell of its bitterness. She went to her missionary life, and we learned at last to live without her, though it was many a month before the little ones could forget to call on "Sister Ellen" in any impulse of joy, grief, or childish want. Then the start and the sigh, "Oh, dear, she's gone—sister is gone!" And fresh tears would flow.

Gone but not lost, for that First Marriage in the family opened to us a fountain of happiness, pure as the spring of self-sacrifice could make it. Our household darling has linked us to a world of needy and perishing spirits—a world that asks for the energy and the aid of those who go from us, and those who remain in the dear country of their birth. God bless her and her charge! Dear sister Ellen! there may be many another breach in the family—we may all be scattered to the four winds of heaven—but no change can come over us like that which marked the FIRST MARRIAGE.

SEWING MACHINES AND SEAMSTRESSES.

"Oh! dear," said a poor girl, as she held up a salt-bag to my view, "this was sewed by a machine. It is too bad. Poor girls will soon have nothing to do. I know sights and sights of girls who used to make their living by sewing these bags and other coarse things, and now they are all out of work. It is too bad."

For a moment, my sympathies were all with the poor girls, and I thought it was "too bad," and fell to wondering what would become of them.

But very soon there came a terrible necessity that I should have a dress made, and without a doubt of being able to obtain a dressmaker at every corner in a great city, where the universal cry is that laborers are many and labor scarce, I said nothing about it till I was all ready to be "fitted." Then, on applying to a friend, I was told that it was impossible to obtain a good one, without engaging her weeks beforehand. Being a green Yankee girl, quite unused to city ways and wants, I was truly astonished. But thinking my friend might mean by a good dressmaker, a fashionable one, which was not at all necessary to me, I applied to another. But here I met the same reply; and one lady asserted that she engaged hers six months beforehand as the only way to secure her. I marvelled and marvelled, and still doubted. But all inquiry resulted in the same way. A good dressmaker was not to be obtained for love or money.

"Well," thought I, "that is a strange state of things. What does it mean? Where are all these hundreds and thousands of poor sewing girls, who are in danger of starving?"

Why, the answer is—

"There are plenty who can sew bags and coarse shirts, and even plenty of indifferent dressmakers—the trouble is to get a good one; and there are many ladies, ladies of the 'first families,' who make all their own dresses, because they can find no one to make them nice enough. They would willingly pay the price any one would ask who understood her profession."

After waiting two months, and inquiring almost every day, I found what my friend called a good dressmaker, and I could well understand why so many seemed indifferent com-

pared with her. She was capable, in the first place, of telling a lady what color would become her, what sort of boddices her figure required, and what trimmings matched, and how they were to be put on. She took the silk, or whatever material was furnished, and cut it economically and expeditiously, speaking to nobody, and wishing nobody to speak to her, and accomplished more in a day than any person I ever saw use a needle. She asked a dollar and a half a day besides her board, and nobody thought it too much who saw her work.

Now there are few men in any profession, lawyers, doctors, or ministers, compared to the whole, who are first-rate. So we should not expect any more of women; but there should certainly be more good dressmakers. I do not think the time will ever come when dresses will be cut and fitted by machines, and they grow altogether more and more elaborate in their forms and finishings. Let those who have been sewing bags, and all manner of shop-work, for a few pennies a day, set themselves earnestly to work to learn a better trade.

Dressmaking should be considered one of the fine arts. Those who practice it should have a knowledge of anatomy and physiology, and their bumps of form and figure and color should be fully developed. As in every other profession, knowledge of every kind may be made subservient. Labor can only be dignified by knowledge, and knowledge will certainly dignify every kind of labor. The more mind and energy and good sense enlisted in any occupation, the sooner it will be ennobled.

Those who are sewing bags and coarse shirts, for almost nothing, will go on sewing bags for nothing unless *driven* into another path.

There will be much suffering before they will have learned to earn their bread in another way; but there is enough to do in a higher sphere, and those who are grovelling in poverty are capable of a higher kind of existence.

They can learn, too, without spending six or three months at a fashionable dressmaker's. Three months at a good school would be better, but a much shorter time spent in observing how things are done, and going resolutely to work to do them, would be sufficient. Practice would soon make them perfect.

—N. Y. Times.

MINNIE MYRTLE.



THE DODO.—FROM A PAINTING IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE DODO.

Our engraving, which is copied from a painting in the British Museum, represents a bird, of the existence of whose species a little more than two centuries ago there appears to be no doubt, but which is now supposed to be entirely extinct. It must be obvious that such a fact offers some of the most interesting and important considerations; and the subject, therefore, has claimed the particular attention of several distinguished naturalists. The most complete view of the evidence as to the recent existence of the Dodo is given in a paper, by Mr. Duncan, of New College, Oxford, which is printed in the twelfth number of the Zoological Journal. To this valuable article we are indebted for much of the following account.

The painting in the British Museum was presented to that institution by the late Mr. George Edwards; and the history of it is thus given in his work on birds:—

“The original picture from which this print of the Dodo is engraved, was drawn in Holland, *from the living bird*, brought from St. Maurice’s Island, in the East Indies, in the early times of the discovery of the Indies, by the way of the Cape of Good Hope. It (the picture) was the property of the late Sir Hans Sloane, to the time of his death; and afterwards becoming my property, I deposited it in the British Museum as a great curiosity. The above history of the picture I had from Sir Hans Sloane, and the late Dr. Mortimer, Secretary of the Royal Society.”

The evidence of the former existence of this bird does not, however, entirely rest upon this picture and its traditional history; for if it were so, it would be easier to imagine that the artist had invented the representation of some unknown creature, than that the species should have so utterly become lost within so comparatively short a time. There are three other representations of the Dodo which may be called original; for they are given in very early printed books, and are evidently not copied one from the other, although they each agree in representing the sort of hood on the head, the eye placed in a bare skin extending to the beak, the curved and swelling neck, the short heavy body, the small wings, the stumpy legs and diverted claws, and the tuft of rump feathers.

The first of these pictures is given in a Latin work by Clusius, entitled “*Caroli Clusii Exoticorum*,” lib. v., printed in 1605. He says that his figure is taken from a rough sketch in a journal of a Dutch voyager, who had seen the bird in a voyage to the Moluccas, in 1598; and that he himself had seen, at Leyden, a leg of the Dodo, brought from the Mauritius.

The second representation is in Herbert’s *Travels*, published in 1634. We subjoin his description of the bird, which is very quaint and curious:—

“The Dodo comes first to our description, here, and in Dygarrois; (and no where else, that ever I could see or hear of, is generated the Dodo.) (A Portuguese name it is, and has reference to her simpleness,) a bird which for shape and rareness might be called a Phoenix (wer’t in Arabia;) her body is round and extreame fat, her slow pace begets that corpulencie; few of them weigh lesse than fifty pound; better to the eye than the stomach; greasie appetites might perhaps commend them, but to the indifferently curious nourishment, but prove offensive. Let’s take her picture; her visage darts forth melancholy, as sensible of nature’s injurie in framing so great and massie a body to be directed by such small and complementall wings, as are unable to hoise her from the ground, serving only to prove her a bird; which otherwise might be doubted of; her head is variously drest, the one halfe hooded with downy blackish feathers; the other, perfectly naked; of a whitish hue, as if a transparent lawne had covered it; her bill is very howked and bends downwards, the thrill or breathing place is in the midst of it; from which part to the end, the colour is a light greene mixt with a pale yellow; her eyes be round and small, and bright as diamonds; her cloathing is of finest downe, such as you see in goslings; her trayne is (like a China beard) of three or four short feathers; her legs thick, and black, and strong; her tallons or pounces sharp, her stomach fiery hot, so as stones and iron are easily digested in it; in that and shape, not a little resembling the Africk Oestriches; but so much, as for their more certain difference I dare to give thee (with two others) her representation.”

In this description there are several details that are no doubt inaccurate; such as the iron-

digesting stomach; but the more important particulars agree with other evidence.

The third representation of the Dodo is in Willughby's Ornithology, published about the end of the seventeenth century; and this figure is taken from one given in a Latin work on the natural and medical history of the East Indies, published by Jacob Bontius, in 1658. This figure exactly agrees with that of the picture in the British Museum. Our great naturalist Ray, who published, in 1676 and 1688, editions of Willughby's work, says, "We have seen this bird dried, or its skin stuffed, in Tradescant's cabinet."

Tradescant was a person who had a very curious museum at Lambeth, and in his printed catalogue we find the following item:—Sect. 5, *Whole Birds*. Dodar, from the island Mauritius; it is not able to fly, being so big." Tradescant's specimen afterwards passed into the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, where it is described as existing in 1700; but having become decayed, was destroyed by an order of the visitors in 1755. There is a beak, however, and a leg still preserved in the Ashmolean Museum; and there is a foot also in the British Museum, which was formerly in the Museum of the Royal Society. We are informed, by an eminent naturalist, that the foot at Oxford is much shorter, and otherwise much smaller, than the one in the British Museum, which shows that there must have been two specimens in this country.

Of the former existence, therefore, of the Dodo, there appears to be no reasonable doubt; although the representations and descriptions of the bird may, in many respects, be inaccurate. Mr. Duncan, in answer to an application upon the subject made to a gentleman at Port Louis, in the Mauritius, learnt that there is a very general impression among the inhabitants that the Dodo did exist at Rodriguez, as well as in the Mauritius itself; but that the oldest inhabitants have never seen it, nor has any specimen, or part of a specimen, been procured in those islands.

Mr. Lyell states, in the second volume of his Principles of Geology, that M. Cuvier had showed him, in Paris, a collection of fossil bones, discovered under a bed of lava in the Isle of France, amongst which were some remains of the Dodo, which left no doubt in the mind of this great naturalist that this bird was

of the gallinaceous tribe; that is, of the same tribe as the common domestic fowl, the turkey and the peacock.

In a paper "on the natural affinities that connect the orders and families of birds," published in the Transactions of the Linnean Society, the following observations occur on the Dodo:—

"Considerable doubts have arisen as to the present existence of the Linnean *Didus* (Dodo); and they have been increased by the consideration of the numberless opportunities that have lately occurred of ascertaining the existence of these birds in those situations, the Isles of Mauritius and Bourbon, where they were originally alleged to have been found. That they once existed, I believe, cannot be questioned. Besides the descriptions given by voyagers of undoubted authority, the relics of a specimen preserved in the public repository of this country bear decisive record of the fact. The most probable supposition that we can form on this subject is, that the race has become extinct in the before-mentioned islands, in consequence of the value of the bird as an article of food to the earlier settlers, and its incapability of escaping from pursuit. This conjecture is strengthened by the consideration of the gradual decrease of a nearly conterminous group, the *Otis tarda* (Bustard,) of our British ornithology, which, from similar causes, we have every reason to suspect will shortly be lost to this country. We may, however, still entertain some hopes that the *Didus* may be recovered in the South-eastern part of that vast continent, hitherto so little explored, which adjoins those islands, and whence, indeed, it seems to have been originally imported into them."

The agency of man, in limiting the increase of the inferior animals, and in extirpating certain races, was perhaps never more strikingly exemplified than in the case of the Dodo. That a species so remarkable in its character should become extinct, within little more than two centuries, so that the fact of its existence at all has been doubted, is a circumstance which may well excite our surprise, and lead us to a consideration of similar changes which are still going on from the same cause. These changes in our own country, where the rapid progress of civilization has compelled man to make incessant war upon many species that gave him offence, or that afforded him food or clothing,

are sufficiently remarkable. The beaver was a native of our rivers in the time of the Anglo-Saxons; but, being eagerly pursued for its fur, had become scarce at the end of the ninth century, just in the same way as the species is now becoming scarce in North America. In the twelfth century its destruction was nearly complete. The wolf is extirpated, although it existed in Scotland at the end of the seventeenth century. The last bear perished in Scotland in 1057. In Isaac Walton's *Angler*, published soon after the time of Charles I., we have a dialogue between the angler and a hunter of otters—a citizen who walked into the neighborhood of Tottenham, to chase the animals in the small rivers of Middlesex. How rarely is an otter now found! The wild cat and the badger are seldom discovered, although they were formerly common;—the wild boar is never heard of. The eagle is now scarcely to be seen, except in the wildest fastnesses of the Highlands;—and the crane, the egret, and the stork, who were once the undisturbed tenants of the marshes with which the country was covered, are fled before the progress of cultivation. A single Bustard (already mentioned) is now rarely found; they were formerly common in our downs and heaths, in flocks of forty or fifty. The wood grouse, which about fifty years ago were the tenants of the pine-forests of Scotland and Ireland, are utterly destroyed. Facts such as these may show us that the recent existence, and the supposed extirpation of the Dodo, may be supported by well-known examples in our own country.—*Penny Magazine*.

RATHER OBTUSE.—Travelling along in a buggy, I overtook an elderly, honest-looking German, a member, as he afterwards informed me, of the Lutheran church. I invited him to take a seat with me, and after a little hesitation he did so. On my asking where he was from, he said he was just from Arkansas, that it was a sickly country; he had taken a great deal of calomel and quinine, and had suffered a great deal. Thinking it a favorable time to spiritualize a little, I told him that these things must be expected more or less in this world. But, said I, there is a land where the inhabitants never say, I am sick. After thinking a little, he looked up and said, "I tink dat musht be Wisboonsin!"

MORALS OF FASHIONABLE SOCIETY.

Let us enter that magnificent house, with the brown-stone front, and the Winter garden jutting out from the main building, and one of the shutters in each window half closed, in order that the passers-by may see that they are of the finest satin wood picked out with gold. Passing through large drawing-rooms *en suite*, and divided by Morisco arches, we will softly enter the little boudoir on the left, where in the midst of the dim light that steals through the windows, stained a pale rose color, a lady reclines in a luxurious fauteuil, reading. She is very lovely. Her dress is orientally rich and picturesque, but an air of terrible languor overspreads her beauty. While she is finishing that bad chapter in the worst of Paul de Kock's novels, we will tell you a few facts about her.

She was brought up to make a good match. She left a fashionable boarding-school at the age of fifteen, with a perfect knowledge of dancing, the French language, and the art of putting on a shawl. A Summer at a fashionable watering-place prepared her morals and her manners for a larger sphere of society, and at sixteen she made her *debut*. She was the rage for two years, and went everywhere, but when verging on her nineteenth year, her mother observed with alarm that her appearance was beginning to fade, and it was determined that she should marry forthwith; so she became Madame before she was twenty. And what sort of a heart did she bring her husband? One with youth and freshness, and purity to sanctify their intercourse? Pshaw! what has she to do with such things! She was never young. She was brought up from her cradle to look upon everything as moral that was expedient, and when she married, married for an establishment. Her husband soon found out her heartlessness, and took to clubs when his business hours were over. And she has nothing to do all the day long, but to sit in satin chairs, and read corrupt French novels, and flirt with idle young men. Over that luxurious home there floats no angel of happiness. Its owners lead a dreary, sensual life, miserable and splendid. None of those peaceful joys which less fashionable people know, are ever to be found there. Virtuous

love shuns the place, and its mistress presides there in her beauty and magnificence, haunted by a nameless agony, like those gorgeous monarchs in the hall of Eblis, who reigned in unceasing pain. And thus her life wears on, until some day the bubble bursts.

And there was what might have been a happy home destroyed for ever by a vicious system of education, and a false system of society. If that girl had been brought up to look upon marriage as a sacred responsibility, instead of an advantageous settlement—if her heart had not been indurated by her mother's ceaseless counsels to encourage only such men as would make a good *partie*—if she had been taught that women had other duties in life to fulfil besides dancing well, and managing a man—things might have been different.

Our fashionable society in this city is a sham, from beginning to end. It is utterly unsound, depraved and unnatural—a deceptive piece of rotten wood, made to look shiny with French polish, and glittering with the phosphorescent light of corruption—a copper cent, trying its very best to look like a five-franc piece, and, what is worse, in nine cases out of ten succeeding.—*N. York Times.*

THE CEREALIA, OR CULTIVATED GRAINS.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

MAIZE, OR INDIAN CORN. (*Zea-Mays.*)

This plant belongs to the natural order Gramineæ. Its structure entitles it to be regarded as one of the grasses. The stem is cylindrical and jointed, the leaves alternate, and embracing the stem with a sheath which is slit on one side down to its origin. The flowers are unisexual and exceedingly simple in their structure, affording a fine illustration of the Linnæan class monœcia, in which the stamens and pistils are borne in separate flowers on the same plant.

It is well known that the flowering panicle at the summit of the stem never produces corn. These are the stamiferous flowers. The pistilliferous or fertile flowers form a dense spike, enclosed in a husk or sheath of bracts, or imperfectly developed stem-leaves. The styles of the pistils—one to each grain—are filiform and very long, and the whole of them are protruded and pendulous from the sheath, in the

form of a silky tuft or tassel. When the pollen in the stamiferous flowers is fully ripe it descends in clouds on the pistilliferous flowers which are closely aggregated in the spike beneath. Fertilization having thus been accomplished, the vegetative functions of the plant languish, it loses its verdure as the grain ripens, the silken tassel withers away, the bracts remaining about the mature fruit as a closely enveloping and protective sheath.

Another interesting feature in the botanical structure of the maize is the provision made for the support of its stem, in the advanced stages of its growth in addition to that which is afforded by its root. From the lower joints of the stem after it has attained a certain height above the ground, aerial roots are protruded which descend to the ground as props. The tall stem, with its heavy spike of ripening grain, thus acquires the needful strength, the extra supports being clearly developed to prevent the plant from being overturned by the violence of the winds.

Indian corn is one of the most valuable of the Cerealia, or cultivated grains. Every part of this plant is useful in rural and domestic economy. About the time of flowering the stem and leaves are replete with a rich saccharine juice, and afford a nutritious food for cattle. The young and immature grains are well known to be excellent, and when fully ripe are still more valuable and serviceable as an article of food.

In the preparation called hominy, the grain is first soaked, and then exposed to a drying heat, which causes the pericarps or bran to crack and peel off; the grain is then easily separated from the bran.

Owing to its deficiency in gluten, maize is not well adapted for making bread; however, when reduced to meal, it can be made into cakes. Indian corn throughout the whole of the Continent of North America enters largely into the common food of the people in a variety of ways. It is one of those valuable native plants which Providence has placed on this great Continent as food for its vast population. Repeated attempts have been made to cultivate it in England, but, hitherto, without success; the English Summer is too short, and Autumn too humid. It grows best in its native clime, and is cultivated in America with less labor probably than any other grain.

The husks or sheathing leaves which envelope the corn remain until it is fully ripe, and are either ground up with the grain as food for stock, or used for fuel. In the south of Europe, these husks are very extensively used in packing up oranges and lemons; and in South America they are selected by the Spaniards in order to make cigarettes. For this purpose, small squares are cut from the Indian corn husks or wrappers and the tobacco rolled in them. The husks or envelopes of the Indian corn have also been manufactured into very good paper.

I LEAVE THEE FOR AWHILE, MY LOVE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

I leave thee for awhile, my love, I leave thee
with a sigh,

The fountain spring within my soul is playing
in my eye;

I do not blush to own the tear—let, let it touch
my cheek,

And what my lip has failed to tell, that drop
perchance may speak.

Mavourneen! when again I seek my green isle
in the west,

Oh, promise thou wilt share my lot, and set this
heart at rest.

I leave thee for awhile, my love; but every
hour will be

Uncheer'd and lonely till the one that brings me
back to thee.

I go to make my riches more; but where is man
to find

A vein of gold so rich and pure as that I leave
behind?

Mavourneen, though a fairy's hand should build
a diamond nest,

Till thou wouldst share and make it warm, this
heart would know no rest.

I leave thee for awhile, my love; my cheek is
cold and white,

But ah, I see a promise stand within thy glance
of light;

When next I seek old Erin's shore, thy step will
bless it too,

And then the grass will seem more green, the
sky will have more blue.

Mavourneen, first and dearest loved, there's
sunshine in my breast,

For thou wilt share my future lot, and set this
heart at rest.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL TEACHER.

BY EMMA LINLEY.

No. 1.

P—, Monday, May 16th, 18—.

This day has been a most important one in my life. -I arose this morning very early, full of a pleasant consciousness that I was henceforth to be of some consequence beyond the walls of home. Above the feeling of my own importance, however, arose trust in my Heavenly Father, through whose assistance alone I may hope to become a good teacher. I knew that the heavy responsibility I was assuming, would be but ill-suited to my unaided powers; but, looking to Him for strength, I was very confident of success.

For some time past, I have been very earnestly striving to prepare myself for my anticipated duties. I have viewed the conduct of the teachers who helped to form my character, far more critically than I should ever have thought of doing under other circumstances. The question—"What shall I do if similarly situated?"—as applied to each little item of remembered school discipline, has but too often been mentally answered by the thought that it would not be right for me to follow the example of my early instructors.

I have a high ideal of the character of a good teacher, which has been formed mostly, I believe, by recollections of Emily J—. I was only ten years old when she taught our school. I had rather feared than loved earlier teachers, but there was no fear, saving that of causing her unhappiness, blended with the love, we all felt for her. How did she gain so powerful an influence over our young hearts? Can I be like her? How many times, during the past few weeks, have I asked myself these questions, but I must not stop to answer them to-night, since I have thus far made so little progress in recording the events of the day.

Before breakfast, I busied myself, for a while, in completing the packing of my trunk. Addie, dear child, stood by, looking so woe-begone, that I really pitied her.

"What shall we do, Lizzie?" said she. "There will be no one to tell us so many nice stories as you do; and you are taking so many of the story books, we shall have nothing to read."

I laughed outright as I caught the idea that

half her grief was due to the loss of those stories, which she had probably read a dozen times each. I repented my ill-timed mirth immediately, and as penance, left my packing unfinished, while I seated myself among the children and told them the nice little story of "Willie and his Dog."

They were then as happy as ever, and we had a nice chat of my school of little children at P—. I was very much amused by the oddity of some of their remarks—they certainly fear that my teaching school will make some magical change in me. When I told them I was taking some of our little books to read to the children, each was anxious to have me take those she considered as her private property, so I was enabled to gratify all by selecting one from the little store of each. They were very much pleased when I told them they would all have opportunities to visit my school, and promised them that every time I should be away more than a week, I would write a little letter to each of them. By the time breakfast was ready, they were delighted with the idea of my leaving them.

"How can your mother do without you, Lizzie?" said father, just then; so earnestly that it brought tears to my eyes, as I noticed that the newspaper which had prevented our talking to him, was wrong side upward. There was so much of praise in that brief sentence, with so much of just reproach, that I have persisted in leaving home this Summer, contrary to his wishes, that I would gladly have indulged in a hearty cry. It is his love for me which makes him wish to keep me at home; he thinks I am too young to meet the trials which must accompany my leaving it. Had not Mr. Davis assisted me in meeting his objections, I doubt if I should have obtained his permission to come here; since he consented he has not spoken of his wishes, but has tried every way to make my situation a pleasant one. He saw Mr. Dean on Saturday, and told him he need not go for me, as is customary, since my brother would wish to bring me. How much better I enjoyed the ride with Charles, than I should have done with a stranger.

We rode directly to the school-house, which we found locked; I had just found a place of safety for my school books, when a man came. I began to realize that I was indeed a country "school ma'am," as I talked with him. My

heart was fluttering with excitement, but I am sure I was dignified; yes, very dignified for me, and it was not assumed dignity either—it was that same feeling of importance from my office.

As it wanted yet more than a half hour of school time, we proceeded a fourth of a mile farther to Mr. Dean's, which is to be my home for the season. First appearances were not eminently prepossessing, yet I well remember that it was Monday morning—Mrs. Dean and her worthy sister-in-law certainly took the interruption to their washing operations, with the greatest equanimity. After a few minutes' conversation, and a glance at my room, which I will describe some other time, I was escorted to the school room by the two children. I found nearly a dozen pupils awaiting me, and as many more came soon after. With them I have spent a pleasant day, but it does not seem real to me. Everything is so new and strange that I cannot realize I am the same girl as at home. I would like to see mother, and all the rest too, but I am very well contented.

I shall certainly have an opportunity to try my skill in correcting bad grammar and want of respectful manners in some of those youngsters. One little fellow said to me, "I hain't got no jography—little Jimmy tore it all up when I was to *hum*, and I couldn't help but let him, coz ma'am was gone, and he'd a yelled so if I hadn't."

I did not laugh at one of their droll blunders, but I am sure I should have done so, had there been any one to have laughed with me. It sounded oddly to hear little urchins telling that John Carter lives in "this 'ere" house, and Bill Jones in "that 'ere." It is astonishing how often they can contrive to use those disagreeable words and the double negative; but the title Mr. seems to have been banished from the neighborhood, for I have not heard it spoken here to-day. I am the only titled person in the district, and they repeat mine over and over, till what has always seemed ridiculous, begins to be hateful. By little and little I must correct all these, and many more mistakes, without wounding the feelings of any. The children were all neatly dressed and healthy looking; many of them were rather shy, watching me closely, but answering only in monosyllables when addressed. Some of the quiet ones were so pretty in their bashfulness, that I do not expect any of the coarse-

ness in their speech which I have noticed in others. When the Summer is past, and I have corrected all their awkward ways, shall I not feel self-satisfied?

I told the children to-night that I should read a story to all who would come to-morrow morning five minutes before school time. Many of them live so far from the school-house, they will be very like to be late often, unless I provide some greater inducement to come early than their lessons will afford. I have made so many nice plans to assist them in their studies, they certainly ought to improve rapidly, and I think they will. I was somewhat troubled by the multiplicity of books, but I must learn to make the best of such trifling disadvantages. My twenty-three scholars brought six different kinds of reading books—this will take very much more of my time than the reading would occupy, were they better classified. Other teachers have had the same classes, and I will not be the one to recommend a change.

Charlie said this morning he knew I should be home-sick before night, but he was very much mistaken. Me, home-sick, indeed! I hope I know better than to indulge such foolish feelings. My Heavenly Father is as near to me here as at home, and I cannot too soon learn to depend more upon Him, and less upon earthly parents.

No. II.

Wednesday, May 18th—4¼ o'clock P. M.

MR SCHOOLROOM.—Oh! how my head aches and how sore my throat is; but my heart aches most of all. How very foolish I am! Last night, when I wrote, I was striving to convince myself that I was not home-sick. I am past that now—I *am* home-sick—I cannot help it. I try to pray for assistance, but I believe I don't know how, for no answer comes.

Everything seems out of sorts—the weather is so cold and windy for the season. My room, at Mr. Dean's, seems so very cheerless, with its carpetless floor and walls papered with old newspapers—these children follow me so closely every move I make, and worst of all I am so easily troubled. I know the fault is mostly in me, and it makes me vexed with myself. Trifles, which only seemed strange or laughable, day before yesterday, now add to my discomfort. Even my very watch torments me—the dear, pretty one, with which I was

so delighted, when father gave it to me, on Monday morning. That night, it said cheerfully, while I lay awake to plan the best way of performing the next day's duties, "Lizzie 'll be good and happy." Last night it kept me awake long after I would gladly have forgotten all care, with its mocking—"Tick, tick, you can't go home," and to-night it repeated distinctly, "You naughty girl."

I remained at the school-room, hoping that Jane and Maria would go home and allow me to be a few minutes alone. They have, however, no idea of deserting me. They have been amusing each other tolerably quietly, but are so sure that their mother will not be anxious about them, when I hint the necessity of their going home alone, as I have some writing to do, that I begin to despair of their leaving me at all. I cannot much longer repress these tears, and should they see me weep, what can I tell them?

How ridiculous the idea! a school ma'am crying to go home. I believe it was that tormenting name, which made me home-sick. I used to be Lizzie! How weak and foolish I am. My father aid me! I must not indulge these feelings longer. I will write no more here, since I am so unreasonable. Now I will write copies in the dozen copy-books before me, and then I will go with the children.

Thursday, May 19th—Evening.

Strange work I am making of my new journal. Here is a page all tear-stained. It is a shame to me, but it shall remain here to remind me of my foolishness. When I am disposed to be discouraged again, I can turn here and let this warn me. I do not say *home-sick* again, because old ladies say one never feels thus but once in his life. I am sure I hope I shall not again, for I was miserable enough for a while. After writing here, last night, I prepared the copy-books, and then came to Mr. Dean's. I had gained sufficient command of my feelings to converse as usual during tea. Soon after, wrapping myself closely, in my thick shawl, I walked briskly towards home, until out of sight of any house—then I walked slowly back and forth for a long time. I was very home-sick, but I shed few tears—they would have been a relief to me, then. Every feeling was paralyzed, or rather absorbed in the one wish for home. I had no hope or fear for the future of my school; I

cared nothing for my reputation as a teacher, and I fear but too little for my duty. I prayed earnestly for strength, at the same instant that I knew I was doing myself wrong by walking so long upon the cold, damp ground.

It began to grow dark. How could I go back to Mr. Dean's, feeling so utterly miserable? Just then I heard a carriage approaching. I knew it would be unpleasant to be seen standing irresolute, in that secluded place, so I started rapidly forward. It seemed but an instant before the carriage stopped at my side, and Charles spoke to me:

"Why, Lizzie! is it you?" (How glad I was!) "Father sent me here to bring you home to-night, if you will come."

"Yes, indeed, I will go!" I exclaimed, and seated myself at his side, with only a happy, childish feeling of relief, without one thought for duty. As Charlie was turning the horse, to proceed immediately home, a little of my common sense returned, and I said:

"We must go to Mr. Dean's, or they will know nothing where I am, and then how am I to come here again?"

"Father has business beyond here to-morrow and he will bring you in the morning. Mother and the children know nothing of my coming here, so we can give them a nice surprise."

When we left Mr. Dean's, starting rapidly towards home, I said earnestly:

"Oh, I am so glad you come, for I was as home-sick as I could be!"

Charlie quietly replied:

"Were you? Father said you would be, and I fancy he has been so himself, for he has been sober enough."

Nothing more was said on the subject, and we chatted gaily all the way home. When we arrived, Charles drove to the barn, and I skipped into the sitting-room. How surprised and startled mother was!

"Lizzie! are you sick or home-sick?" said she.

"Home sick, and that is enough"—I answered, bursting into tears. I had wanted to cry all day, and now that I had got home to mother, and had nothing to grieve me, I sobbed right heartily for a few moments. How glad I was that mother was alone, for those tears did me good, and she soothed me so gently. She said she and father had expected that I

would be home-sick; she reminded me that I am not yet sixteen, and had never been twenty-four hours from home before, without some of the family. Then she told me that father had been pitying me all the week, because he remembered how sadly he felt once when home-sick. Father had been home-sick, and he so good. I began to feel quite encouraged about my poor, silly self. Then Charlie came in, and we were talking busily, when all the children came rushing down stairs, in their night clothes, exclaiming:

"Lizzie's come!" Father came in, at the same instant, and, if he did not make so much noise about it, I believe he was as glad to see me, at home, as any one. I concluded that it was well worth while to leave home, since there is so much pleasure in returning again.

This morning, everything was bright and beautiful. I enjoyed the ride here, with father and Jennie, very much. Father says he shall have considerable business at A — during the Summer, and he will always time his rides there, so as to have my company a part of the way. He is so very kind, and loves me so dearly, how good I must be.

Jennie stayed with me till father returned, about three o'clock. I should love my pupils for their kindness to her, if for nothing else. The day must have seemed very long to the dear little birdie, had she been obliged to sit the whole time at my desk, but some of the girls seemed to feel acquainted with her at a glance, and to know how to show their kind feelings better than many older people would have done.

I am thankful that I wrote no more yesterday, since I was thinking so unjustly of everything here; nothing has seemed the same to day. My school is a pleasant one. What if the children do sometimes murder the king's English? They are good and pretty, and it will be far less disagreeable to correct such blunders, than to break habits of profanity. I think we shall have a happy Summer; I am resolved that it shall not be my fault if they do not acquire a great deal of general information as well as progress rapidly in their school books.

My room at Mr. Dean's, which was so unsatisfactory yesterday, is quite a cozy little place, and there is a fine view from the window. Miss Dean told me this noon, the reason

of its being papered with pieces of newspapers. It was the room of her sister Margaret, who died twenty years ago. She cut stories, which pleased her, from papers, and covered the walls, as I see them now. Her mother, who makes a long visit here every autumn, wishes them to remain thus as long as she lives. Would I wish them altered? No indeed, I have even loved Miss Rebecca, since she told me this, with the shadow of a tear in her eye. There is a bit of romance about her yet, if she is so old and eccentric. I must cultivate her acquaintance, though I like Mrs. Dean better. Mr. Dean seems to think I know everything, (he probably thinks I ought to) and talks to me continually of politics and party questions; fortunately he agrees with father pretty well, so I generally have a slight idea of the subjects he discusses.

I feel really more contented to-night, more willing to wait till the proper time, before I see the family at home, than I have done any evening before, this week.

No. III.

Monday, May 23d.

Six new scholars presented themselves to-day. I believe I started with surprise, when I entered the school room this morning and saw so many new faces. I was not glad to see them. I had congratulated myself that my order of recitations was wholly decided upon; that my little books for keeping school accounts were all neatly made, with the names in their places, and everything so nicely regulated that I fancied all would go on like clockwork. It required a full half hour of my time, this morning, to have the necessary conversation with each new pupil and classify them—to-night, another half hour has been spent in enlarging my school records. The trifling inconvenience to myself would not be worth minding, but these new comers are one week behind their classes, and that week lost will trouble them for a long time to come.

I was surprised to learn that they had very trifling excuses for their absence last week. One, my oldest pupil, did not come before, because she did not know as she should like the "school ma'am," and therefore waited for the report of others; I am half disposed to wish that it had not been so favorable, for she is certainly no improvement to our school, though a

large addition. It seems so strange to call her Alice—I never knew any one by that name before, except sweet Alice Perry, and I had such a pretty ideal of gentle Alice. There is "something in a name"—I am sure I never expected to see a quiet, gentle Peggy, or a coarse romping Alice; now, I shall never again dare form an opinion of one from her name.

Alice Mortimer—I wish I knew her only as an ideal, she is so very uninteresting as a reality. I never before saw so large a girl of fourteen—I cannot wonder that she is awkward, for a long time must be necessary to get accustomed to such a mountain of self. I could love her just as well, notwithstanding her uncouth way of managing her great limbs, if she would evince the slightest intellect or refinement. She has such a constant, simple leer upon her face, and twists her little (?) finger in her mouth so comically, that I would laugh if I did not pity her so very much.

She certainly is very bashful. When I tried to talk with her about her studies, she answered only in curt whispers. I did feel strangely to have that great creature, who, if appearances are not deceptive, might throw me out of doors with one hand, seem so frightened by my quietest tone. She said she intended to do nothing but read, spell and study geography. I asked why she declined arithmetic and grammar. She said she never did like figuring, and she knew it would "never do her no good to know how to parse." Thinking to oppose her on but one study at a time, I dropped all thought of grammar, and assured her that her disliking arithmetic was the very best reason why she should devote a great deal of attention to it. I tried to encourage her as I would have done any other pupil, but soon found that I wasted words on her. I borrowed an arithmetic and enquired how far she had ever studied; she showed me that she had been nearly through the simple rules, but added that she never understood a word of it.

"Ah," said I, "then you *must* study it; I am very sure I can make you understand it."

Shall I ever forget her face as it appeared at that instant?

I involuntarily started back, lest her dropping under lip should fall on me. She began to whimper and wipe her eyes with the back of her hand in the most ridiculous manner. I was so astonished that I knew not what to say

at first; then I told her that she might confine her attention to the books she had brought, for a few days, as I would soon see her mother and leave the matter to her decision. I was very certain that the result would be a tall class in mathematics for me, but she seemed just as sure that her mother would decide in her favor, and immediately drying her tears, she looked so foolish.

From Miss Rebecca's account, I begin to think that she knew better than I. Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer have buried eight children, and have only this daughter, now; consequently, they are spoiling her by injudicious indulgence. Did I merely consult my own pleasure, I should not desire, very earnestly, the privilege of teaching her arithmetic; but I determined to do the very best I can for her. I dread going to see her mother. Introducing myself to strangers, whom I am anxious to impress favorably, is something to which I am not accustomed. I must become acquainted with all the parents, and I look upon the exertions I must make for the purpose as the most disagreeable part of my Summer's duties. However, I will not allow my fancy to picture dull calls and unpleasant visits, to-night.

I have not forgotten that I commenced enumerating the frivolous causes which prevented my having a larger band of pupils, last week. Demure little Betsy Wood was kept at home to tend a baby brother, while her mother finished house cleaning. Rosy-faced Martha Worden stayed at home because her new dress was not finished. John Carter had to help his father, he said. I wonder what such a little fellow as he can do? Willie Wright had no excuse; he preferred to play, I suppose, and is his own master. Bright little Fanny Moore, who lives in the white house just in sight of the school house, said her mother was gone all the week, and Susan could not find one of her books. Those her mother found are sadly torn and dog's-eared; but I know I shall love the child dearly, though she does seem so very careless. She has dropped her book several times, to-day. Each time she looked up timidly, while she clapped her hand over her pretty mouth, and every feature seemed to beg my pardon. I must not indulge these heedless habits because she is pretty. To-day, I merely told her I was sorry, but I know I shall be obliged to adopt some more efficient measure

before I can influence her beyond the passing moment.

Tuesday, May 24th, 18—

Fanny Moore was late, this morning. When I explained to her that not only does every tardy child lose the story, or such other amusement as I provide for the first exercise, but she must have a mark placed against her name, to be read at the close of each week and at such other times as we have company, she burst into tears, and sobbed out—

"I could not come any earlier. Mother said I must not come till I found my new cape-bonnet. Oh! dear; shall you put a black mark to me now?"

Upon my asking if she knew any reason why I should not, she could only say—

"I wanted to come early. I wanted to hear the rest of that story very much!"

Then I called the attention of the school to the fact that Fanny had been tardy, and I wished them to decide whether she must be marked or not. She looked up appealingly and hopefully to the other children. I told them that no excuse could alter the fact that a child had been late; explained to them that, though it might sometimes be right to stop to do something for others, even then I must put down the mark. Then I asked if any one could think of any reason why Fanny should not be marked. No one could. Her head was dropped between her hands, but raised, very suddenly, when I said—

"Perhaps I can."

Then I reminded them that I had marked no one the first three days of school, and had not particularly explained our system of marks to the new scholars. I asked those to raise their hands who thought it better to consider to-day as Fanny's second day of school, and let her record commence day after to-morrow. Every hand was raised. I was glad to see them; not only because it evinced so much good feeling in the school, for Fanny will have so much stronger a motive to avoid tardiness than she otherwise would do. The first mark troubles a child very much more than later ones. Fanny, though very heedless, is quite as sensitive, I find, and has approbateness strongly developed. By appealing to that, I might, perhaps, cure her of her carelessness easier than any other way; but I will endeavor not to strengthen that faculty, which is, perhaps,

already too large. I have, in this case, taken advantage of it, but I hope, ere long, by little and little, to present higher motives to her notice.

Mr. Davis visited school this afternoon. It was the first call I have had in school, and I was conscious of blushing when he came in, and of remaining a little excited while hearing one or two classes. Gradually, as I became very much interested in a recitation, I seemed to forget that I was not alone with my little band. The children were very quiet. As I regained my self-possession, and explained everything to them, as usual, telling them two or three little historical anecdotes, connected with their lesson, they overcame the timidity which at first prevented their speaking louder than a whisper, and we were just to ourselves. When the ordinary school exercises were concluded, Mr. Davis spoke to the children. I was much pleased with his remarks, particularly his promise to come often to watch our progress.

When the children had dispersed, he walked to my boarding-place with me. He talked to me so pleasantly and so encouragingly, that I was sorry our walk was no longer. When he was talking he seemed so sincere, and my respect for him was so great, that I never thought of his praising me more than he believed my due. Now, I find myself debating the question, "Could Mr. Davis stoop to flattery? I hope he would not; yet he told me that I, with my present wish to do my whole duty, may do more good here this Summer than he can. Foolish girl that I have been!—I have sometimes thought that an earnest teacher's influence might be greater than a minister's; but my thoughts on the subject were all generalizations—I never dreamed of comparing my influence with that of any pastor I know. I will not, however, believe Mr. Davis intended to flatter me; he is too good for that—he was only mistaken. He does not hear the enthusiastic praises of "our minister," which all are ready to bestow. He is not aware of the power of his own influence for good, and because he sees me earnest and hopeful he builds air-castles for me, just as I so frequently do for myself. I must try not to disappoint him. He certainly expects a great deal of me. I am glad he does. With my Heavenly Father's assistance I ought to do much.

Mr. Davis was pleased with my resolution to become acquainted with all the parents; he says there is no better way to ensure their co-operation, than to let them see, by personal intercourse, the interest I really take in their children. Here my thoughts come again, to that dreaded call at Mr. Mortimer's—I wish I had told Mr. Davis the circumstances—he knows Mrs. M. so well that he could at least have told me whether my call is likely or not to be received as an unwarrantable intrusion. Never mind, I will banish the subject once more, not without remembering that I way hope for the guidance of One infinitely more powerful than any of His servants.

Mr. D. remained here to tea. Just before he left, he remarked that, as he considered me one of his parishioners for the season, he had expected to see me at church last Sabbath. I told him I was at home. "All very well," he replied, "you will need to go home occasionally, but Mrs. Davis wished me to invite you to spend every Sabbath morning at the parsonage.

I wish the village were nearer—a foolish wish, however, for, if I were nearer the village, I should be farther from home.

No. IV.

Thursday, May 23th, 18—.

I am very tired. That fact will not admit of a doubt. I was tired, as I always am, when school finished, and since then I have walked three miles and a quarter, besides exercising my mind all the time. My call at Mr. Mortimer's is among the things that were. It did not prove so disagreeable a reality as it had seemed in anticipation, but I cannot describe my walk and calls, to-night, for I am too much fatigued to sit up longer. Miss Rebecca is very kind. She has just made arrangements for me to take a nice bath. Well, everybody is kind to me, I believe; but that is no reason why I should sit here scribbling, when I can show my appreciation of Miss Dean's kindness in a way much better calculated to give her satisfaction than writing praise, which she can never read.

Friday, May 27th, morn.

Thanks to a refreshing bath, and a night of good sleep, I am fully rested this morning. I have laid my work aside, that I may write of last night's calls.

Alice was not at school, yesterday, but I resolved that her absence should not lead me to neglect longer an unpleasant duty. As soon as school finished, I started, with the dozen children who go that way, for my long walk. I am very sure that I talked with them all the way, but I have no idea what I said. I fancy I was not as agreeable as usual. I tried to feel an interest in their remarks. I tried to answer them properly, and, as they seemed pleased with me, I will be satisfied with myself on that score. Fortunately, we were walking upon a road which they knew I had never travelled before, so, as is rarely the case, they had more to tell me than questions to ask.

When I reached Mr. Mortimer's gate, and had bidden the children good-bye, I hesitated but a moment. I was weary. A walk of a mile and one-half, with two little ones to lead, who, however slowly I might walk, seemed disposed to be just a step behind, was no trifling tax upon my strength. I was about to make a call where I might be received coldly, most likely awkwardly, and conscious that I should need all my wits collected, I was quite as conscious that I was unfit for even ordinary exertion. With an earnest prayer for the assistance I so much needed, I rapped at the front door of the pleasant-looking farmhouse. I was not anxious to obtain admittance; so I waited very patiently during the few minutes before the door opened.

Alice opened it, with her usual bashful grin upon her great face. Without saying one word, or giving me a chance to say more than "Good afternoon," she turned about, and walked across the entry towards a door at the right. For a single second, I was completely nonplussed. My intellect was very suddenly brightened, I fancy, for I never thought more rapidly in my life. Quicker, however, than I can write it, she turned her face over one shoulder, evidently to see if I was following. Perceiving that her strange welcome was only a result of awkwardness, I followed her through the entry to the parlor. Here, while she was rolling up one of the green paper window-shades, and folding the newly ironed clothes, which had been hung over the backs of the chairs to air, I asked her why she had not been at school, if her mother was at home, and when she would come. Her answers were brief and to the point—"Had a cold;" "Gone

to the street;" "Expect her every minute." When she had unloaded her odd clothes' horse, she left the room. I knew not what to think of her departure; but, as rest was very desirable, I leisurely leaned back in the rocking chair, in which I had ensconced myself, and took a survey of my quarters. The room was large. The floor, though uncovered and unpainted, was so white as to be pretty. Then there was a fireplace filled with evergreen; a mantel, with a pair of brass candlesticks, a piece of coral and a sea-shell; a table with a few books and a fancy box upon it; a looking-glass, decorated with peacock feathers; eight common wood chairs and a stiff-looking cricket. When Alice re-appeared, I was ready to acknowledge her one of the kindest hostesses I had ever met, and reproached myself for having ever imagined her otherwise. Had she not met me at the door with a foreknowledge that I should be too much fatigued to enjoy conversation? Had she not led the way to a place of rest instead of merely standing aside and pointing it out to me, as ordinary people would have done? Then had she not busied herself about her own affairs, that I might rest undisturbed? Now she was coming with a nice, large glass of water, just what I needed most. Here was true politeness, taught by instinct, and as I looked at her I noticed that the expression of her face had changed to a look of kindly interest for my comfort. I wonder if the change was wholly in me.

I felt very much refreshed. So, after trying in vain to engage Alice in conversation, I concluded to make my first call at Mr. Carter's, which is a little way beyond. After telling Alice my intention to return soon, I walked slowly to Mr. Carter's. I was not dreading a cold reception here. I had liked the appearance of the children very much, and, from their evident good breeding, had judged their mother favorably. Walking past a field, pretty near the house, I saw Johnny, on horseback, helping his father plough. As they were near the fence, I said to the smiling little fellow—

"You are helping father, now, are you?"

He nodded, and his father said—

"Yes, Miss Howard, he helps me very much.

I was sorry to keep him from school last week, but the season is so late that our work comes all at once. I hope to spare him all the while now."

Here was another mistake of mine. I had thought that Johnny's excuse was hardly better than none at all, I had been so sure that a boy of eight is useless. I must be very careful how I form my opinions of people without sufficient data.

At Mr. Carter's, a pleasant looking-woman answered my knock, who assented to my inquiry, if it were Mrs. Carter. When I had told her she might call me Miss Howard, received her cheerful welcome, and seated myself in the common sitting-room, I felt perfectly at ease. Rarely have I enjoyed a chat with a stranger so well. I was really sorry that I could stay no longer. Just as I was taking leave, Mary and Eliza came in from gathering wild flowers—each divided her bunch, giving one half to her mother, the other to me. Mary seems elder at home than at school, quite womanly, though only twelve years old. I promised Mrs. Carter to go home with the children from school some night soon, to stay till they return in the morning.

This nice commencement to my calling duties encouraged me so much, that when I again knocked at Mr. Mortimer's, I had forgotten the possibility of my being unwelcome. Mrs. Mortimer did not meet me with the same frank cordiality as Mrs. Carter, but it was not from any lack of kind feeling towards me. I saw instantly that she was slightly embarrassed, and thought the best way to relieve her would be to speak at once of the object of my call. As I expected, her motherly feeling led her very soon to forget that I was a stranger, and only look upon me as one interested in her child. In a little time she was talking quite confidentially. She alluded to the many afflictions she had experienced, and said that she was aware that she and her husband had been far less strict in their government of Alice than they should have been, had their other darlings lived. She told me that Alice has never been to school a week at a time in her life—she has never wished to compel her to go, lest the long walk should injure her health, and usually a few days of school has been sufficient to convince her that it is pleasanter to stay at home and keep her mother company, or follow her father about the farm. She has been with her father a great deal through her childhood, but now begins to feel a little womanly delicacy about joining him when there are hired men

about. She has grown so fast that she feels her own awkwardness, and thereby increases it. Her bashfulness has concealed a sensitiveness and closeness of observation, of which I had never dreamed. She told her mother last night that she should love me dearly, because I was so kind to her, if I would only love her as I did the other girls. She has thought that I felt differently towards her, because she is big and awkward; I certainly have, but I have tried to conceal the fact. I must never indulge a feeling requiring concealment, since I am so awkward a dissembler.

Mrs. Mortimer concluded her account by thanking me so cordially for my interest in Alice, that I really felt ashamed, because I had at first wished she had not come to school. Then I told her of my wish to do all I was able for Alice. I made no larger promises of usefulness to her, than I have done to myself; but I am more likely to succeed, now that I have her sympathy. When we spoke of the arithmetic which had led me there, Mrs. M. seemed very thankful that I was so earnest in my wish to teach her daughter. She said Alice had frequently joined a class in arithmetic, but had been absent so much, and always wholly lost the lessons which were recited when she was away, that she presumed it would be more difficult to teach her than it would have been had she never seen the book. She did not try to smooth over my task and make me feel that I was doing her no favor—she alluded to Alice's bashfulness again, saying it would be most likely to so confuse the child in her recitations, as to render my task doubly difficult. To obviate this, I proposed that she should come to the school room before school, to recite. Just then, Alice came in from the field and seated herself upon the cricket at my side. It was easy for me to look upon her as a pupil, now I was not obliged to look up to her. I mentioned to her that I found her mother's wishes coincided with mine; told her how much I expected to teach her, and asked if she thought she could come to school a half hour earlier than the other children for a while, that she might have my undivided attention. She was so prompt in her promise to come, that I feared she did not realize the exertion she must make for the purpose, but she assured me that she did. I told her, if she would try as earnestly to learn as I should try to teach her, she need

not recite arithmetic before the school, till sufficiently advanced to join Mary Carter's class. Her wooden face had been fast becoming intelligent during our conversation, and now it was really expressive. Her mother enjoyed the change as much as I. I was amply repaid for my long, tiresome walk, and as I parted from Mrs. Mortimer and her child, I felt that I had two new friends.

My walk home did not seem long, for the growing darkness compelled me to hurry so much, that I had scarcely time to think; but my rapid walking did not lessen my fatigue.

It is now nearly time to meet Alice. I know that highly as I value my time, it is no mere pleasure to devote an additional half hour each day, to my duties as a teacher; but I may gain sufficient discipline to reward me for the sacrifice, even if I do not succeed in benefiting Alice. I ought to be thankful that she is willing to come. I will try and make her lessons so interesting that she will not mind her long walk alone. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

DEATH OF LITTLE MARY MORGAN.

"Father! father!" The clear, earnest voice of Mary was heard calling.

"I'm coming, dear," answered Morgan.

"Come quick, father, won't you?"

"Yes, love." And Morgan got up and dressed himself—but with unsteady hands, and every sign of nervous prostration. In a little while, with the assistance of his wife, he was ready, and, supported by her, came tottering into the room where Mary was lying.

"Oh! father!"—What a light broke over her countenance.—"I've been waiting for you so long. I thought you were never going to wake up. Kiss me, father."

"What can I do for you, Mary?" asked Morgan, tenderly, as he laid his face down upon the pillow beside her.

"Nothing, father. I don't wish for anything. I only wanted to see you."

"I'm here, now, love."

"Dear father!" How earnestly, yet tenderly she spoke, laying her small hand upon his face. "You've always been good to me, father."

"Oh! no. I've never been good to anybody," sobbed the weak, broken-spirited man, as he raised himself from the pillow.

How deeply touched was Mrs. Slade, as she sat, the silent witness of this scene!

"You haven't been good to yourself, father—but you've always been good to us."

"Don't, Mary! don't say anything about that," interposed Morgan. "Say that I've been very bad—very wicked. Oh! Mary, dear! I only wish that I was as good as you are; I'd like to die, then, and go right away from this evil world. I wish there was no liquor to drink—no taverns—no bar-rooms. Oh! dear! Oh! dear! I wish I was dead."

And the weak, trembling, half-palsied man laid his face again upon the pillow beside his child, and sobbed aloud.

What an oppressive silence reigned for a time through the room!

"Father." The stillness was broken by Mary. Her voice was clear and even. "Father, I want to tell you something."

"What is it, Mary?"

"There'll be nobody to go for you, father."

The child's lips now quivered, and tears filled into her eyes.

"Don't talk about that, Mary. I'm not going out in the evening any more until you get well. Don't you remember, I promised?"

"But, father—" She hesitated.

"What, dear?"

"I'm going away to leave you and mother."

"Oh! no—no—no, Mary! Don't say that."

—The poor man's voice was broken.—"Don't say that! We can't let you go, dear."

"God has called me."

The child's voice had a solemn tone, and her eyes turned reverently upward.

"I wish He would call me! Oh! I wish He would call me!" groaned Morgan, hiding his face in his hands. "What shall I do when you are gone? Oh! dear! Oh! dear!"

"Father!" Mary spoke calmly again. "You are not ready to go yet. God will let you live here longer, that you may get ready."

"How can I get ready without you to help me, Mary? My angel child!"

"Hav'n't I tried to help you, father, oh! so many times?" said Mary.

"Yes—yes—you've always tried."

"But it wasn't any use. You would go out—you would go to the tavern. It seemed almost as if you couldn't help it."

Morgan groaned in spirit.

"Maybe I can help you better, father, after I

die. I love you so much, that I am sure God will let me come to you, and stay with you always, and be your angel. Don't you think he will, mother?"

But Mrs. Morgan's heart was too full. She did not even try to answer, but sat, with streaming eyes, gazing upon her child's face.

"Father, I dreamed something about you, while I slept, to-day." Mary again turned to her father.

"What was it, dear?"

"I thought it was night, and that I was still sick. You promised not to go out again until I was well. But you did go out; and I thought you went over to Mr. Slade's tavern. When I knew this, I felt as strong as when I was well, and I got up and dressed myself, and started out after you. But I hadn't gone far, before I met Mr. Slade's great bull-dog Nero, and he growled at me so dreadfully that I was frightened, and ran back home. Then I started again, and went away round by Mr. Mason's. But there was Nero in the road, and this time he caught my dress in his mouth and tore a great piece out of the skirt. I ran back again, and he chased me all the way home. Just as I got to the door, I looked around, and there was Mr. Slade, setting Nero on me. As soon as I saw Mr. Slade, though he looked at me very wicked, I lost all my fear, and, turning around, I walked past Nero, who showed his teeth, and growled as fiercely as ever, but didn't touch me. Then Mr. Slade tried to stop me. But I didn't mind him, and kept right on, until I came to the tavern, and there you stood in the door. And you were dressed so nice. You had on a new hat and a new coat; and your boots were new, and polished just like Judge Hammond's. I said—'Oh! father! is this you?' And then you took me up in your arms and kissed me, and said—'Yes, Mary, I am your real father. Not old Joe Morgan—but Mr. Morgan, now.' It seemed all so strange, that I looked into the bar-room to see who was there. But it wasn't a bar-room any longer; but a store full of goods. The sign of the Sickie and Sheaf was taken down; and over the door I now read your name, father. Oh! I was so glad that I awoke—and then I cried all to myself, for it was only a dream."

The last words were said very mournfully, and with a drooping of Mary's lids, until the

tear-gemmed lashes lay close upon her cheeks. Another period of deep silence followed—for the oppressed listeners gave no utterance to what was in their hearts. Feeling was too strong for speech. Nearly five minutes glided away, and then Mary whispered the name of her father, but without opening her eyes.

Morgan answered, and bent down his ear.

"You will only have mother left," she said; "only mother. And she cries so much when you are away."

"I won't leave her, Mary, only when I go to work," said Morgan, whispering back to the child. "And I'll never go out at night any more."

"Yes; you promised me that."

"And I'll promise more."

"What, father?"

"Never to go into a tavern, again."

"Never!"

"No, never. And I'll promise still more."

"Father?"

"Never to drink a drop of liquor as long as I live."

"Oh! father! dear, dear father!" And with a cry of joy, Mary started up and flung herself upon his breast. Morgan drew his arms tightly around her, and sat for a long time, with his lips pressed to her cheek—while she lay against his bosom as still as death. As death? Yes; for, when the father unclasped his arms, the spirit of his child was with the angels of the resurrection!—*Ten Nights in a Bar Room, by T. S. Arthur.*

CUPID AND THE DIAL.

One day, young frolic Cupid tried

To scatter roses o'er the hours,

And on the dial's face to hide

The course of time with many flowers.

By chance, his rosy wreaths had wound

Upon the hands, and forced them on;

And, when he looked again, he found

The hours had passed, the time was done.

"Alas!" said Love, and dropped his flowers,

"I've lost my time in idle play;

The sweeter I would make the hours,

The quicker they are passed away."

People who are jealous, or particularly careful of their own rights and dignity, always find enough of those who do not care for either to keep them continually uncomfortable.



CRONSTADT.

CRONSTADT.

St. Petersburg is the principal seat of foreign commerce, as Moscow is of the vast internal trade of the empire. The former is the great maritime outlet of the Gulf of Finland, and has an extensive communication with the interior by rivers and canals. Our engraving presents a view of Cronstadt, which is the great naval station of the Russian fleet in the Baltic, and is also the harbor of St. Petersburg, although thirty-one miles distant from that city. The waters of the Neva, on which St. Petersburg stands, are too shallow to admit vessels of large burthen; their cargoes are therefore discharged at Cronstadt, and barges are employed in transporting them to the city. Cronstadt is built on an island about seven miles long and one broad, and the mouth of the harbor is strongly defended by a fortress built on an opposite rock. Here are extensive wet and dry docks, with storehouses and all the great establishments which are requisite in fitting out a fleet and keeping it in repair and fit for service, including foundries for cannon, rope-walks, &c. Canals are constructed which enable a ship of the line to take in her stores close to the warehouses. Cronstadt was founded by Peter the Great.

In 1703 a ship from Holland was the first merchantman that had ever appeared in the Neva, and the captain and crew were treated with great hospitality by Peter. In 1714 sixteen ships arrived; and from 1300 to 1500 now clear inward annually, of which one-half are usually English. The navigation is open about 190 days in the year—from the middle of May to the end of November. Cronstadt contains many good streets, which are well paved, but, with the exception of the public buildings, the houses are built of wood. The principal public edifices are the Admiralty, Naval Hospital, School for Pilots, the Exchange, Custom House, and barracks. In Summer, all is life and animation, for the activity of the year is crowded into the space of a few months; but as the Winter approaches, and the last ships of the season take their departure, fearful of being locked up by the ice, the scene changes, and all becomes dull. The Summer population of Cronstadt amounts to about 40,000, exclusive of soldiers, sailors, and persons employed in the dock-yards.

G E N O A .

See engraving, page 81.

Genoa, a seaport of Sardinia, is situated within a bay in a wide gulf, which extends, crescent-like, from the shores of France to those of Tuscany. The harbor, also in the form of a crescent, is about a mile and a half in length, its entrance being guarded by two moles, which run out to within half a mile of each other, thus forming a very safe and commodious anchorage for vessels. It was essentially a commercial city. Its commerce was once carried on in so grand a scale, that the nobles did not disdain to use their funds in trade. The productions of the North and West of Europe, of Spain, Africa, Sicily, and the Levant, found their way into this emporium, and gave employment to the Genoese as shipowners, consignees, brokers and merchants, and with this central port, factors in all the cities, from Lübeck to Cadiz, and along the shores of the Mediterranean, kept up a constant correspondence. But in later years, the business has declined on account of disputes and factions among themselves, and the dealers, becoming dissatisfied, found other ports to answer their purposes. This city gained the title of "*Genova la Superba*," the Magnificent, during the period of its splendor.

The view from the sea is really magnificent. Several hills rise from the harbor and form a semi-circle, on the declivity of which the city is partly built; and a succession of fine buildings, extending two miles, like wings, line a narrow strip of land between the sea and the adjacent heights. Palaces built of marble and surrounded by gardens, with churches and convents, rise one above the other on the steep sides of the hills behind, whose summits are crowned with ramparts, forts and batteries, forming a double line of fortifications, which protect the city on the land side, the exterior line being over eight miles in extent. Beyond these hills are the higher Apennines. The streets are, with few exceptions, narrow, dark, steep and crooked, defects not usually met with in so large a city. The population of Genoa is ninety-four thousand, while the suburbs contain twenty-four thousand more.

Second thoughts are the adopted children of experience.

SELECTED VARIETIES.

He that changes often his trade makes soup in a basket.

One master of a well-regulated house is more beneficial to the State than a hundred political declaimers.

He who knows the world will not be too bashful, and he who knows himself will never be impudent.

The Boston Post gives it as a strange fact that, in the gold-diggings of California, the major part of the people are *miners*.

Supposing Mercury were to pitch Pan into the Ægean Sea, what would he become? A dripping Pan.

"Gently the dews are o'er me stealing," as the man said when he had five due bills presented to him at one time.

Notwithstanding the proverb that "poverty is no crime," yet a man without money is invariably set down by the world as one devoid of *principal*.

None are too wise to be mistaken, but few are so wisely just as to acknowledge and correct their mistakes—and especially the mistakes of prejudice.

At a social party, one evening, the question was put, "What is religion?" "Religion," replied one of the party, "religion is an insurance against fire in the next world, for which honesty is the best *policy*."

"What monsters these cotton factors must be," said Mrs. Partington; "I'm told some of 'em has more than a hundred hands. My poor Paul often wanted me to go and see them, but I'm thankful I never went."

Let you be ever so pure, you cannot associate with bad companions without falling into bad odor. Evil company is like tobacco-smoke—you cannot be long in its presence without carrying away a taint of it.

Young man, you are wanted. A young woman wants you. Don't forget her. No matter if you are poor. Don't wait to be rich. If you do, ten to one if you are fit to be married at all, to anybody that's fit to be married. Marry while you are young, and struggle up together.

We often look with regret on past joys, as they depart from us, but we forget that every new day has a new joy, which is continually advancing to meet us.

A true tale is told of the late Charles Matthews, that, personating an eccentric old gentleman, a family friend, he drank tea with his mother without her finding out the cheat.

A country player, who had to enact the part of a ghost, asking if he was to bow to the audience, the stage director made answer:—"Why, yes—if you are the ghost of a gentleman, certainly!"

A young lady, says one of our exchanges, remarked to a male friend that she feared he would make a poor sailor. The gentleman promptly answered, "Probably—but I'm sure you would make an excellent *mate*."

The late John Kemble met a man in the street, who appeared extremely distressed and asked charity. He gave him something, observing, "Either that man must be in actual distress, or he is a first-rate actor."

When Voltaire wrote his tragedy of "Merope," he called up his servant, one morning, at three o'clock, and gave him some verses to carry, immediately, to the Sieur Panlin, who was to perform the tyrant. His man alleged that it was the hour of sleep, and that the actor might not like to be disturbed. "Go, I say," replied Voltaire; "tyrants never sleep."

Some one gives the following quaint receipt for the night-mare. Those who are curious in such matters, can try it:—"Just before going to bed, eat two pig's feet and a cold apple pie. In less than an hour you will see a snake larger than a hawser, devouring eight blue-haired children which have just escaped from a monster with sorrel eyes and a red hot overcoat."

DISCRETION.—Lord Mansfield, who was no less eminent for his great acquirements than the acuteness of his understanding, was once asked by a country gentleman, whether he should take upon himself the office of a justice of the peace, as he was conscious of a want of legal knowledge. "My good friend," replied this sagacious lawyer, "you have good sense, honesty, and coolness of temper; these qualities will enable you to judge rightly, but withhold your reasons of decision, for they may be disputable."

SCIENCE ON COMMON THINGS.

INFLUENCE OF CLOUDS UPON THE WIND.—As passing clouds screen the direct heat of the sun from the earth, they diminish the rarefaction of the air also; and this is one of the causes why the strength and currents of air are not uniform.

WHY WATER ROLLS OFF FROM THE LEAVES OF THE CABBAGE AND POPPY.—The reason is, because the leaves are covered with a very fine waxen powder, over which the drops roll without wetting the surface, as they would over dust.

BLOW PIPE.—A blow pipe is a tube, usually bent near the end, terminated with a finely pointed nozzle for blowing through the flame of a lamp or gas jet; and producing thereby a small conical flame, possessing very intense heat.

SIMMERING.—Simmering is a gentle tremor or undulation on the surface of the water. When water simmers, the bubbles collapse beneath the surface, and steam is condensed into water again; but when water boils, the bubbles rise to the surface and steam is thrown off.

MELTING OF A PIECE OF SUGAR.—If you hold a piece of sugar in a spoon at the top of your tea, it will melt quicker than if dropped to the bottom. The reason is, as the tea becomes sweetened it falls to the bottom by its own specific gravity, and fresh portions of unsweetened tea are brought constantly in contact with the lump of sugar till all is dissolved.

WHEN A BLACK TEAPOT IS WANTED AND WHEN A METAL ONE.—When it is necessary to set the teapot on the stove "to draw," a black one is best, because it does not reflect the heat, but absorbs it; but when it is to be set upon the table, a polished one is best, because it radiates the heats very slowly, and therefore keeps the tea hot for a longer time.

HONEY DEW.—Honey dew is a sweet liquid deposited in Autumn upon the under surfaces of leaves by a very small insect called the aphid. It is very injurious to the leaves, as it fills the pores in them with a thick, clammy liquid, on account of which the leaves cannot perform their necessary functions, and in a short time they turn to a dingy yellow. Ants are very fond of the honey dew, and will crawl up the loftiest trees to obtain it.

DRUMMOND LIGHT.—A Drummond light is the ignited flame of a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen projected against lime; the lime becomes intensely luminous, and forms the well known Drummond light.

SINGING OF A KETTLE.—When the water simmers the kettle sings; because the air escapes by fits and starts through the spout of the kettle, which makes a noise like a wind instrument. But when the water boils, the air escapes in one continuous stream and not by fits and starts.

WAX CANDLES NEVER NEED SNUFFING.—The reason why wax candles never need snuffing, is because the wick of a wax candle is made of very fine thread, which the heat of the flame is sufficient to consume. The wick of a tallow candle is made of coarse cotton, which is too substantial to be consumed, and therefore must be removed with snuffers.

THE CAUSE OF CURRENTS OF AIR FROM THE EQUATOR TO THE POLES.—The air around the equator constantly ascends in consequence of being rarified by the heat of the sun; as the hot equatorial air descends, cold air from the North and South flows towards the equator to restore the equilibrium, thus causing currents of air.

LOOKING AT THE SUN.—If a person looks at the sun for a few moments, all other things are dark, because the pupil of the eye becomes so contracted that it is too small to collect a sufficient number of rays of light so as to enable it to distinguish colors. But after a few minutes it dilates again, and so accustoms itself to the light.

DANGER OF LEANING AGAINST A WALL DURING A THUNDER STORM.—It is dangerous to lean against a wall during a thunder storm, because the lightning will sometimes run down a wall, and if a man were leaning against the wall, the lightning would leave the wall and run down the man, because the man is a better conductor than the wall.

THE CAUSE OF PETRIFICATION.—While water rolls under ground, its impurities are held in solution by the presence of carbonic acid; but when the stream reaches the open air, its carbonic acid escapes, and these impurities are precipitated on various substances lying in the course of the stream. These impurities are principally carbonate of lime and iron.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

SUNDAY LAW IN PHILADELPHIA.—We are pleased to record the complete triumph in Philadelphia of the Sunday law against liquor selling. The firmness with which the Mayor has enforced the statute, has met with the hearty approval of all good citizens; and the bad men who at first resolved to brave the law, have found themselves impotent in its rigid grasp. There is a statute, approved only last Spring by the Governor of Pennsylvania, which bears with a heavier pressure upon these violators of law than either they or the public were aware. It declares that if any person who is licensed to sell liquor shall do so in violation of any existing statute, his license shall be taken from him. We hope to see this rigidly enforced against each and all of those who have been held to bail by the Mayor, in case the violation of the Sunday law is proved on trial.

What has been done in Philadelphia, can be done in New York and other large cities. All that is needed, is a resolute purpose to do their duty on the part of the public authorities.

CHOIR SINGING.—A correspondent of the New York Musical Review, writing from some where in New England, talks to the point in the matter of choir singing. He says, in describing the scene at the village church where he attended worship:—"The singing was good, but it was all done by the choir. The people sat in silence, while twelve singers, a melodeon and a violoncello, performed that only part of Divine Worship in which ALL, saint and sinner, young and old, can be easily induced to take part. If I were the Musical Review, gentlemen, I should oppose the choir system, root and branch. I should urge the churches to employ each a competent person—and employ him permanently—whose duty should be, first, to lead the singing on Sunday; second, and chiefly, to make the whole congregation a choir, dividing the people into suitable classes, and devoting three evenings a week to their instruction. He should undertake the musical education of the church, in fact; and drill all the people into harmony. Think of this, Messrs. Editors. Consider the many advantages that would arise from a general diffusion

of a knowledge of music, and imagine the truly great effect of a whole congregation rising and singing with one voice, and one heart, and one tune. A choir! Why, the performance of the best choir that ever played pranks in a gallery is tame and mean compared with that of a large assembly, even though they sing with a tolerable degree of correctness. Have you ever heard of any musical performance equal in sublime effect to the Doxology, when sung at the Tabernacle by four thousand voices, at the close of an anniversary? I have not. Yet I have heard the best singers, the largest orchestras, the most thrilling operas, and the grandest oratorios, that either continent has known. Down with the choir system, I say."

WAR.—How little do we think of the fearful horrors of war, while reading the exciting accounts of battles, sieges, sorties, and victories. We sympathise with one or the other of the contending parties, and feel a secret pleasure when news is brought that a terrible slaughter has been made by the armies fighting in the cause that meets our approval; and our pleasure is heightened if the list of killed and wounded numbers thousands instead of hundreds. That the right—or what we regard as the right—is prevailing over oppression and wrong, forms the groundwork of pleasure; yet, how much would it be tempered, if we suffered our thought to dwell upon the actual horrors of the conflict, and the awful sufferings that follow. If a friend or neighbor meets with a painful casualty, how are all our sympathies quickened into activity! We feel a shudder, it may be, creeping along every nerve, as in imagination we realize his condition. We grow sick at heart, and turn away from the spectacle even of a crushed hand or limb. Yet what a feather in the balance are these compared with the awful mutilations that follow the maddening shock of armies!

But, not alone to the camp and the battlefield are limited the horrors of war. Not alone on the Danube are now felt the evils deplored by every heart that can feel a touch of humanity. Everywhere in the East falls the curse of war. Even in Constantinople, all business is stagnant, but little money is to be

seen, and some are dying of hunger, thirst, nakedness, and disease. Rats and mice are eaten by many of the starving, and people who a few months since were rich, now beg for bread. We make a great outcry in this country if, from some slight causes, there is a scarcity of money, or a dull business season, requiring the extravagant to omit their lavish expenditure, and all to cut off a few superfluities. But who suffers a diminution of healthy food, or a defect of warm clothing? None who will honestly labor for it. Our people neither appreciate fully their own blessings, nor truly sympathize with the sad condition in which so many nations of the earth are fallen.

SINGING IN FAMILY WORSHIP.—"That most charming part of domestic worship, singing the praises of God," says the Presbyterian, "it is much to be regretted has fallen to a great extent into disuse. Either from the hurry or weariness of business in this driving age, or from the want of cultivating, at the most favorable period, a taste for music, or from a decline of interest in the service itself, one now seldom hears, at the morning and evening household-worship,

"'Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name;'

nor indeed any other sacred song."

The Scottish Free Church Record, speaking of a similar state of things in that country, says: "Scotland could once boast of the day when the voice of praise ascended from almost every hearth. How seldom the sound is now heard by the passer-by! which some one has remarked, was like the scarlet thread hung out on the walls of Jericho to bear witness that God was acknowledged in that house. Philip Henry says: 'Those do well that pray morning and evening in their families; those do better who pray and read the Scriptures; but those do best of all who pray, and read, and sing psalms.' Nothing tends more to enliven family worship and render it interesting, than singing; and the influence of the music may long endure when youthful associations are recalled in after years. By the introduction of this practice among his children and domestics, the head of a house has peculiar opportunities of aiding in the revival of sacred music; it is productive of many advantages both to the members of the family and to the

Church at large, and an interest in the psalmody is excited which would extend to public occasions."

PUNISHING CHILDREN.—Miss Swisshelm makes this very sensible remark, which we commend to all who have the care of children:—"Punishment for children should consist, at most, in restraint, and that no more than is necessary to overcome their resistance and make them feel the parent or guardian is stronger than they—that they can restrain them and will, but only for their benefit. No punishment should assume the appearance of revenge, and should always be administered by a person in perfect command of his or her own temper. No one should attempt to govern a child until he has acquired the art of governing himself."

In what a different spirit is punishment usually administered! The parent bears and forbears until patience is exhausted, and then blows are given in anger, and wrong to the body and mind inflicted. It may be safely said that no child ever received punishment in anger that was not injured rather than benefited.

FANATICAL STREET PREACHERS.—There are a parcel of restless fanatics in our country, who do a large amount of evil in the name of religion. Some of these are engaged in Sunday street preaching. They do not belong to the humble, earnest, conscientious class of men, who, for years, have been lifting their voices in the market-houses and in by-places where the sound of Gospel truth, but for them, is never heard—who have assailed none for a different faith—who have never provoked any except to good works. No; they belong not to these; but to a far different class. As to religion, they know nothing of its pure, holy, unselfish aspirations. They are mere fanatics, intent on rousing, for some selfish ends, the evil passions of their fellow men. Such are the street preachers who have recently done so much harm in Boston, New York, and Brooklyn—turning the peaceful Sabbath into a day for the excitation of the most hellish passions. We cannot better express our view of the matter than by adopting the words of the Ledger: "Christianity teaches individuals to respect the rights of others, but when we see them doing all they can to insult people, and pro-

voke them to a fight, reckless of the public peace, we are inclined to believe that the spirit which animates the actors is the spirit of the devil, and that they but steal the livery of Heaven in which to do their mischievous work. Religion! fie! True religion would weep tears of bitterness at such a desecration of her holy name—such a sad perversion of her principles.”

DEATH OF FANNY FORRESTER.—As “Mrs. Judson,” the subject of this paragraph was known only to the few, but as “Fanny Forrester,” her memory is dear to a large number, who have never ceased to regret the withdrawal of her starry radiance from the literary firmament. Since her return from Burmah, after the death of her husband, Dr. Judson, her health has steadily declined; and, on the 1st of June, in Hamilton County, New York, she passed through the gate of mortality to the better land towards which her pure spirit aspired. The New York Recorder says:—“Her sickness has been long, and her life has hung in a doubtful scale since the early spring; but gradually and gently she has sunk to her rest, and thousands will miss her quiet and gentle influence from the many circles which, by her intelligence and virtue, she has delighted and adorned.”

MAN'S UNCHARITABLENESS.—The New York Sun makes the following very just remarks, which we beg all who suffer themselves to get unduly excited because, in the progress of events, all does not move on according to their peculiar notions of things, to read, ponder, and digest:

“If the Sovereign of the Universe were as uncharitable as His human creatures who inhabit this earth, the whole human race would long since have been swept away in His wrath. Men who would rend this Union to pieces, because some real or imaginary evil enters into its Constitution, and has become the object of their ungovernable hatred, might study with profit the long suffering forbearance of the Great Ruler. But poor, foolish man makes but a sad use of the lessons which the merciful Providence of the Supreme Lawgiver teaches.

“Instead of loving, he hates; instead of cultivating charity, he harbors malice and gives the rein to his worst passions. Instead of patiently endeavoring to reform evils, he, too

often, is ready to rush into the wildest extremes. He follows impulse, when sober reason should guide.

“Strange, too, that the men who have the least charity, who are ready to proscribe, persecute, and destroy in the achievement of their purposes, claim to be the most zealous servants, the most loyal soldiers of the King of Heaven. Paul once thought he was doing God's service, when he was a persecutor and fighting against God. In this respect Paul has had many imitators. In his uncharitableness he has many followers; in his labors of love but few out of the great human family of the present day.”


DEATH OF MADAME SONTAG.—Madame Sontag, the distinguished vocalist, died of cholera, in the city of Mexico, on the 17th of June—some accounts say the 18th. She was attacked by the fatal disease on the 11th, and on the 16th was better; but relapsed and died. The event has caused a painful sensation in musical circles. No singer maintained a fairer reputation than Madame Sontag, or was more highly esteemed in virtuous private circles.

FORCE OF IMAGINATION.—A son of Mr. Wm. Booth, of Covington, Ky., was bitten by a dog about eight weeks ago, but the wound healed up, and he thought no more about it, until a few days ago, when a man died there of hydrophobia. He soon after became impressed with the belief that he was laboring under the disease. Medical assistance was called in, and a quantity of blood was taken from him, after which opiates were administered, and he slept for nearly ten hours. When he awoke he called for water, of which he drank profusely, apparently forgetful of the night-mare which had previously haunted him. The consequence was that he became satisfied that he had been laboring under a hallucination. The water broke the spell, and he is now perfectly recovered. Who can tell how many fatal results have attended similar distorted imaginings?

The above is from an exchange. We have heard it gravely questioned whether hydrophobia in the human species invariably follows the bite of a rabid animal. Many of the cases that do occur have been attributed more to fearfully excited imaginations, than to the poison existing in the saliva of the dog. An instance like the above shows what a singular

power the mind possesses over the functions of the body, and may well be kept in memory as a check upon the imagination.

PLURALITY OF WORLDS.—It is said that Sir David Brewster is writing a reply to the late work which denies the theory of a plurality of worlds. His book will be entitled "More Worlds than One, the Creed of the Philosopher and the Hope of the Christian." We notice by the London papers that the non-plurality work is creating a great sensation. The author is said to be Dr. Whewell. His work is one of ability; but he is undoubtedly on the wrong side.

 The New York city "Temperance Alliance" is steadily doing the good work of suppressing the illegal traffic in liquors; and proving, that if laws are made to suppress the sale of intoxicating drinks altogether, they can be executed in New York. Is it not a disgraceful admission, that laws made for the protection of the weak and innocent, and for the repression of vice, cannot be carried out in a large city? They can be executed if the better class of the community will only do their duty honestly and fearlessly.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"Atherton and other Tales. By Mary Russell Mitford." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. A new story from the pen of the author of "Our Village," must receive a cordial welcome; and the more so from the fact that it is not only the longest, but in all probability the last production of her pen, with which the public will ever be favored. The circumstances under which Atherton, which occupies about one hundred and fifty pages of the volume, was written, are thus related in the preface, which gives a few glimpses of the author's individual life:—

"Ten months before, I had had a very severe accident, having been thrown from my little pony-carriage, on the hard gravel road of a friend's park. No bones were broken; but the jar had affected every nerve, and, falling upon a highly rheumatic subject, had left the limbs and body crippled and powerless. There was, however, something to be expected from the great restorer, Time; and during the Summer I had been lifted down stairs, and driven through our beautiful lanes, in hopes that the blessed air, to which I had been almost as much accustomed as a gypsy, would prove a still more effectual remedy.

"But the season was peculiarly unfavorable. I gained no strength. The Autumn found me again confined to my room; wheeled with difficulty from the bed to the fireside; unable to rise from my seat, to stand for a moment, to put one foot before another; and, when lifted into bed, incapable of turning or moving in the slightest degree whatever. Even in writing, I was often obliged to have the ink-glass held for me, because I could not raise my hand to dip the pen in the ink.

"In this state, with frequent paroxysms of pain, was the greater part of 'Atherton' written. It was concluded during a severe attack of influenza, —concluded because it lay upon my mind as an engagement to be fulfilled, a debt to be discharged; and there was less risk in the exertion than in the anxiety.

"I have told this story, not so much as an excuse for faults or shortcomings, since I well know that the public looks, and has a right to look, to the quality of a work, and not to the circumstances under which it has been produced; I tell it as a fact rather than an apology, and most surely not as a complaint. So far, indeed, am I from murmuring against that will which alone knows what is best for us all, that I cannot be sufficiently thankful to the merciful Providence, which, shattering the frame, left such poor faculties as were originally vouchsafed to me undimmed and unclouded; enabling me still to live by the mind, and not only to enjoy the never-wearying delight of reading the thoughts of others, but even to light up a sick chamber, and brighten a wintry sky, by recalling the sweet and sunny valley which formed one of the most cherished haunts of my happier years."

A very spirited likeness accompanies the volume. For sale by Martien.

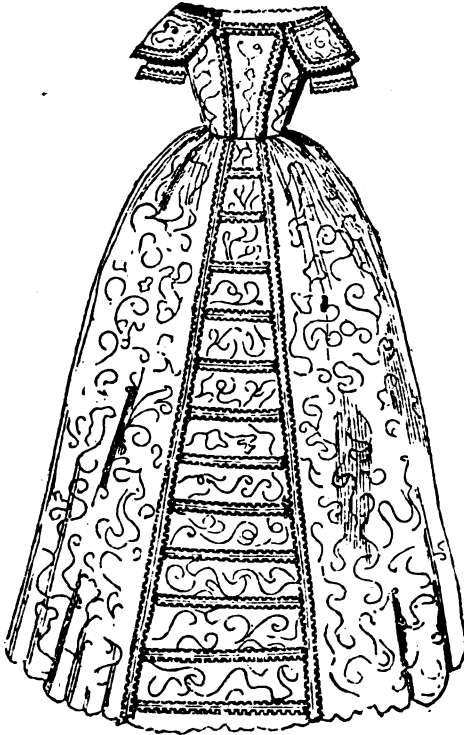
—"Flora Lindsay; or, Passages in an Eventful Life," by Mrs. Moodie, author of "Roughing it in the Bush." Dewitt & Davenport New York. Under the guise of a novel, Mrs. Moodie has in this volume given us an autobiography of her eventful life, prior to her emigration to America. There is a great deal of dry, quiet humor about Mrs. Moodie that keeps one in good spirits all through her books. Those who have read "Roughing it in the Bush," will naturally feel a desire to know what happened in the life of their excellent friend before her emigration to Canada, and "Flora Lindsay" will give them the opportunity. The volume is published in very neat style. For sale by Peterson.

"Life in Abyssinia. Being Notes collected during Three Years' Residence and Travels in that Country, by Mansfield Parkyns." Two volumes. Published by Appleton & Co. "A trustworthy narrative," says the Home Journal, "of a nine years' sojourn in a far and savage country, whereof we have few authentic accounts. There is enough of novelty and strange adventure in these two volumes to satisfy the most inveterate devourer of romance. The vein of the history is vivacious and cheerful, the style free, spirited and perspicuous, and altogether the work is one of the most entertaining we have taken up for many a day." It is handsomely illustrated with many engravings, exhibiting the scenery and manners and customs of the country. For sale by Henderson & Co.

—Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston, have published in a large and handsome octavo volume, "The Poets and Poetry of the Ancient Greeks. With an Historical Introduction and a brief view of Grecian Philosophers, Orators and Poets and Historians," by Abraham Mills, A. M., author of "The Literature and Literary Men of Great Britain and Ireland." It is for sale by Martien.

—E. T. Young, New York, sends us a neat edition in six uniform volumes of "Tales for the Rich and Poor," by T. S. Arthur. They are "Retiring from Business;" "Making Haste to be Rich;" "Rising in the World;" "Riches have Wings;" "Debtor and Creditor," and "Keeping up Appearances."

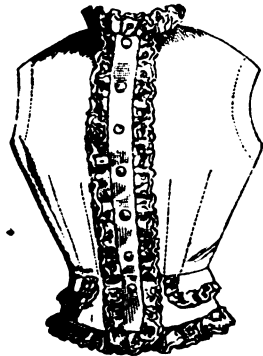
—From Peterson, we have "Records of the Bubbleton Parish; or, Papers from the Experience of an American Minister." Published by A. Tompkins and E. B. Mussey & Co., Boston.



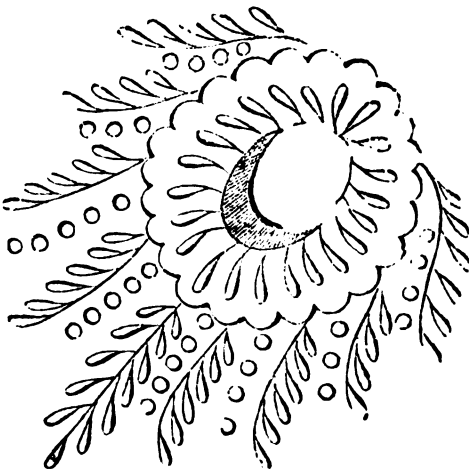
INFANT'S DRESS.



CORNER FOR POCKET HDKF.



CHEMISETTE.



PATTERN FOR EMBROIDERY.



UNDER SLEEVE.

A 10x10 grid of dots where the dots are arranged to form the number 1010101010. The number is written in a stylized, blocky font. The '1's are formed by a single vertical column of dots, and the '0's are formed by a 2x5 grid of dots.



Albion

THE HOUSE OF THE FUTURE

THE HOUSE OF THE FUTURE

Albion

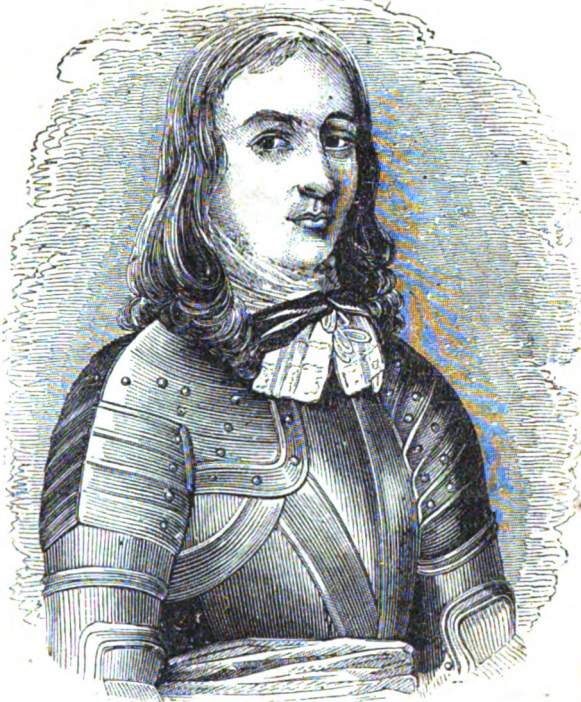




BRIDGETOWN, BARBADOES.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA: SEPTEMBER, 1854.



RICHARD CROMWELL.

ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

RICHARD AND DOROTHY CROMWELL.

BY WILLIAM H. CARPENTER.

The pleasantest episode in the life of Oliver Cromwell is that which relates to the courtship and marriage of his son Richard with Dorothy Major, the fair daughter of Richard Major, Esq., of Hursley Manor, Hampshire. All contemporary authorities accord to Richard Cromwell great amiability of disposition. His father, however, who evidently entertained a great affection for him, accuses him of a want of spirit and energy. Indeed, the affectionate softness of character which belonged

to Richard Cromwell was little calculated to find favor in the eyes of the sterner portion of the religionists, who seemed to have regarded his known attachments to many of the younger cavaliers as a dereliction from the path of duty.

But that very simplicity and ingenuousness, which met with their puritanic disapprobation, evidently attracted his father the more strongly towards him. Bold, ardent, ambitious, and uncompromising as Cromwell evinced himself

during his public career, in his domestic life, he was a tender husband and an affectionate father; and however much he may have sighed to think that the gentle nature of Richard wholly unfitted him for becoming a leader in

the terrible drama then enacting, he loved him perhaps the more for possessing those milder and more humane qualities which the grim puritan leaders were disposed to regard as weaknesses.



DOROTHY CROMWELL.

How Richard first became acquainted with the gentle Dorothy, the biographers do not tell us, but as early as 1648 a proposition of marriage in behalf of the young couple was made to the future Lord Protector by a mutual friend. Oliver responded promptly and favorably, although he more than hinted that he had been offered, on the score of wealth and lineage, a far more advantageous match for his son. On the whole, however, he stated that he should prefer Richard to wed the Hampshire maiden, provided the marriage settlements could be satisfactorily arranged. These settlements seemed at first to offer an insuperable difficulty. Oliver and the father of Dorothy were both prudent men, and though both were desirous of seeing their children happily settled, neither of them felt justified in acceding to the propositions of the other. A year

passed in correspondence, and at its close the matrimonial scheme seemed as far off as ever. How the young couple bore up under repeated disappointments we are only left to imagine, but we may suppose that their mutual inclinations led each of them to urge their respective parents to a more speedy issue. The father of Dorothy seems to have been the first to re-open, through a third party, a correspondence which had been suffered to drop. Somewhere about a fortnight after the execution of Charles the First, Cromwell, in answer to a letter from Mr. Major, expressing his willingness to continue the previous negotiations, advises him that he has sent Richard down to Hampshire to make his personal court to the young lady, of whose beauty and good qualities we infer that, up to this period, Richard only knew from report. The reception of Richard was so

flattering, that two weeks later Cromwell writes to Mr. Major, thanking him warmly for his civilities, and expressing a hope that the affair might be speedily consummated, for writes Oliver, "the report of the virtue and godliness of your daughter has so great a place in my heart, that I think fit not to neglect anything on my part which may conduce to a close of the business, if God please to dispose the young ones' hearts thereunto."

There was no difficulty on that score—the "young ones" speedily found favor in each other's sight. Richard and Dorothy were already billing and cooing as all lovers will. In the green lanes of old Hampshire they wandered together, wrapt in pleasant thoughts, and in a world of their own making became oblivious to the civil strife which still agitated the kingdom. Little cared the humble-minded Richard that his father bore the title of Lord-General, or that foreign nations began to look up to him as the foremost man in all England. We can picture the reluctance with which he parted from Dorothy when ordered up to London to resume his duties, and the tearful misgivings of both lest they should never meet again. To some extent, indeed, their fears were not without foundation. Both fathers were willing for the match, but they were both men of business, and were not to be moved by lovers' rhapsodies while a difference existed on the score of marriage settlements. If Oliver had achieved, in public estimation, a higher rank, Mr. Major was still the richer man of the two. Oliver had, indeed, a large interest in certain estates sequestered by order of Parliament, which he offered to make over to his son, but Mr. Major was a cautious man, and regarded the legal tenure of such property rather dubious. So negotiations went slowly on; Oliver stipulating that the manor of Hursley should be settled on the young couple, and Mr. Major requiring for Richard's portion what he regarded as simply a valid equivalent. Oliver responds frankly and generously: he intimates that, in a pecuniary point of view, Richard could do better, but that Dorothy has won the heart of the Lord-General, as well as that of his son. "Indeed, sir," he writes on the 14th of March, 1649, "indeed, sir, I have not closed with a far greater offer of estate, but rather chose to fix here. I hope I have not been wanting to Providence in this." The

propositions were modified on both sides; Oliver yields a little, and Mr. Major yields a little, and there is now a prospect that the course of true love will, for the future, run smooth. During this period Oliver was busied with preparations for that terrible invasion of Ireland, which has left so deep an impression of awe upon the minds of its people. In the multitude of business in which he is involved, he does not forget Richard, whose ardor is breaking out into sallies of impatience. Oliver smiles a grim smile at the restlessness of his son, and urges Mr. Major to a speedy completion of the matter between them. Richard is anxious to rejoin Dorothy, he writes, "*and I perceive he minds that more than to attend to business here.*" There are very few will blame Richard for preferring the company of Dorothy Major to the harassing duties imposed upon him by the warlike genius of his father. Oliver, himself, seems to have regarded his son's delinquency with an affectionate sympathy that wins upon our regard involuntarily. The stern leader of the Ironsides, the bold and uncompromising antagonist of royalty, he, whom the cavaliers looked upon with horror, as the most daring and remorseless of regicides, herein shows himself a tender father, eager to promote the happiness of his son, and willing to forego many worldly advantages to accomplish a result so desirable. By concessions which nearly strip him bare of present means, he finally succeeds in his object. The preliminaries are all satisfactorily arranged. Richard hastens to rejoin the gentle Dorothy, whose modest but joyous welcome of the truant no one can doubt. Old Mr. Major, puritan as he is, nods a grave approval, and in a week or two afterwards the young couple, after solemnly pledging themselves to be all in all to each other through whatever of sunshine and shadow may chequer their future life, are duly installed in possession of Hursley Manor, which is henceforth to become their home.

For a brief season Oliver throws aside state affairs, and participates in the festivities by which the marriage is succeeded. Perhaps he might have been content to have lingered many days among the peaceful glades of Hursley, but his troops awaited their leader, and in a few weeks he was on his way to Ireland. At Bristol a pleasant letter from Mr. Major awaited him, and to this he replies.

After expressing himself glad to hear that the young people are enjoying themselves, he writes concerning Dorothy, whose piety and general goodness of heart appear to have impressed him more favorably. "I assure you, sir, I wish her well, and I believe she knows it. I pray you tell her for me I expect she will write often to me, by which I shall understand how all your family doth, and she will be kept in same exercise." Richard next comes in for his share of remembrance. "I have delivered my son up to you, and I hope you will counsel him; he will need it, and I believe he likes well what you say, and will be advised by you." The letter closes with "heartly affections" to Mrs. Major, and "the same to my cousin Anne, to whom I wish a good husband."

From this period, and during one of the bloodiest campaigns on record, Cromwell continues to write at intervals to his "beloved brother Richard Major" in the same genial and domestic strain. Now chiding Dorothy for not having written to him; now rebuking Richard for his idleness. Early the following year he sends his grandfatherly congratulations to Dorothy, and a little later, while on his march against the Scots, he writes from Northumberland to ask "how the little brat doth." "I could chide both father and mother for their neglect of me." He says, "I know my son is idle, but I had better thoughts of Doll; I doubt now her husband hath spoiled her; pray, tell her so from me." What follows is very touching. "*If I had as good leisure as they, I should write sometimes.*" There is a reproachful pathos about this little sentence, which reveals a world of tenderness in the heart of the fierce old puritan leader.

Immediately after the wonderful victory of Dunbar, Oliver writes to Mr. Major—"Pray tell Doll I do not forget her nor her little brat. She writes very cunningly and complementally to me; I expect a letter of plain dealing from her. * * * * *. I wish a blessing upon her and her husband. The Lord make them fruitful in all that is good. They are at leisure to write often, but, indeed, they are both idle and worthy of blame." How fondly Oliver yearns towards his children! And so it continued to be as long as long as he lived. Under the protectorate he evinced the same earnest desire for their happiness. Now chiding Richard for his extravagance; now congratulating Dorothy

for her prudence and goodness. Indeed, Dorothy was deserving of all praise. The easy and amiable disposition of Richard predisposed him to be led astray, and it was not always he could resist those temptations, which in the eyes of the Puritans were regarded as snares to perdition. But Dorothy gently restrained his wanderings, and led him along the path of duty with so loving a hand, that he was fain to yield himself wholly to her guidance, and to repay her assiduous care for his welfare with the most devoted affection. How they continued to live and love—what vicissitudes they passed through after the death of stalwart Oliver; how Richard resigned a station the burthen of which was greater than the honor; how he became a wanderer abroad, while Dorothy sat sorrowfully in the old manor house at Hursley; how they were re-united and passed down the vale years in serene happiness; how Dorothy was first gathered to the company of angels, and how Richard lived to a patriarchal age, honored and beloved, but never forgetful of his darling gone before; must be left to the imagination of the reader, inasmuch as the relation would be too long for the purposes of this rude sketch.

AMSTERDAM.

See engraving.

It is interesting to mark the causes of that commercial pre-eminence which the Dutch enjoyed for so long a period, and equally to inform ourselves touching those which led to its decay. Without attending to the former, it will not be easy to comprehend how a people, placed apparently in the most unpromising circumstances, should be able to conquer formidable natural obstacles, and to raise themselves to a higher pitch of prosperity than those countries enjoying far greater natural advantages. Let us conceive a country whose only attraction, even in its present improved state, consists in the evidence which is everywhere found, of the unwearied industry and perseverance of the inhabitants. When first peopled, it could have been little better than a marsh or morass, which secured those who resorted to it from their enemies, and thus afforded them the opportunity of applying themselves to those arts which were capable of improving their condition. The neighboring seas abound-

ed in fish, and Cæsar describes the Bataviæ, who then inhabited Holland, as deriving their subsistence from the fishery.

They were driven to this element for food, the soil being unfavorable for cultivation, while it was only preserved from inundation by constant exertion in constructing and keeping in repair the embankments which confined the ocean within safe bounds. Thus labor and frugality, the true sources of wealth, were imposed upon them as conditions of their existence. As their wants increased, not only the materials for clothing, but food for their support could only be obtained in sufficient abundance by intercourse with other countries; and the multiplicity of their wants necessarily directed their energies towards commerce and navigation, as, at an earlier period, they had been forced to look to the sea for a supply of food. In the fourteenth century an individual discovered the mode of curing and preserving herrings, and this valuable commodity, which could be exchanged for the products of every country in Europe, gave a great impulse to the shipping and trade of Holland, which soon became of greater extent than any country had yet possessed in modern times. "Yet," as Sir William Temple remarks, "they have no native commodities towards the building or rigging the smallest vessels; their flax, hemp, pitch, wood and iron coming all from abroad, as wool does for clothing men, and corn for feeding them." Their wants exceeded those which the natives of other countries experienced, and yet, wanting, they were most abundantly supplied with all things by their commercial activity; and, to quote the same writer, Holland grew rich "by force of industry, by improvement and manufacture of all common growths; by being the general magazine of Europe, and furnishing all parts with whatever the market wants or invites; and by their seamen being, as they were properly called, the carriers of the world."

It is singular that Amsterdam, the most incommodious port of Holland, should have become the greatest resource of trade and shipping, but here flowed the trade of Europe and India once enjoyed by Lisbon and Antwerp, while Helvoet-Sluis, the only tolerable harbor on the coast, was without any trade. The whole history of Dutch commerce, however, teaches us not to rely too much on natural ad-

vantages, or to attribute it too little to the efficacy of moral causes.

Antwerp was more favorably situated than Amsterdam; it was also, like Amsterdam, near the mouths of great rivers, and in the centre of Europe, which fitted it to be an emporium for the north and south; but the horrors of war and the spirit of tyranny ruined the trade of Antwerp, and in 1585 the city was taken, after a siege, by the Spaniards.

In the seventeenth century, when the prices of provisions were higher in Holland than in England, the Dutch undersold the English manufacturer in foreign markets.

English cloths were sent to Holland in a white state, as the Dutch mode of dyeing and dressing then was superior to their own, although this was the great staple manufacture of England. The population of Holland was, in truth, more orderly and industrious, and better accustomed to continuous labor than the English workmen of two centuries ago; and it was, therefore, natural that they should reap all the advantages of their superiority.

MAKE HASTE.

BY BLANCHE BENNAIRDE.

The hours are hurrying away,
The minutes swiftly fly;
While evening closely follows day,
Make haste, make haste, they cry.

If you would gain the golden prize,
If you would honor win,
Make haste, for Time before you flies,
To loiter is a sin.

Make haste, and cultivate the mind;
For knowledge is true gold
Without alloy, and well refined,
Yet neither bought nor sold.

Make haste, if friendship you would gain,
And show a friendly face.
Make haste, would you relieve from pain,
And bless the human race.

Make haste, and work while 'tis to-day,
To-morrow is too late;
Make haste, nor idly stop to play,
Would you be good and great.

Make haste, when young; when old, make haste;
This life is never long;
Make haste, make haste, no moment waste,
The burden of my song.



CHAPTERS ON BIRDS.

NUMBER TWO.

THE MOCKING BIRD.

This desirable cage-bird receives its name from its amazing powers of imitation, being able to mock the song of almost every species of bird, as well as the voice of various other animals, and many artificial sounds. Its own song, however, is bold, full, and exceedingly varied; and in confinement it is well nigh as free and energetic in singing as when in its native forests.

The Mocking Bird is a native of most parts of America and the West Indies. Its general color is ashy, paler beneath. But though it is no rival of most singing-birds in the beauty of its plumage, its own sweet notes, no less than its peculiar and wonderful power of imitation, render it an especial favorite of all. "He whistles for the dog," says Wilson, "and Cæsar starts up and runs to meet his master. He squeaks out like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about to protect her injured brood.

The barking of the dog, the mewing of the cat, the creaking of the passing wheel-barrow, follow with great truth and rapidity. He repeats the tune taught him by his master, fully and faithfully. He runs over the quiverings of the canary, or the clear whistlings of the Cardinal Grosbeak, with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters feel their own inferiority, and become altogether silent. During this exhibition of his powers, he spreads his wings, expands his tail, and throws himself around the cage in all the ecstasy of enthusiasm, seeming not only to sing, but to dance, keeping time to the measure of his own music. Both in his native and domesticated state, during the solemn stillness of the night, as soon as the moon rises in silent majesty, he begins his delightful solo, and serenades us the whole live-long night, making the whole neighborhood ring with his inimitable

melody." It is on this account, perhaps, as well as upon the strange variety and wonderful sweetness of his notes, that Audubon has placed the song of the Mocking-Bird far beyond that of the famous singer of Europe—the Nightingale.



THE MOCKING BIRD.

For its nest, the Mocking-Bird generally chooses a solitary briar-bush, or some secluded thicket, though it often builds, especially in the Southern States, where no one thinks of disturbing it, among the trees of the orchard. The eggs are pale green, blotched and spotted nearly all over with umber brown. Two broods are usually produced in a season.

In confinement, the Mocking Bird soon becomes tame and playful. "Successful attempts," says Nuttall, "have been made to breed this bird in the cage. Those, however, which have been captured are accounted the best singers, as they come from the school of nature, and are familiar with their own wood notes wild. The food of the young is thickened meal and water, or meal and milk, mixed occasionally with tender fresh meat, minced fine. Animal food, almost alone, finely divided, and soaked in milk, is at first the only food suited for raising the tender nurslings. Young and old require berries of various kinds, from time to time, such as cherries, strawberries, whortleberries, and the like. In short, any kind of wild fruits of which they are fond, if they are not given too freely, are useful. A

few grasshoppers, beetles, or any insects conveniently to be had, as well as gravel, are also necessary.

"The young male bird," continues the author just cited, "which must be selected as a singer, may be distinguished by the breadth and purity of the white on the wings. In the female, the white is less clear, and extends considerably farther down on the *broad* than on the *narrow* side of the feathers."

THE BULLFINCH.

This pretty bird is common in most parts of England and the continent of Europe. His wild note is a soft, low twitter; but it is remarkably docile, and readily learns to whistle musical airs. To these attractive qualities of beautiful plumage and extreme docility, must be added its capability of strong attachment, which it shows by a variety of little endearing actions; and it has been known even to repeat words with an accent and tone indicative of sensibility, if, as Bechstein observes, one could believe that it understood them.

The food of the Bullfinch consists of the seeds of the fir and pine, the kernels of almost

all kinds of berries, and the buds of the red beech, maple, oak, and pear-trees, and bruised rape, millet, nettle and grass seeds. They live longest upon rape seed steeped in water. They require occasionally some green food, such as

water-cresses, a bit of apple, berries of the service-tree, or salad. Sugar, pastry, or other delicacies, should never be given to them. Water and sand should be kept constantly in the cage.



THE BULLFINCH.

The Bullfinch generally constructs its nest, which is composed of small, dry twigs, in the thickest parts of a black or white thorn hedge. The female lays about four or five bluish-white eggs, marked with dark spots at the larger end. The breeding season is about the latter part of May.

THE CEDAR BIRD.

"This common native wanderer," says Nuttall, "which in the summer extends its migrations to the remotest unpeopled regions of Canada, is also found throughout the American continent to Mexico, and parties occasionally even roam to the tropical forests of Cayenne." By the people of our Western States, it is more commonly known by the name of the Cherry Bird, on account of its fondness for that fruit.

The plumage of the Cedar Bird is soft, silky, and exquisitely fine. The predominant color is a brownish gray, beautifully marked by jet black, white, and yellow. Not unfrequently some of the wing feathers are curiously

ornamented with small oblong appendages, resembling vermillion sealing-wax in appearance.

Being able to brave the tolerably rigorous climate, the Cedar Bird is sometimes seen during the whole winter. About the last of May they appear in closely-flying flocks of from twenty to fifty, making great havoc among the early cherries of which they relish the best and ripest. On the 10th of June, or thereabouts, they begin to build their nests, sometimes fixing on the cedar, but generally choosing the orchard for that purpose. The nest is large for the size of the bird. The eggs are three or four, of a dingy bluish white, thick at the great end, and very narrow at the other; marked with small, roundish spots of black, of various shades; and the great end is of a pale, dull purple tinge, marked likewise with touches of purple and black.

Though, as has been remarked, the Cedar Birds are voracious devourers of cherries, it should also be noticed, to their credit, that few birds are more useful in ridding orchard trees of deadly enemies, and "for hours at a time,

they may seen feeding on the all-despoiling canker-worms which infest our apple-trees." "On these occasions," continues Nuttall, "silent and sedate, after plentifully feeding, they sit dressing their feathers, in near contact on

the same branch, to the number of five or six. An eye-witness assures me that he has seen one, among a row of these birds, seated on a branch, dart after an insect, and offer it to his associate when caught, who very disinterest-



THE CEDAR BIRD.

edly passed it to the next, and each delicately declining the offer, the morsel has proceeded backwards and forwards before it was appropriated."

In the beginning of summer, and in the fall,

when the Cedar Birds are very fat, they are in considerable esteem for the table. Great numbers are brought to the Philadelphia market, where they are sold for from twelve to twenty-five cents a dozen.

FASHIONABLE HOMES.—Why should a boy spend his evenings at home? What is there to charm him in that great mansion that pulses with alternate fever and gloom?—one night, a hot, crowded party of rouged women and silly men; the next, a dull, desolate array of empty chambers, with the tired master of the house snoring on a sofa, and his untiring lady and daughter up stairs dressing for another ball. No fireside comfort to tempt the young man to his home. Everything is huge, and splendid, and dismal; and in self-defence he has to fly.

BE PHILOSOPHICAL.—If you are poor, don't fret yourself, but "take on" philosophy. With it comes contentment. It you are rich, don't fret yourself, lest you become poor. If you are good looking, don't become vain; if ugly, don't get out of humor. In every walk of life there are trials and all things, no less than sunshine and other creamy luxuries. The one side may be "turned to advantage" by philosophy, which is no more than the exercise of good sense, in the stern affairs of life. It is "good" to thus be exercised and exercise. All men and women are better for it—a great deal.

HOME PICTURES FRAMED.

NO. V.

ELLA GRAHAM.

Dear Mr. Arthur:—I have been wishing to tell you about Ella Graham ever since I commenced framing "Home Pictures" for your Gazette, and now that I have got my work all done, and Ella is uppermost in my thoughts, it seems a proper time.

Unlike every other heroine, she is not a lovely girl, has not witching eyes and wavy golden hair, and faultless form and features. Not a bit of that, for she is as round and plump as a duck, and laughs all over, and has the brownest hands, and such a dear, dark brow, that seems as though the shade of a bonnet had never shackled its freedom. Why, only last Sunday she went to church in the village without a bonnet, just a rich black veil flung over her head as carelessly pretty as though she didn't know she had put it there herself.

I sat next to Sallie West, and she jogged me when Ella came in, leading little Alice, and whispered, "That does look sweet, with those fresh half-blown roses and buds and leaves in among the folds of her dark hair, don't it? Oh, Rosa! I do wish that was fashionable!"

And then she felt of the cotton roses on her bonnet, while I slid away to the other end of the pew, and thought of that blessed land where there is no fashion and no sin.

Fashionable! heigho! I tell you, Mr. Arthur, I was vexed enough! Just as though the iron fetters of custom could make the best girl in Sylvan Dell any better, or wiser, or sweeter, or more worthy to be loved. If Sallie West is invited to my next party, Ma or Lyd, or some one else, will ask her besides me; I'll wager a curl of that.

I love all the darling girls in the Dell, but somehow Ella seems kind of dear to me, because she is so sunny hearted and loving, and will cull something good out of everything that happens.

Fred Wharton says she is always so new and fresh, and he would rather hear her talk than to sit and listen to one of Parson Baldridge's best original sermons.

Last Spring she went to Rural Glen to visit her cousin Sammy, and the first time I met her after her return, was the day of the picnic at the Grotto. Fred was her partner, and he said

if she didn't tell us about his rival down among the Morgan County hills, he would. Dear Ella clapped her hand on his mouth, and said if he would keep still she would tell it without the exaggeration that such a scamp would be apt to add. Then when the boys went to put the horses away and feed them, we grouped around Ella, and she commenced:—

"Cousin Sammy lives in a wilder looking place than this is, for the hills are steeper and the masses of tumbled-together rocks are more rugged and jutting, just such a place as made me wish all the dear girls in the Dell were with me. Oh, I could hardly stay in the cottage with so much wild scenery within reach of my eye, hardly coax my feet to rest on cousin Nan's nice carpet for half an hour like well-bred feet ought to; and one morning I thought that just as soon as I could put ties on my silk apron and hem my new brown veil, I would steal off and enjoy a delicious treat all alone.

"It was quite dinner time before I got ready, and cox had a tender chicken browning nicely in the oven, and delicate berry pies out cooling, and sweet potatoes baking all nice enough to flatter her into the belief that she was *the* cook of all cooks.

"I looked at the promising dinner, which was a little extra on cousin's account, and then I walked to the window and leaned over and peeped out, and the glorious grandeur without made me snatch up my bonnet and the first book I found—Childe Harold—and steal off, telling Nannie not to wait dinner if I was a little late. I bounded down past the spring, which was a round jet gushing from the mossiest rocks, but I heard behind me a pleading—'Now, Ella! please, Ella!' as I laughed back wilfully and naughtily.

"Then a thousand little echoes mocked me, and I started and looked around as though I might see the spirits of the wild wood, with long gauzy hair and breezy gossamer wings, flitting about me and hiding among the plumy pines, and from their little spirit-mouths out-bubbling laughter, glad and gurgling, and musical as the laugh and song of rippling rills.

"Oh, I wandered and wandered till I grew so glad, and so much a 'portion of that around me,' that I did forget I had ever lived in the Dell, and that I was cousin Nan's visitor, and could relish a good dinner. With swinging and climbing, and reading, and wishing I

could sketch, so I would have something pretty to show you girls, time glided away, and at last I saw no sunshine only on the highest rocks and trees. I was frightened and shuddered at the thought of being alone in that wild place at night, and gathering up my mosses and posies, I hurried down the rocks to seek out the path by which I came there.

"I must have been bewildered, for I sought a long time before I could find any possible way out of the dark leafy nook, and when I came into a kind of opening, I did not stop to admire or wonder, or raise my hands in delight or awe, but hurried on before nightfall.

"I had been so enchanted with the new and strange scenery on my way there, that I had not observed the path, and when tired and weary I came to a willowy stream, I almost shrieked as I cried out, 'I know I am lost, and no one will ever find me!'

"I sat down beside it, and without thinking a moment, I took off my shoes preparatory to wading it, while the naughty tears stole down my burning cheeks. I knew somebody must live near such a beautiful stream as that, and when I got into it, I stopped and bathed my face and smoothed back my hair, saying consolingly to myself, 'there's no knowing with whom I may meet.'

"After I crossed I had not walked very far until I came in sight of a large white house surrounded by Lombardy poplars and drooping elms, and quite buried in grape vines. The appearance was home-like and good, and I so weary and faint that I did not hesitate or feel like an intruding stranger.

"A middle-aged woman sat on the porch sewing and rocking the cradle, and at first sight she looked good enough to be called 'dear mother' by anybody, but I hushed the wish and only called her 'dear lady.' I told her my trouble, and that I was a cousin of Dr. M.'s, and was on a visit at his house.

"Just as soon as she learned I was the Dr.'s relative, she started up, and smiling a pretty 'indeed!' excused herself a moment, and soon returned in her silk apron and Sunday cap, carrying the big cushioned parlor chair. She told me cousin Sammy lived three miles west of them, and if I would not tarry till morning, her eldest son, Zekel, would take me there that night in the carriage.

"The good lady whispered to Bridget, and

the result was tea in a few minutes. Oh, girls! it was too much pleasure to enjoy all by my own self, and I do wish you had been lost too! The mysterious jars from the topmost shelves had their hoarded contents first broken in upon, their long rest disturbed by the ominous rustle of the close paper covers, all in honor of Miss Ella Graham's visit.

"With many an extra flourish I was introduced to the husband and son Zekel, as Dr. M.'s cousin from Sylvan Dell. Then, after the moon rose, Zekel said perhaps I would prefer a ride on horseback instead of the carriage. I forgot to be Miss Graham, forgot all my assumed dignity, and only as the simple Ella did I reply with a glad clapping of my hands, and 'Oh, that would be glorious!'

"Then while my new gallant got the horses ready, I sat and talked grammatically and rhetorically as I knew how, to the husband about the Nebraska Bill.

"He was a rabid politician, but as I was floundering about out of my own sphere, I could not tell to which party he belonged, so I would agree with him in all he said. It was quite a respectable little parting scene when I shook hands with all of them and bade them good night, and breathed as many blessings on them as would a warm heart from the Green Isle.

"Oh! that was a jolly ride over the woody hills in the glorious moonlight, and the remembrance of it will do me good as long as I live, and love the bright and beautiful things that are strewn all along the great life-path, leading onward and upward to where only the bright and pure and beautiful be!

"The road lay nearly all the way through open woods, and the trees cast great dark shadows, and when we passed an occasional farm, the pinky blooms of the peach trees scattered their fragrance on the breezy night, and the winding road and brooks, and hills, and dark deep dells, all lying under the fair blue sky, and in the richest moonlight, made up a grand picture almost too perfect to be recognized as reality.

"Zekel was an intelligent country school-master, and discoursed freely on any subject, while I was just glad and grateful enough to make me chatty and agreeable. When we reached the big gate and dismounted, and were parting, I took his hard, willing hand in mine, and

talked a little kind talk, as I thanked him for his politeness; and, girls, if it had not been for stern, prim custom, with its wooden rules and heartless proprieties, I would have kissed that honest brown cheek, for my untaught heart told me to, but I only blessed him as I bade him good night!"

Here Ella stopped, and looking down, pulled the edging of her handkerchief, and we were all still, till Hattie Carson said—

"Did he say nothing, Ella?"

"Why, yes," said Ella, hesitatingly, "he held my hand a good long minute, and then he said huskily, and almost in a whisper, he wished I would get lost another time, and he'd find me!"

Here we rude girls joined in a chorus of merry laughter, in which Ella's voice was heard too. Just then the boys came around the hill, and said they had been hid behind us, and heard every single word! Fred shook his curly head at Ella, and said—"If you only had kissed him Ell; if you only had!"

I looked slyly into Fred's eyes to see if he looked threateningly, but I saw a world of true, trusting love there, that said Ella might kiss every one she pleased, and he'd only love her the better.

And so I will leave the pet ones of the Dell laughing over a pic-nic dinner, where the grotto sent up its breath to mingle with the shadows of the old trees. Dear, good Ella!

Sylvan Dell, Ashland County, O. ROSELLA.

THE THOUGHT OF NOVALIS.

BY E. JESSUP EAMES.

It was a thought—worthy of Novalis,

That when *man* lays his hand upon the *human*,
He touches Heaven! Oh! thought of rapturous bliss—

Born of the Beautiful! that did illumine
This truest Soul!—in manly reverence bowing
Unto his Brother—though a meaner clod—
A calm respect unto his *nature* showing,
For *he*, too, wears the likeness of our God!

Lose not *thy* love of reverence, my soul,
But with true loyalty esteem the highest,
And where, *God-like*, seems to thee the highest,
Seek thou to emulate and reach its goal.
Art thou superior? teach thy fellow man
Meekly what *thou* hast done—and what *he* can!

UNDER THE BOUGH.

BY MEETA.

The Spring-time leaves half cumbered
The bough, where frost still slumbered,
And white, white blossoms swinging,
Sweet thoughts and sunshine bringing,
Tapped upon my window-pane
Like a tender, April rain.
Then a little maiden came,
Passing close, the window-frame;
Singing gaily on her way,
Blithe as blue-birds in the May.
I can see her even now,
Underneath that blossomed bough.

When the summer's florid skies
Tipped the leaves with brighter dyes,
Then I watched her ev'ry day,
As she went upon her way;
And my heart gushed out to meet,
Early song, and patting feet,
Coming up the shady lane,
Close, close by the window-pane.
Shaking back her bright brown hair,
From her face, all flushed and fair,
And her placid, child-like brow,
Underneath that summer bough.

Autumn came; the bough now bent,
Thick, with scarlet leaves besprent,
Still I watched and waited there,
At my window on the stair.
But she came not, and each day,
Truant-like did steal away;
As my heart her loss could chide,
And they ran away to hide.
Dropping—dropping, still, the leaves
Rustled sharply, in the eaves,
Yet I watched with anxious brow
Underneath that bare-brown bough.

And she never, never came,
Though I waited all the same,
Just as if her coming feet,
In the wintry snow and sleet,
Sounded on the frosty lane,
Passing by the window-pane,
Then I pictured in the snow,
One bright spot, so green and low,
Where the Spring-time buds would lie,
And the Summer breezes sigh.
Mournfully it rises now,
Underneath the frosted bough.

BRIDGETOWN.

See engraving.

Barbadoes, the largest of the Carribbee Islands, was first occupied by the English. It is twenty-one miles in length, by fourteen in breadth, and nearly every acre of it is in a state of cultivation. There are many good wells upon the island, besides two rivers and several reservoirs for rain; the latter, however, are not so well supplied as the inhabitants would wish. Bridgetown is the principal harbor. The town, as seen from the bay, appears of considerable extent, as it stretches along the shore for the distance of more than two miles, but the houses do not extend farther back than half a mile. Even these limits show it to be what we should call a large town; and the clusters of palm and cocoa-nut trees, which are seen here and there rising among the houses, give it a very pretty and interesting appearance. The surrounding country, however, though agreeable, is deficient in those gently sloping hills or mountainous elevations which form so desirable a background to a scene viewed from the sea. Being the general rendezvous for all the stores of the island, Bridgetown maintains the first rank among the towns of Barbadoes. The streets are clean and neat; the roads are good, and covered with white, soft sand; and the houses pretty and comfortable, though they pretend not to any elegance and architectural beauty. Most of the houses consist of but one floor, and that on the ground; but some have rooms above these, and a few are two stories in height. Generally speaking, they are built of wood, supported by pillars of brick or stone, and have commonly covered balconies in front. The houses principally consist of shops or stores, where, as in most West Indian towns, the merchants do not confine themselves to the sale of one particular article, but trade in everything, so that they may be said to be in opposition to one another. There are several places of worship in Bridgetown besides the cathedral, and a church superior to it in architectural elegance; yet the black population, which far surpasses the white in number, does not appear to derive much benefit from the opportunities thus afforded for religious observances. It is true, crimes of great magnitude are of rare occurrence, but every one cries out

against the little pilferings of the negroes which appear to be so inherent in their nature, and in the success of which they absolutely glory. Business is suspended in Bridgetown at an early hour, the stores being generally closed at four or five in the evening, after which time the Barbadians indulge in festive entertainments, or in a quiet walk by moonlight. In the day time the Barbadians drive about in a horse and gig, one of which almost every one possesses, though four-wheeled carriages are uncommon; in these the ladies go shopping or paying visits, the vehicle being generally driven by a black servant, but sometimes the owner drives himself, when the servant hangs on behind in an inconvenient manner. The Government offices and other public buildings, as well as the residences of the principal inhabitants or official personages, are much superior in taste and elegance to the generality of the buildings, and the interiors are more commodious and better furnished. There is a public library well stocked, but with not many useful books; there are also commercial rooms well conducted, and several good hotels for the accommodation of new comers.

Education is not in a very flourishing condition in Barbadoes; but Bridgetown contains several schools for the gratuitous instruction of the poorer classes, the expenses of which are defrayed by the Government, and the arrangement superintended by the bishop. There is also, about twelve miles from the town, a college, founded at the commencement of the last century, by General Codrington, for the general education in the liberal arts, and for the propagation of moral and religious instruction among the slaves.

LAYING UP WEALTH FOR OUR CHILDREN.—The injurious consequences so frequently flowing from this practice do not seem to secure any very serious attention, else the foolish practice would be less common than it is. It is a moderate estimate that more than a half of those left rich by their parents have become ruined and bankrupt both in business and in moral character. If the efforts of parents were directed more to the right training of their children, and to the formation of good habits and principles in them, there would be fewer such results.



THE BAMBOO.

The bamboo is a native of the hottest regions of Asia. It is likewise to be found in America, but not in that abundance with which it flourishes in the old world. It is never brought into this country in sufficient supply for any useful purposes, being rather an object of curiosity than of utility. But in the countries of its production it is one of the most universally useful plants. "There are about fifty varieties," says Mr. Loudon, in his *Botanical Dictionary*, "of the *Arundo bambos*, each of the most rapid growth, rising from fifty to eighty feet the first year, and the second perfecting its timber in hardness and elasticity. It grows in stools which are cut every two years. The quantity of timber furnished by an acre of bamboos is immense. Its uses are almost without end. In building it forms almost entire houses for the lowest orders, and enters both into the construction and furniture of those of the higher class. Bridges, boats, masts, rigging, agricultural and other implements and machinery; carts, baskets, ropes, nets, sail-cloth, cups, pitchers, troughs, pipes for conveying water, pumps, fences for gardens and fields,

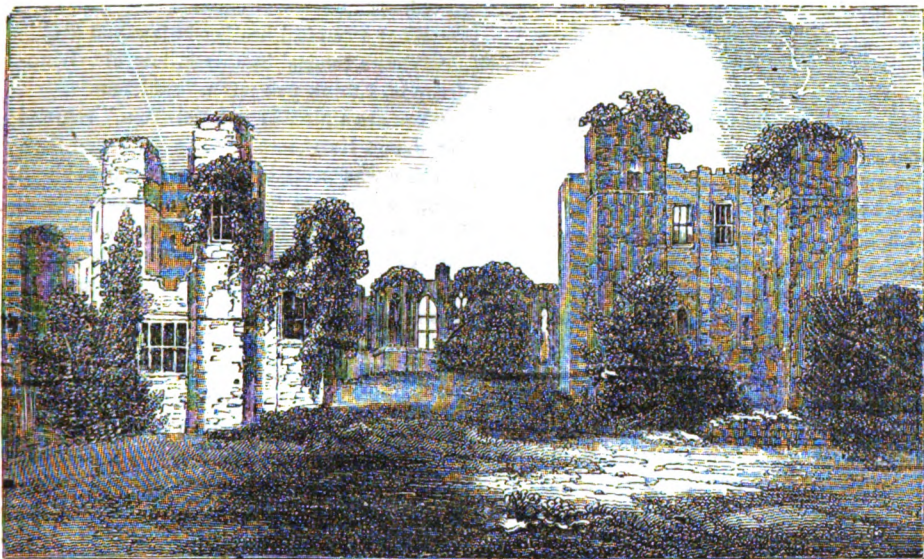
&c., are made of it. Macerated in water it forms paper; the leaves are generally put round the tea sent to Europe; the thick inspissated juice is a favorite medicine. It is said to be indestructible by fire, to resist acids, and, by fusion with alkali, to form a transparent permanent glass."

THE SEASONS.

Hay and corn, and buds and flowers,
Snow and ice, and fruit and wine,—
Spring and summer, fall and winter,
With their suns, and sleet, and showers,
Bring in turn these gifts divine.

Spring blows, summer glows,
Autumn reaps, winter keeps;
Spring prepares, summer provides,
Autumn hoards, winter hides.

Come, then, friends, their praises sound:
Spring and summer, autumn, winter,
Summer, autumn, winter, spring,
As they run their yearly round,
Each in turn with gladness sing!
Time drops blessings as he flies—
Time makes ripe and Time makes wise.



KENILWORTH CASTLE.

One of the most magnificent ruins in England is Kenilworth Castle, in the county of Warwickshire, situated about midway between the towns of Warwick and Coventry. It was founded during the reign of Henry I. by Geoffrey de Clinton, a person of humble origin, who had raised himself to importance, by the superiority of his talents. In 1165 it came into the possession of the crown: but after the accession of King John it was restored to Henry de Clinton, grandson of the founder. The castle is described as built of hewn freestone, the walls being fourteen or fifteen feet in thickness. By a survey made during the reign of James I there were found to be seven acres included within the walls. The circuit of the entire manor was not less than nineteen or twenty miles. The appearance of Kenilworth in its present dilapidated condition is picturesque in the extreme. Much of it is covered and overhung with ivy and other clinging plants, intermixing their evergreen beauty with the venerable tints of the mouldering stonework. The noble moat or lake, as it might more properly be called, in the midst of which it once stood, and which in former times used to be stored with fish and fowls, is now almost dried up. But beside the great hall built by John of Gaunt, the walls of which are still standing, vast portions of the

pile remain in the same dismantled state. The walls of the hall are perforated by a series of lofty windows on each side; and spacious fire-places were formed at both ends. Another remarkable part of the ruin is a tall dark-colored tower, near the centre, supposed to have been built by Geoffrey de Clinton, and to be the only portion now existing of his castle. Like many of the old fortresses, both in England and on the continent, it has obtained the name of *Cæsar's Tower*, probably from the fancy that it was erected by that Conqueror. One of the gate-houses, the work of the Earl of Leicester, is also still nearly entire. The different ruins are still known as *Lancaster's* and *Leicester's* buildings, in memory of their founders. One portion is called *King Henry's apartments*, being that in which it is said King Henry VIII. was wont to lodge. This castle is celebrated as the scene of one of Sir Walter Scott's novels.

FREE RADIATORS OF HEAT.—Wood, leaves, and grass, part with or radiate their heat very quickly; on the other hand, metal which is polished, smooth stones and woollen cloth, retain their heat for a long time. But all leaves do not radiate heat freely, such as hard smooth ones, but rough woolly ones do.

HARD TIMES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Continued from page 128.

CHAPTER XIX.

It was very remarkable that a young gentleman who had been brought up under one continuous system of unnatural restraint, should be a hypocrite; but it was certainly the case with Tom. It was very strange that a young gentleman who had never been left to his own guidance for five consecutive minutes, should be incapable at last of governing himself; but so it was with Tom. It was altogether unaccountable that a young gentleman whose imagination had been strangled in his cradle, should be still inconvenienced by its ghost in the form of grovelling sensualities; but such a monster, beyond all doubt, was Tom.

"Do you smoke?" asked Mr. James Harthouse, when they came to the hotel.

"I believe you!" said Tom.

He could do no less than ask Tom up; and Tom could do no less than go up. What with a cooling drink adapted to the weather, but not so weak as cool; and what with a rarer tobacco than was to be bought in those parts, Tom was soon in a highly free and easy state at his end of the sofa, and more than ever disposed to admire his new friend at the other end.

Tom blew his smoke aside, after he had been smoking a little while, and took an observation of his friend.

"He don't seem to care about his dress," thought Tom, "and yet how capitally he does it. What an easy swell he is!"

Mr. James Harthouse, happening to catch Tom's eye, remarked that he drank nothing, and filled his glass with his own negligent hand.

"Thank'ee," said Tom. "Thank'ee. Well, Mr. Harthouse, I hope you have had about a dose of old Bounderby to-night." Tom said this with one eye shut up again, and looking over his glass knowingly at his entertainer.

"A very good fellow indeed!" returned Mr. James Harthouse.

"You think so, don't you?" said Tom. And shut up his eye again.

Mr. James Harthouse smiled; and, rising from his end of the sofa, and lounging with his back against the chimney-piece, so that he stood before the empty fire-grate as he smoked,

in front of Tom and looking down at him, observed:

"What a comical brother-in-law you are!"

"What a comical brother-in-law old Bounderby is, I think you mean," said Tom.

"You are a piece of caustic, Tom," retorted Mr. James Harthouse.

There was something so very agreeable in being so intimate with such a waistcoat; in being called Tom, by such a voice; in being on such off-hand terms so soon, with such a pair of whiskers; that Tom was uncommonly pleased with himself.

"Oh! I don't care for old Bounderby," said he, "if you mean that. I have always called old Bounderby by the same name when I have talked about him, and I have always thought of him in the same way. I am not going to begin to be polite now, about old Bounderby. It would be rather late in the day."

"Don't mind me," returned James; "but take care when his wife is by, you know."

"His wife?" said Tom. "My sister Loo? Oh yes!" And he laughed, and took a little more of the cooking drink.

James Harthouse continued to lounge in the same place and attitude, smoking his cigar in his own easy way, and looking pleasantly at the whelp, as if he knew himself to be a kind of agreeable demon who had only to hover over him, and he must give up his whole soul if required. It certainly did seem that the whelp yielded to this influence. He looked at his companion sneakingly, he looked at him admiringly, he looked at him boldly, and put up one leg on the sofa.

"My sister Loo?" said Tom. "She never cared for old Bounderby."

"That's the past tense, Tom," returned Mr. James Harthouse, striking the ash from his cigar with his little finger. "We are in the present tense, now."

"Verb neuter, not to care. Indicative mood, present tense. First person, singular, I do not care; second person, singular, thou dost not care; third person, singular, she does not care," returned Tom.

"Good! Very quaint!" said his friend. "Though you don't mean it."

"But I *do* meant it," cried Tom. "Upon my honor! Why, you won't tell me, Mr. Harthouse, that you really suppose my sister Loo does care for old Bounderby."

"My dear fellow," returned the other, "what am I bound to suppose, when I find two married people living in harmony and happiness?"

Tom had by this time got both his legs on the sofa. If his second leg had not been already there when he was called a dear fellow, he would have put it up at that great stage of the conversation. Feeling it necessary to do something then, he stretched himself out at greater length, and, reclining with the back of his head on the end of the sofa, and, smoking with an infinite assumption of negligence, turned his common face, and not too sober eyes, towards the face looking down upon him so carelessly yet so potently.

"You know our governor, Mr. Harthouse," said Tom, "and therefore you needn't be surprised that Loo married old Bounderby. She never had a lover, and the governor proposed old Bounderby, and she took him."

"Very dutiful in your interesting sister," said Mr. James Harthouse.

"Yes, but she wouldn't have been as dutiful and it would not have come off as easily," returned the whelp, "if it hadn't been for me."

The tempter merely lifted his eyebrows; but the whelp was obliged to go on.

"I persuaded her," he said, with an edifying air of superiority. "I was stuck into old Bounderby's bank, (where I never wanted to be) and I knew I should get into scrapes there, if she put old Bounderby's pipe out; so I told her my wishes, and she came into them. She would do anything for me. It was very game of her, wasn't it?"

"It was charming, Tom."

"Not that it was altogether so important to her as it was to be," continued Tom, coolly, "because my liberty and comfort, and perhaps my getting on, depended on it; and she had no other lover, and staying at home was like staying in jail—especially when I was gone. It wasn't as if she gave up another lover for old Bounderby; but still it was a good thing in her."

"Perfectly delightful. And she gets on so placidly."

"Oh," returned Tom, with contemptuous patronage, "she's a regular girl. A girl can get on anywhere. She has settled down to the life, and she don't mind. The life does just as well for her, as another. Besides, though Loo is a girl, she's not a common sort of girl. She

can shut herself up within herself, and think—as I have often known her sit and watch the fire—for an hour at a stretch."

"Ay, ay? Has resources of her own," said Harthouse, smoking quietly.

"Not so much of that as you may suppose," returned Tom; "for our governor had her crammed with all sorts of dry bones and sawdust. It's his system."

"Formed his daughter on his own model?" suggested Harthouse.

"His daughter? Ah! and everybody else. Why, he formed me in that way," said Tom.

"Impossible!"

"He did though," said Tom, shaking his head. "I mean to say Mr. Harthouse, that when I first left home and went to old Bounderby's, I was as flat as a warming-pan, and knew no more about life than any oyster does."

"Come, Tom! I can hardly believe that. A joke's a joke."

"Upon my soul!" said the whelp. "I am serious—I am indeed!" He smoked with great gravity and dignity for a little while, and then added, in a highly complacent tone, "Oh! I have picked up a little, since. I don't deny that. But I have done it myself; no thanks to the governor."

"And your intelligent sister?"

"My intelligent sister is about where she was. She used to complain to me that she had nothing to fall back upon, that girls usually fall back upon: and I don't see how she is to have got over that since. But she don't mind," he sagaciously added, puffing at his cigar again. "Girls can always get on, somehow."

"Calling at the Bank yesterday evening, for Mr. Bounderby's address, I found an ancient lady there, who seems to entertain great admiration for your sister," observed Mr. James Harthouse, throwing away the last small remnant of the cigar he had now smoked out.

"Mother Sparsit?" said Tom. "What! you have seen her already, have you?"

His friend nodded. Tom took his cigar out of his mouth, to shut up his eye (which had grown rather unmanageable) with the greater expression, and to tap his nose several times with his finger.

"Mother Sparsit's feeling for Loo is more than admiration, I should think," said Tom. "Say affection and devotion. Mother Sparsit

never set her cap at Boucherby when he was a bachelor. Oh no!"

These were the last words spoken by the whelp, before a giddy drowsiness came upon him, followed by complete oblivion. He was roused from the latter state by an uneasy dream of being stirred up with a boot, and also of a voice saying: "Come, it's late. Be off!"

"Well!" he said, scrambling from the sofa. "I must take my leave of you, though. I say. Your's is a very good tobacco. But it's too mild.

"Yes, it's too mild," returned his entertainer.

"It's—it's ridiculously mild," said Tom. "Where's the door? Good night!"

He had another odd dream of being taken by a waiter through a mist, which, after giving him some trouble and difficulty, resolved itself into the main street, in which he stood alone. He then walked home pretty easily, though not yet free from an impression of the presence and influence of his new friend—as if he were lounging somewhere in the air, in the same negligent attitude, regarding him with the same look.

The whelp went home and went to bed. If he had had any sense of what he had done that night, and had been less of a whelp and more of a brother, he might have turned short on the road, might have gone down to the ill-smelling river that was dyed black, might have gone to bed in it for good and all, and have curtained his head for ever with its filthy waters.

CHAPTER XX.

"Oh my friends, the down-trodden operatives of Coketown! Oh my friends and fellow-countrymen, the slaves of an iron-handed and a grinding despotism! Oh my friends and fellow sufferers, and fellow-workmen, and fellow men! I tell you that the hour is come, when we must rally round one another as One united power, and crumble into dust the oppressors that too long have battered upon the plunder of our families, upon the sweat of our brows, upon the labor of our hands, upon the strength of our sinews, upon the God-created glorious rights of Humanity, and upon the holy and eternal privileges of Brotherhood!"

"Good!" "Hear, hear, hear!" "Hurrah,"

and other cries, arose in many voices from various parts of the densely crowded and suffocatingly close Hall, in which the orator, perched on a stage, delivered himself of this and what other froth and fume he had in him. He had declaimed himself into a violent heat, and was as hoarse as he was hot. By dint of roaring at the top of his voice under a flaring gaslight, clenching his fists, knitting his brows, setting his teeth, and pounding with his arms, he had taken so much out of himself by this time, that he was brought to a stop and called for a glass of water.

As he stood there, trying to quench his fiery face with his drink of water, the comparison between the orator and the crowd of attentive faces turned towards him, was extremely to his disadvantage. Judging him by Nature's evidence, he was above the mass in very little but the stage on which he stood. In many great respects, he was essentially below them. He was not so honest, he was not so manly, he was not so good-humored; he substituted cunning for their simplicity, and passion for their safe solid sense. An ill-made, high shouldered man, with lowering brows, and his features crushed into an habitually sour expression, he contrasted most unfavorably, even in his mongrel dress, with the great body of his hearers in their plain working clothes. Strange as it always is to consider any assembly in the act of submissively resigning itself to the dreariness of some complacent person, lord or commoner, when three-fourths of it could, by no human means, raise out of the slough of inanity to their own intellectual level, it was particularly strange, and it was even particularly affecting, to see this crowd of earnest faces, whose honesty in the main no competent observer free from bias could doubt, so agitated by such a leader.

Good! Hear, hear! Hurrah! The eagerness, both of attention and inattention, exhibited in all the countenances, made them a most impressive sight. There was no carelessness, no languor, no idle curiosity; none of the many shades of indifference to be seen in all other assemblies, visible for one moment there. That every man felt his condition to be, somehow or other, worse than it might be; that every man considered it incumbent on him to join the rest, towards the making of it better; that every man felt his only hope to be

n his allying himself to the comrades by whom he was surrounded; and that in this belief, right or wrong (unhappily wrong then) the whole of that crowd were gravely, deeply, faithfully in earnest; must have been as plain to any one who chose to see what was there, as the bare beams of the roof, and the whitened brick walls. Nor could any such spectator fail to know in his own breast, that these men, through their very delusions, showed great qualities, susceptible of being turned to the happiest and best account; and that to pretend (on the strength of sweeping axioms, howsoever cut and dried) that they went astray wholly without cause, and of their own irrational wills, was to pretend that there could be smoke without fire, death without birth, harvest without seed, anything or everything produced from nothing.

The orator having refreshed himself, wiped his corrugated forehead from left to right several times with his handkerchief folded into a pad, and concentrated all his revived forces in a sneer of great disdain and bitterness.

"But, oh my friends and brothers! Oh men and Englishmen, the down-trodden operatives of Coketown! What shall we say of that man—that working-man, that I should find it necessary so to libel the glorious name—who, being practically and well acquainted with the grievances and wrongs of you, the injured pith and marrow of this land, and having heard you, with a noble and majestic unanimity that will make Tyrants tremble, resolve for to subscribe to the funds of the United Aggregate Tribunal, and to abide by the injunctions issued by that body for your benefit, whatever they may be—what, I ask you, will you say of that working man, since such I must acknowledge him to be, who, at such a time, deserts his post, and sells his flag; who, at such a time, turns a traitor and a craven and a recreant; who, at such a time, is not ashamed to make you the dastardly and humiliating avowal that he will hold himself aloof, and will not be one of those associated in the gallant stand for Freedom and for Right?"

The assembly was divided at this point. There were some groans and hisses, but the general sense of honor was much too strong for the condemnation of a man unheard. "Be sure you're right, Slackbridge!" "Put him up!" "Let's hear him!" Such things were said

on many sides. Finally, one strong voice called out, "Is the man heer? If the man's heer, Slackbridge, let's hear the man himself, 'stead o' yo." Which was received with a round of applause.

Slackbridge, the orator, looked about him with a withering smile; and holding out his right hand at arm's length (as the manner of all Slackbridges is), is still the thundering sea, waited until there was a profound silence.

"Oh my friends and fellow men!" said Slackbridge then, shaking his head with violent scorn, "I do not wonder that you, the prostrate sons of labor, are incredulous of the existence of such a man. But he who sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage existed, and Judas Iscariot existed, and Castlereagh existed, and this man exists!"

Here, a brief press and confusion near the stage, ended in the man himself standing at the orator's side before the concourse. He was pale and a little moved in the face—his lips especially showed it; but he stood quiet, with his left hand at his chin, waiting to be heard. There was a chairman to regulate the proceedings, and this functionary now took the case into his own hands.

"My friends," said he, "by virtue o' my office as your president, I ashes o' our friend Slackbridge, who may be a little over hetter in this business, to take his seat, whiles this man Stephen Blackpool is heern. You all know this man Stephen Blackpool. You know him awlung o' his misfort'ns, and his good name."

With that, the chairman shook him frankly by the hand, and sat down again. Slackbridge likewise sat down, wiping his hot forehead—always from left to right, and never the reverse way.

"My friends," Stephen began, in the midst of a dead calm; "I ha' hed what's been spok'n o' me, and 'tis lickly that I shan't mend it. But I'd liefer you'd hearn the truth concernin myseln, fro my lips than fro onny other man's, though I never cud'n speak afore so monny, wi'out bein moydert and muddled."

Slackbridge shook his head as if he would shake it off, in his bitterness.

"I'm th' one single Hand in Bounderby's mill o' a' the men theer, as don't coom in wi' th' proposed reg'lations. I canna coom in wi'

"Am. My friends, I doubt their doin' ye onny good. Licker they'll do yo hurt."

Slackbridge laughed, folded his arms, and frowned sarcastically.

"But 'tant sommuch for that as I stands out. If that were aw, I'd coom in wi' th' rest. But I ha' my reasons—mine yo see—for bein hindered; not on'y now, but awlus—awlus—life long!"

Slackbridge jumped up and stood beside him, gnashing and tearing. "Oh my friends, what but this did I tell you? Oh my fellow countrymen, what warning but this did I give you? And how shows this recreant conduct in a man on whom unequal laws are known to have fallen heavy? Oh you Englishmen, I ask you how does this subordination show in one of yourselves, who is thus consenting to his own undoing and to yours, and to your children's and your children's childrens?"

There was some applause, and some crying of Shame upon the man; but the greater part of the audience were quiet. They looked at Stephen's worn face, rendered more pathetic by the homely emotions it evinced; and, in the kindness of their nature, they were more sorry than indignant.

"'Tis this Delegate's trade for t' speak," said Stephen, "an he's paid for't, an he knows his work. Let him keep to't. Let him give no heed to what I ha' had'n to bear. That's not for him. That's not for nobbody but me."

There was a propriety, not to say a dignity in these words, that made the hearers yet more quiet and attentive. The same strong voice called out, "Slackbridge, let the man be heern, and bowd thee tongue!" Then the place was wonderfully still.

"My brothers," said Stephen, whose low voice was distinctly heard, "and my fellow-workmen—for that yo are to me, though not, as knows on, to this delegate heer—I ha' but a word to sen, and I could sen nommore if I was to speak till Strike o' day. I know weel, aw what's afore me. I know weel that yo are aw resolved to ha' nommore ado wi' a man who is not wi' yo in this matter. I know weel that if I was a lyin parish t' th' road, yo'd feel it right to pass me by as a forrenner and stranger. What I ha' getn' I mun mak th' best on."

"Stephen Blackpool," said the chairman, rising, "think on't agen. Think on't once

agen, lad, afore thou'r't shunned by aw owd friends."

There was an universal murmur to the same effect, though no man articulated a word. Every eye was fixed on Stephen's face. To repent of his determination, would be to take a load from all their minds. He looked around him, and knew that it was so. Not a grain of anger with them was in his heart; he knew them, far below their surface weaknesses and misconceptions, as no one but their fellow laborer could.

"I ha' thowt on't, above a bit, sir. I simply canna coom in. I mun go th' way as lays afore me. I mun tak my leave o' aw heer."

He made a sort of reverence to them by holding up his arms, and stood for the moment in that attitude: not speaking until they slowly dropped at his sides.

"Monny's the pleasant word as soom heer has spok'n wi' me; monny's the face I see heer, as I first seen when I were yoong and lighter heart'n than now. I ha' never had no fratch afore, sin ever I were born, wi' any o' my like; Gonnows I ha' none now that's o' my makin'. Yo'll ca' me traitor and that—yo I mean t' say," addressing Slackbridge, "but 'tis easier to ca' than mak' out. So let be."

He had moved away a pace or two to come down from the platform, when he remembered something he had not said, and returned again.

"Haply," he said, turning his furrowed face slowly about, that he might, as it were, individually address the whole audience, those both near and distant; "haply, when this question has been tak'n up and discoosed, there'll be a threat to turn out if I'm let to work among yo. I hope I shall die ere ever such a time cooms, and I shall work solitary, among yo unless it cooms—truly, I mun do 't, my friends; not to brave yo, but to live. I ha' nobbut work to live by; and whereever can I go, I who ha' worked sin I were no heighth at aw, in Coketown heer? I mak' no complaints o' bein turned to the wa', o' being oucasten and overlooken fro this time forrard, but I hope I shall be let to work. If there is any right for me at aw, my friends, I think 'tis that."

Not a word was spoken. Not a sound was audible in the building, but the slight rustle of men moving a little apart, all along the centre of the room, to open a means of passing out, to the man with whom they all bound themselves

to renounce companionship. Looking at no one, and going his way with a lowly steadiness upon him that asserted nothing and sought nothing, Old Stephen, with all his troubles on his head, left the scene.

Then Slackbridge, who had kept his oratorical arm extended during the going out, as if he were repressing with infinite solicitude and by a wonderful moral power the vehement passions of the multitude, applied himself to raising their spirits. Had not the Roman Brutus, oh, my British countrymen, condemned his son to death; and had not the Spartan mothers, oh, my soon to be victorious friends, driven their flying children on the points of their enemies' swords? Then it was not the sacred duty of the men of Coketown, with fore-fathers before them, an admiring world in company with them, and a posterity to come after them, to hurl out traitors from the tents they had pitched in a sacred and a Godlike cause? The winds of Heaven answered Yes; and bore Yes, East, West, North, and South. And consequently three cheers for the United Aggregate Tribunal!

Slackbridge acted as fogleman, and gave the time. The multitude of doubtful faces (a little conscience stricken) brightened at the sound, and took it up. Private feeling must yield to the common cause. Hurrah! The roof yet vibrated with the cheering, when the assembly dispersed.

Thus easily did Stephen Blackpool fall into the loneliest of lives, the life of solitude among a familiar crowd. The stranger in the land who looks into ten thousand faces for some answering look and never finds it, is in cheering society as compared with him who passes ten averted faces daily, that were once the countenances of friends. Such experience was to be Stephen's now, in every waking moment of his life; at his work, on his way to it and from it, at his door, at his window, everywhere. By general consent, they even avoided that side of the street on which he habitually walked; and left it, of all the working men, to him only.

He had been for many years, a quiet, silent man, associating but little with other men, and used to companionship with his own thoughts. He had never known before, the strength of the want in his heart for the frequent recognition of a nod, a look, a word; or the immense amount of relief that had been

poured into it by drops, through such small means. It was even harder than he could have believed possible, to separate in his own conscience his abandonment by all his fellows, from a baseless sense of shame and disgrace.

The first four days of his endurance were days so long and heavy, that he began to be appalled by the prospect before him. Not only did he see no Rachael all the time, but he avoided every chance of seeing her; for, although he knew that the prohibition did not yet formally extend to the women working in the factories, he found that some of them with whom he was acquainted, were changed to him, and he feared to try others, and dreaded that Rachael might be even singled out from the rest if she were seen in his company. So, he had been quite alone during the four days, and had spoken to no one, when, as he was leaving his work at night, a young man of a very light complexion accosted him in the street.

"Your name's Blackpool, an't it?" said the young man.

Stephen colored to find himself with his hat in his hand, in his gratitude for being spoken to, or in the suddenness of it, or both. He made a feint of adjusting the lining, and said "Yes."

"You are the Hand they have sent to Coventry, I mean?" said Bitzer, the very light young man in question.

Stephen answered "Yes," again.

"I supposed so, from their all appearing to keep away from you. Mr. Bounderby wants to speak to you. You know his house, don't you?"

Stephen said "Yes," again.

"Then go straight up there, will you?" said Bitzer. "You're expected, and have only to tell the servant it's you. I belong to the Bank; so, if you go straight up without me (I was sent to fetch you,) you'll save me a walk."

Stephen, whose way had been in the contrary direction, turned about, and betook himself as in duty bound, to the red brick castle of the giant Bounderby.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Well, Stephen," said Bounderby, in his windy manner, "what's this I hear? What have these pests of the earth been doing to you? Come in, and speak up."

It was into the drawing-room that he was thus bidden. A tea-table was set out; and Mr. Bounderby's young wife, and her brother, and a great gentleman from London, were present, to whom Stephen made his obeisance, closing the door and standing near it, with his hat in his hand.

"This is the man I was telling you about, Harthouse," said Mr. Bounderby.

The gentleman he addressed, who was talking to Mrs. Bounderby on the sofa, got up, saying in an indolent way, "Oh, really?" and dawdled to the hearth-rug where Mr. Bounderby stood.

"Now," said Bounderby, "speak up!"

After the four days he had passed, this address fell rudely and discordantly on Stephen's ear. Besides being a rough handling of his wounded mind, it seemed to assume that he really was the self-interested deserter he had been called.

"What were it, sir," said Stephen, "as you were pleased to want wi' me?"

"Why, I have told you," returned Bounderby. "Speak up like a man, since you are a man, and tell us about yourself and this Combination."

"Wi' yor pardon, sir," said Stephen Blackpool, "I ha' nowt to sen about it."

Mr. Bounderby, who was always more or less like a Wind, finding something in his way here, began to blow at it directly.

"Now, look here, Harthouse," said he, "here's a specimen of 'em. When this man was here once before, I warned this man against the mischievous strangers who are always about—and who ought to be hanged wherever they are found—and I told this man that he was going in the wrong direction. Now, would you believe it, that although they have put this mark upon him, he is such a slave to them still, that he's afraid to open his lips about them?"

"I sed as I had nowt to sen, sir; not as I was fearfo' o' openin' my lips."

"You said. Ah! I know what you said; more than that, I know what you mean, you see. Not always the same thing, by the Lord Harry! Quite different things. You had better tell us at once, that that fellow Slackbridge is not in the town, stirring up the people to mutiny: and that he is not a regular qualified leader of the people: that is, a most confounded

scoundrel. You had better tell us so at once; you can't deceive me. You want to tell us so. Why don't you?"

"I'm as soary as yo, sir, when the people's leaders is bad," said Stephen, shaking his head. "They take such as offers. Haply 'tis na' the sma'est o' their misfortune when they can get no better."

The wind began to be boisterous.

"Now, you'll think this pretty well, Harthouse," said Mr. Bounderby. "You'll think this tolerably strong. You'll say, upon my soul this is a tidy specimen of what my friends have to deal with; but this is nothing, sir! You shall hear me ask this man a question. Pray, Mr. Blackpool"—wind springing up very fast—"may I take the liberty of asking you how it happens that you refused to be in this Combination?"

"How 't happens?"

"Ah!" said Mr. Bounderby with his thumbs in the arms of his coat, and jerking his head and shutting his eyes in confidence with the opposite wall: "how it happens."

"I'd leifer not coom to't, sir; but sin you put th' question—an not want'n t' be ill-manner'n—I'll answer. I ha passed a promess."

"Not to me, you know," said Bounderby. (Gusty weather with deceitful calms. One now prevailing.)

"Oh, no, sir. Not to yo."

"As for me, any consideration for me has had just nothing at all to do with it," said Bounderby, still in confidence with the wall. "If only Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown, had been in question, you would have joined and made no bones about it?"

"Why yes, sir. 'Tis true."

"Though he knows," said Mr. Bounderby, now blowing a gale, "that these are a set of rascals and rebels whom transportation is too good for! Now, Mr. Harthouse, you have been knocking about in the world some time. Did you ever meet with anything like that man out of this blessed country?"

And Mr. Bounderby pointed him out for inspection, with an angry finger.

"Nay, ma'am," said Stephen Blackpool, staunchly protesting against the words that had been used, and instinctively addressing himself to Louisa, after glancing at her face. "Not rebels, nor yet rascals. Nowt o' th'

kind, ma'am, nowt o' th' kind. They've not doon me a kindness, ma'am, as I know and feel. But there's not a dozen men among 'em, ma'am—a dozen? Not six—but what believes as he has doon his duty by the rest and by himseln. God forbid as I, that ha' known an had'n experience o' these men aw my life—I, that ha' ett'n an droonken wi' 'em, and seet'n wi' 'em, an toil'n wi' 'em, and lov'n 'em, should fail fur to stan by 'em wi' the truth, let 'em ha doon to me what they may!"

He spoke with the rugged earnestness of his place and character—deepened, perhaps, by a proud consciousness that he was faithful to his class under all their mistrust; but he fully remembered where he was, and did not even raise his voice.

"No, ma'am, no. They're true to one another, faithfo' to one another, fectionate to one another, e'en to death. Be poor amoong 'em, be sick amoong 'em, grieve amoong 'em for onny o' th' monny causes that carries grief to the poor man's door, an they'll be tender wi' yo, gentle wi' yo, comfortable wi' yo, Chrisen wi' yo. Be sure o' that, ma'am. They'd be riven to bits, ere ever they'd be different."

"In short," said Mr. Bounderby, "it's because they are so full of virtues that they have turned you adrift. Go through with it while you are about it. Out with it."

"How 'tis, ma'am," resumed Stephen, appearing still to find his natural refuge in Louisa's face, "that what is best in us fok, seems to turn us most to trouble an misfort'n an mistake, I dunno. But 'tis so. I know 'tis, as I know the heavens is over me ahint the smoke. We're patient, too, an wants in general to do right. An' I canna think the fawt is aw wi' us."

"Now, my friend," said Mr. Bounderby, whom he could not have exasperated more, quite unconscious of it though he was, than by seeming to appeal to any one else, "if you will favor me with your attention for half a minute, I should like to have a word or two with you. You said, just now, that you had nothing to tell us about this business. You a'e quite sure of that, before we go any further?"

"Sir, I am sure on't."

"Here's a gentleman from London present," Mr. Bounderby made a backhanded point at

Mr. James Harthouse with his thumb, "a Parliament gentleman. I should like him to hear a short bit of dialogue between you and me, instead of taking the substance of it—for I know precious well, beforehand, what it will be; nobody knows better than I do, take notice!—instead of receiving it on trust, from my mouth."

Stephen bent his head to the gentleman from London, and showed a rather more troubled mind than usual. He turned his eyes involuntarily to his former refuge, but at a look from that quarter (expressive though instantaneous) he settled them on Mr. Bounderby's face.

"Now; what do you complain of?" asked Mr. Bounderby.

"I ha' not coom heer, sir," Stephen reminded him, "to complain. I coom for that I were sent for."

"What," repeated Mr. Bounderby, folding his arms, "do you people, in a general way, complain of?"

Stephen looked at him with some little irresolution for a moment, and then seemed to make up his mind.

"Sir, I were never good at showin o't, though I ha had'n my share in feeling o't. 'Deed we are in a muddle, sir. Look round town—so rich as 'tis—and see th' numbers o' people as has been broughten into bein heer, fur to weave, an to card, an to piece out a livin, aw the same one way, somehow, twixt their cradles an their graves. Look how we live, an wheer we live, an in what numbers, an by what chances, an wi' what sameness; and look how the mills is awlus a goin, an how they never works us no nigher to onny dis'ant object—ceptin awlus, Death. Look how you considers of us, an writes of us, an talks of us, an goes up wi' yor deputations to Secretaries o' State 'bout us, an how ye are awlus right, an how we are awlus wrong, and never had'n no reason in us sm ever we were born. Look how this ha grown an grown, sir, bigger an bigger, broader an broader, harder an harder, fro year to year, fro generation unto generation. Who can look on't, sir, and fairly tell a man 'tis not a muddle?"

"Of course," said Mr. Bounderby. "Now, perhaps, you'll let the gentleman know how you would set this muddle (as you're so fond of calling it) to rights."

"I donno, sir. I canna be expecten to't. 'Tis not me as should be looken to for that, sir. 'Tis them as is put ower me, an ower aw the rest of us. What do they tak upon them-sen, sir, if not to do't?"

"I'll tell you something towards it, at any rate," returned Mr. Bounderby. "We will make an example of half a dozen Slackbridges. We'll indict the blackguards for felony, and get 'em shipped off to penal settlements."

Stephen gravely shook his head.

"Don't tell me we won't, man," said Mr. Bounderby, by this time blowing a hurricane, "because we will, I tell you!"

"Sir," returned Stephen, with the quiet confidence of absolutely certainty, "if yo was t' tak a hundred Slackbridges—aw as there is, an aw the number ten times tow'd—an was t' sew 'em up in separate sacks, and sink 'em in the deepest ocean as were made ere ever dry land coom to be, yo'd leave the muddle just wheer 'tis. Mischievous strangers!" said Stephen, with an anxious smile; "when ha we not beern, I am sure, sin ever we can call to mind, o' th' mischievous strangers!" 'Tis not by *them* the trouble's made, sir. 'Tis not wi' *them* 't commences. I ha no favor for 'em—I ha no reason to favor 'em—but 'tis hopeless an useless to dream o' takin them fro their trade, 'stead o' takin their trade fro them! Aw that's now about me in this room were beer afore I coom, an will be heer when I am gone. Put that clock aboard a ship an pack it off to Norfolk Island, an the time will go on just the same. So 'tis wi' Slackbridge every bit."

Reverting for a moment to his former refuge, he observed a cautionary movement of her eyes towards the door. Stepping back, he put his hand upon the lock. But he had not spoken out of his own will and desire; and he felt it in his heart a noble return for his late injurious treatment, to be faithful to the last to those who had repudiated him. He stayed to finish what was in his mind.

"Sir, I canna, wi' my little learning an my common way, tell the genelman what will better aw this—though some working-men o' this town could, above my powers—but I can tell him what I know will never do't. The strong hand will never do't. Vict'ry and triumph will never do't. Agreein fur to mak one side unnat'rally awlus and for ever right,

and toother side unnat'rally awlus and for ever wrong, will never, never do't. Nor yet lettin alone will never do't. Let thousands upon thousands alone, aw leadin the like lives and aw faw'en into the like muddle, and they will be as one, an yo will be as anoother, wi' a black unpassable world betwixt yo, just as long or short a time as sitch like misery can last. Not drawin nigh to fok, wi' kindness an patience an cheery ways, that so draws nigh to one another in their monny troubles, and so cherishes one another in their distresses wi' what they need themself—like, I humbly believe, as no people the gentleman ha seen in aw his travels can beat—will never do't till th' Sun turns t' ice. Last o' aw, ratin 'em as so much Power, and reg'latin 'em as if they was figures in a soom, or machines: wi'out loves and likeins, wi'out memories and inclinations, wi'out souls to weary an souls to hope—when aw goes quiet, draggin on wi' 'em as if they'd nowt o' th' kind, an when aw gdes on-quiet, reproaching 'em fur their want o' sitch humanly feelins in their dealins wi' yo—this will never do't, sir, till God's work is on-made."

Stephen stood with the open door in his hand, waiting to know if anything more were expected of him.

"Just stop a moment," said Mr. Bounderby, excessively red in the face. "I told you, the last time that you were here with a grievance, that you had better turn about and come out of that. And I also told you, if you remember, that I was up to the gold spoon look-out."

"I were not up to't myseln, sir, I do assure yo."

"Now, it's clear to me," said Mr. Bounderby, "that you are one of those chaps who have always got a grievance. And you go about, sowing it and raising crops. That's the business of *your* life, my friend."

Stephen shook his head, mutely protesting that, indeed, he had other business to do for his life.

"You are such a waspish, raspish, ill-conditioned chap, you see," said Mr. Bounderby, "that even your own Union, the men who know you best, will have nothing to do with you. I never thought those fellows could be right in anything; but I tell you what! I so far go along with them for a novelty, that I'll have nothing to do with you either."

Stephen raised his eyes quickly to his face.

"You can finish off what you're at," said Mr. Bounderby, with a meaning nod, "and then go elsewhere."

"Sir, yo know weel," said Stephen, expressively, "that if I canna get work wi' yo, I canna get it elsewheer."

The reply was, "What I know, I know; and what you know, you know. I have no more to say about it."

Stephen glanced at Louisa again, but her eyes were raised to his no more; therefore, with a sigh, and saying, barely above his breath, "Heaven help us aw in this world!" he departed.

CHAPTER XXII.

It was falling dark when Stephen came out of Mr. Bounderby's house. The shadows of night had gathered so fast, that he did not look about him when he closed the door, but plodded straight along the street. Nothing was further from his thoughts than the curious old woman he had encountered on his previous visit to the same house, when he heard a step behind him that he knew, and, turning, saw her in Rachael's company.

He saw Rachael first, as he had heard her only.

"Ah, Rachael, my dear! Missus, thou wi' her!"

"Well, and now you are surprised to be sure, and with reason I must say," the old woman returned. "Here I am again, you see."

"But how wi' Rachael?" said Stephen, falling into their step, walking between them, and looking from the one to the other.

"Why, I come to be with this good lass pretty much as I came to be with you," said the old woman cheerfully, taking the reply upon herself. "My visiting time is later this year than usual, for I have been rather troubled with shortness of breath, and so put it off till the weather was fine and warm. For the same reason I don't make all my journey in one day, but divide it into two days, and get a bed to-night at the Travellers' Coffee House down by the railroad (a nice clean house,) and go back, Parliamentary, at six in the morning. Well, but what has this to do with this good lass, says you? I'm going to tell you. I have heard of Mr. Bounderby being married. I

read it in the paper, where it looked grand—oh, it looked fine!" The old woman dwelt on it with strange enthusiasm; "and I want to see his wife. I have never seen her yet. Now, if you'll believe me, she hasn't come out of that house since noon to-day. So, not to give her up too easily, I was waiting about, a little last bit more, when I passed close to this good lass two or three times; and her face being so friendly I spoke to her, and she spoke to me. There!" said the old woman to Stephen, "you can make all the rest out for yourself now, a deal shorter than I can, I dare say!"

Once again, Stephen had to conquer an instinctive propensity to dislike this old woman, though her manner was as honest and simple as a manner possibly could be. With a gentleness that was as natural to him as he knew it to be to Rachael, he pursued the subject that interested her in her old age.

"Well, missus," said he, "I ha seen the lady, and she were yoong an hansom. Wi' fine dark thinkin eyes, and a still way, Rachael, as I hae never seen the like on."

"Young and handsome. Yes!" cried the old woman, quite delighted. "As bonny as a rose! and what a happy wife!"

"Aye, missus, I suppose she be," said Stephen. But with a doubtful glance at Rachael.

"Suppose she be? She must be. She's your master's wife," returned the old woman.

Stephen nodded assent.

"Though as to master," said he, glancing again at Rachael, "not master ony more. That's aw enden twixt him and me."

"Have you left his work, Stephen?" asked Rachael, anxiously and quickly.

"Why, Rachael," he replied, "whether I ha left'n his work, or whether his work ha left'n me, cooms t' th' same. His work and me are parted. 'Tis as weel so—better, I were thinking when yo come up wi' me. It would ha brought'n trouble upon trouble if I had stayed there. Haply 'tis a kindness to monny that I go; haply 'tis a kindness to myseln'; anyways it mun be done. I mun turn my face fro Coketown fur th' time time, and seek a fort'n, dear, by beginning fresh."

"Where will you go, Stephen?"

"I donno t' night," said he, lifting off his hat, and smoothing his thin hair with the flat of his hand. "But I'm not a goin' t'night, Rachael; nor yet t' morrow. Tan't easy over-

much, t' know wheer t' turn, but a good heart will coom to me."

Herein, too, the sense of even thinking unselfishly aided him. Before he had so much as closed Mr. Bounderby's door, he had reflected that at least his being obliged to go away was good for her, as it would save her from the chance of being brought into question for not withdrawing from him. Though it would cost him a hard pang to leave her, and though he could think of no similar place in which condemnation would not pursue him, perhaps it was almost a relief to be forced away from the endurance of the last four days, even to unknown difficulties and distresses.

So he said, with truth, "I'm more leetsome Rachael, under 't than I could'n ha believed."

It was not her part to make his burden heavier. She answered with her comforting smile, and the three walked on together.

Age, especially when it strives to be self-reliant and cheerful, finds much consideration among the poor. The old woman was so decent and contented, and made so light of her infirmities, though they had increased upon her since her former interview with Stephen, that they both took an interest in her. She was too sprightly to allow of their walking at a slow pace on her account, but she was very grateful to be talked to, and very willing to talk to any extent; so, when they came to their part of the town, she was more brisk and vivacious than ever.

"Coom to my poor place, missus," said Stephen, "and tak a coop o' tea. Rachael will coom then, and arterwards I'll see thee safe t' thy Travellers' lodgin. T' may be long, Rachael, ere ever I ha th' chance o' thy coompany agen."

They complied, and the three went on to the house where he lodged. When they turned into the narrow street, Stephen glanced at his window with a dread that always haunted his desolate home; but it was open, as he had left it, and no one was there. The evil spirit of his life had flitted away again, months ago, and he had heard no more of her since. The only evidences of her last return now, were the scantier moveables in his room, and the grayer hair upon his head.

He lighted a candle, set out his little tea-board, got hot water from below, and brought in small portions of tea and sugar, a loaf, and

some butter, from the nearest shop. The bread was new and crusty, the butter fresh, and the sugar lump, of course—in fulfilment of the standard testimony of the Coketown magnates, that these people lived like princes, sir. Rachael made the tea (so large a party necessitated the borrowing of a cup,) and the visitor enjoyed it mightily. It was the first glimpse of sociality the host had had for many days. He too, with the world a wide heath before him, enjoyed the meal—again in corroboration of the magnates, as exemplifying the utter want of calculation on the part of these people, sir.

"I ha never thowt yet, missus," said Stephen, "o' askin thy name."

The old lady announced herself as "Mrs. Pegler."

"A widdier, I think?" said Stephen.

"Oh! many long years!" Mrs. Pegler's husband (one of the best on record) was already dead, by Mrs. Pegler's calculation, when Stephen was born.

"'Twere a bad job, too, to lose so good a one," said Stephen. "Onny children?"

Mrs. Pegler's cup, rattling against her saucer as she held it, denoted some nervousness on her part. "No," she said. "Not now, not now."

"Dead, Stephen," Rachael softly hinted.

"I'm sooray I ha spok'n on't," said Stephen. "I ought t' ha hadn in my mind as I might touch a sore place. I—I blame myself."

While he excused himself, the old lady's cup rattled more and more. "I had a son," she said, curiously distressed, and not by any of the usual appearances of sorrow; "and he did well, wonderfully well. But he is not to be spoken of, if you please. He is—" Putting down her cup, she moved her hands as if she would have added, by her action, "dead." Then she said, aloud, "I have lost him."

Stephen had not yet got the better of his having given the old lady pain, when his landlady came stumbling up the narrow stairs, and calling him to the door, whispered in his ear. Mrs. Pegler was by no means deaf, for she caught a word as it was uttered.

"Bounderby!" she cried, in a suppressed voice, starting up from the table. "Oh! hide me! Don't let me be seen for the world. Don't let him come up till I have got away. Pray,

pray!" She trembled, and was excessively agitated; getting behind Rachael, when Rachael tried to reassure her; and not seeming to know what she was about.

"But hearken, missus, hearken," said Stephen, astonished, "'Tisn't Mr. Bounderby; 'tis his wife. Yor not fearfo' o' her. Ye was hey-go-mad about her, but an hour sin."

"But are you sure it's the lady and not the gentleman?" she asked, still trembling.

"Certain sure!"

"Well, then, pray don't speak to me, nor yet take any notice of me," said the old woman. "Let me be quite to myself in this corner."

Stephen nodded; looking to Rachael for an explanation, which she was quite unable to give him; took the candle, went down stairs, and in a few moments returned, lighting Louisa into the room. She was followed by the whelp.

Rachael had risen, and stood apart with her shawl and bonnet in her hand, when Stephen, himself profoundly astonished by this visit, put the candle on the table. Then he, too, stood, with his doubled hand upon the table near it, waiting to be addressed.

For the first time in her life, Louisa had come into one of the dwellings of the Coketown Hands; for the first time in her life, she was face to face with anything like individuality in connexion with them. She knew of their existence by hundreds and by thousands. She knew what results in work a given number of them would produce in a given space of time. She knew them in crowds passing to and from their nests, like ants or beetles. But she knew, from her reading, infinitely more of the ways of toiling insects than of these toiling men and women.

Something to be worked so much and paid so much, and there ended; something to be infallibly settled by laws of supply and demand; something that blundered against those laws, and floundered into difficulty; something that was a little pinched when wheat was dear, and over-ate itself when wheat was cheap; something that increased at such a rate of percentage, yielded such another per centage of crime, and such another per centage of pauperism; something wholesale, of which vast fortunes were made; something that occasionally rose like a sea, and did some harm and waste

(chiefly to itself); and fell again; this she knew the Coketown Hands to be. But, she had scarcely thought more of separating them into units, than of separating the sea itself into its component drops.

She stood for some moments looking round the room. From the few chairs, the few books, the common prints, and the bed, she glanced at the two women, and to Stephen.

"I have come to speak to you, in consequence of what passed just now. I should like to be serviceable to you, if you will let me. Is this your wife?"

Rachael raised her eyes, and then sufficiently answered no, and dropped again.

"I remember," said Louisa, reddening at her mistake; "I recollect, now, to have heard your domestic misfortunes spoken of, though I was not attending to the particulars at the time. It was not my meaning to ask a question that would give pain to any one here. If I should ask any other question that may happen to have that result, give me credit, if you please, for being in ignorance how to speak to you as I ought."

As Stephen had but a little while ago instinctively addressed himself to her, so she now instinctively addressed herself to Rachel. Her manner was short and abrupt, yet faltering and timid.

"He has told you what has passed between himself and my husband? You would be his first resource, I think."

"I have heard the end of it, young lady," said Rachael.

"Did I understand that, being rejected by one employer, he would probably be rejected by all? I thought he said as much?"

"The chances are very small, young lady—next to nothing—for a man who gets a bad name among them."

"What shall I understand that you mean by a bad name?"

"The name of being troublesome."

"Then by the prejudices of his own class, and by the prejudices of the other, he is sacrificed alike? Are the two so deeply separated in this town, that there is no place whatever, for an honest workman between them?"

Rachael shook her head in silence.

"He fell into suspicion," said Louisa, "with his fellow-weavers, because he had made a promise not to be one of them. I think it

must have been to you that he made that promise. Might I ask you why he made it?"

Rachel burst into tears. "I didn't seek it of him, poor lad. I prayed him to avoid trouble for his own good, little thinking he'd come to it through me. But I know he'd die a hundred deaths, ere ever he'd break his word. I know that of him well."

Stephen had remained quietly attentive, in his usual thoughtful attitude, with his hand at his chin. He now spoke in a voice rather less steady than usual.

"No one, excepting myself, can ever know what honor, an what love, an respect, I bear to Rachael, or wi' what cause. When I passed that promise, I tow'd her true, she were the Angel o' my life. 'Twere a solemn promess. 'Tis gone fro me, fur ever."

Louisa turned her head to him, and bent it with a deference that was new in her. She looked from him to Rachael, and her features softened. "What will you do?" she asked him. And her voice had softened too.

"Wheel, ma'am," said Stephen, making the best of it, with a smile; "when I ha finished off, I mun quit this part, an try another. Fortnet or misfortnet, a man can but try: there's nowt to be done wi' out tryin'—cept layin' doon an dying."

"How will you travel?"

"Afoot, my kind ledy, afoot."

Louisa colored, and a purse appeared in her hand. The rustling of a bank-note was audible, as she unfolded one and laid it on the table.

"Rachael, will you tell him—for you know how, without offence—that this is freely his, to help him on his way? Will you entreat him to take it?"

"I canna' do that, young lady," she answered, turning her head aside; "bless you for thinking o' the poor lad wi' such tenderness. But 'tis for him to know his heart, and what is right according to it."

Louisa looked, in part incredulous, in part frightened, in part overcome with quick sympathy, when this man of so much self command who had been so plain and steady through the late interview, lost his composure in a moment, and now stood with his hand before his face. She stretched out hers, as if she would have touched him; then checked herself, and remained still.

"Not e'en Rachael," said Stephen, when he stood again with his face uncovered, "could mak sitch a kind offerin, by onny words kinder. T' show that I'm not a man wi'out reason and gratitude, I'll tak two pound. I'll borrow't for t' pay it back. 'Twill be the sweetest work as ever I ha done, that puts in my power t' acknowledge once more my lastin thankfulness for this present action."

She was fain to take up the note again, and to substitute the much smaller sum he had named. He was neither courtly, nor handsome, nor picturesque, in any respect; and yet his manner of accepting it, and of expressing his thanks without more words, had a grace in it that Lord Chesterfield could not have taught his son in a century. Tom had sat upon the bed, swinging one leg, and sucking his walking-stick with sufficient unconcern, until the visit had attained this stage. Seeing his sister ready to depart, he got up, rather hurriedly, and put in a word.

"Just wait a moment, Loo! Before we go, I should like to speak to him a moment. Something comes into my head. If you'll step out on the stairs, Blackpool, I'll mention it. Never mind a light, man!" Tom was remarkably impatient of his moving towards the cupboard, to get one. "It don't want a light."

Stephen followed him out, and Tom closed the room door, and held the lock in his hand.

"I say!" he whispered. "I think I can do you a good turn. Don't ask me what it is, because it may not come to anything. But there's no harm in my trying."

His breath fell like a flame of fire on Stephen's ear; it was so hot.

"That was our light porter at the Bank," said Tom, who brought you the message to-night. I call him our light porter, because I belong to the Bank too."

"Stephen thought 'What a hurry he is in!'" He spoke so confusedly

"Well!" said Tom. "Now look here! When are you off?"

"T'day's Monday," replied Stephen, considering. "Why, sir, Friday or Saturday, nigh 'bout."

"Friday or Saturday," said Tom. "Now, look here! I am not sure that I can do you the good turn I want to do you—that's my sister, you know, in your room—but I may be

able to, and if I should not be able to, there's no harm done. So I tell you what. You'll know our light porter again?"

"Yes sure," said Stephen.

"Very well," returned Tom. "When you leave work of a night between this and your going away, just hang about the Bank an hour or so, will you? Don't take on, as if you meant anything, if he should see you hanging about there; because I shan't put him up to speak to you, unless I find I can do you the service I want to do you. In that case he'll have a note or a message for you, but not else. Now look here! You are sure you understand."

He had wormed a finger in the darkness, through a button-hole of Stephen's coat and was screwing that corner of the garment tight up, round and round, in an extraordinary manner.

"I understand, sir," said Stephen.

"Now look here!" repeated Tom. "Be sure you don't make any mistake then, and don't forget. I shall tell my sister as we go home, what I have in view, and she'll approve. I know. Now look here! You're all right, are you? You understand all about it? Very well then. Come along, Loo!"

He pushed the door open as he called to her, but did not return into the room, or wait to be lighted down the narrow stairs. He was at the bottom when she began to descend, and was in the street before she could take his arm.

Mrs. Pegler remained in her corner until the brother and sister were gone, and until Stephen came back with the candle in his hand. She was in a state of inexpressible admiration of Mrs. Bounderby, and, like an unaccountable old woman, wept, "because she was such a pretty dear." Yet Mrs. Pegler was so flurried lest the object of her admiration should return by any chance, or anybody else should come, that her cheerfulness was ended for that night. It was late, too, to people who rose early and worked hard; therefore the party broke up; and Stephen and Rachael escorted their mysterious acquaintance to the door of the Travelers' Coffee House, where they parted from her.

They walked back together to the corner of the street where Rachael lived, and as they drew nearer and nearer to it, silence crept upon

them. When they came to the dark corner where their unfrequent meetings always ended, they stopped, still silent as if both were afraid to speak.

"I shall strive t' see thee agen, Rachael, afore I go, but if not——"

"Thou wilt not, Stephen, I know. 'Tis better that we make up our minds to be open wi' one another."

"Thou art awlus right. 'Tis bolder and better. I ha been thinkin then, Rachael, that as it is but a day or two that remains, 'twere better for thee, my dear, not t' be seen wi' me. 'T might bring thee into trouble, fur no good."

"'Tis not for that, Stephen, that I mind. But thou knowest our old agreement. 'Tis for that."

"Well, well," said he. "'Tis better, onny-ways."

"Thou'lt write to me, and tell me all that happens, Stephen?"

"Yes. What can I say now, but Heaven be wi' thee. Heaven bless thee, Heaven thank thee and reward thee!"

"May it bless thee, Stephen, too, in all thy wanderings, and send thee peace and rest at last!"

"I tow'd thee, my dear," said Stephen Black-pool—"that night—that I would never see or think o' onnything that angered me, but thou, so much better than me, should'st be beside it. Thou'rt beside it now. Thou mak'st me see it wi' a better eye. Bless thee. Good night. Good bye!"

It was but a hurried parting in the common street, yet it was a sacred remembrance to these two common people. Utilitarian economists, skeletons of schoolmasters, Commissioners of Fact, genteel and used-up infidels, gabblers of many little dog's-eared creeds, the poor you will have always with you. Cultivate in them, while there is yet time, the utmost graces of the fancies and affections, to adorn their lives so much in need of ornament; or, in the moment of your triumph, when romance is utterly driven out of their souls, and they and a bare existence stand face to face, Reality will take a wolfish turn, and make an end of you!

Stephen worked the next day, and the next, uncheered by a word from any one, and shunned in all his comings and goings as before.

At the end of the second day, he saw land; at the end of the third, his loom stood empty.

He had overstayed his hour in the street outside the Bank, on each of the two first evenings; and nothing had happened there, good or bad. That he might not be remiss in his part of the engagement, he resolved to wait full two hours, on this third and last night.

There was the lady who had once kept Mr. Boulderby's house, sitting at the first floor window as he had seen her before; and there was the light porter, sometimes talking with her there, and sometimes looking over the blind below which had BANK upon it, and sometimes coming to the door and standing on the steps for a breath of air. When he first came out, Stephen thought he might be looking for him, and passed near; but the light porter only cast his winking eyes upon him slightly, and said nothing.

Two hours were a long stretch of lounging about, after a long day's labor. Stephen sat upon the step of a door, leaned against a wall under an archway, strolled up and down, listened for the church clock, stopped and watched children playing in the street. Some purpose or other is so natural to every one, that a mere loiterer always looks and feels remarkable. When the first hour was out, Stephen even began to have an uncomfortable sensation upon him of being for the time a disreputable character.

Then came the lamplighter and two lengthening lines of light all down the long perspective of the street, until they were blended and lost in the distance. Mrs. Sparsit closed the first floor window, drew down the blind and went up stairs. Presently, a light went up stairs after her, passing first the fanlight of the door, and afterwards the two staircase windows, on its way up. By and by, one corner of the second floor blind was disturbed, as if Mrs. Sparsit's eye were there; also the other corner, as if the light porter's eye were on that side. Still, no communication was made to Stephen. Much relieved when the two hours were at last accomplished, he went away at a quick pace, as a recompense for so much loitering.

He had only to take leave of his landlady, and lie down on his temporary bed upon the floor; for his bundle was made up for to-morrow, and all was arranged for his departure.

He meant to be clear of the town very early; before the Hands were in the streets.

It was barely daybreak, when with a parting look round his room, mournfully wondering whether he should ever see it again, he went out. The town was as entirely deserted as if the inhabitants had abandoned it, rather than hold communication with him. Everything looked wan at that hour. Even the coming sun made but a pale waste in the sky, like a sad sea.

By the place where Rachael lived, though it was not in his way; by the red brick streets; by the great silent factories, not trembling yet; by the railway, where the danger lights were waning in the strengthening day; by the railway's crazy neighborhood, half pulled down and half built up; by scattered red brick villas, where the besmoked evergreens were sprinkled with a dirty powder, like untidy snuff-takers; by coal-dust paths and many varieties of ugliness; Stephen got to the top of the hill, and looked back.

Day was shining radiantly upon the town then, and the bells were going for the morning work. Domestic fires were not yet lighted, and the high chimneys had the sky to themselves. Puffing out their poisonous volumes, they would not be long in hiding it; but, for half an hour, some of the many windows were golden, which showed the Coketown people a sun eternally in eclipse, through a medium of smoked glass.

So strange to turn from the chimneys to the birds. So strange to have the road dust on his feet instead of the coal-grit. So strange to have lived to his time of life, and yet to be beginning like a boy this summer morning! With these musings in his mind, and his bundle under his arm, Stephen took his attentive face along the high road. And the trees arched over him, whispering that he left a true and loving heart behind.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Mr. James Harthouse, "going in" for his adopted party, soon began to score. With the aid of a little more coaching for the political sages, a little more genteel listlessness for general society, and a tolerable management of the assumed honesty in dishonesty, most effective and most patronised of the polite deadly sins, he speedily came to be considered

of promise as a rising public man. The not being troubled with any earnestness was a grand point in his favor, enabling him to take to the hard fact fellows with as good a grace as if he had been one of the tribe, and to throw all other tribes overboard, as conscious imposters.

"Whom none of us believe, my dear Mrs. Bounderby; and who don't believe themselves. The only difference between myself, for example, and any professor of virtue or benevolence, or philanthropy—never mind the name—is, that I know it is all meaningless, and say so; while he knows it equally, and will never say so."

Why should she be shocked or warned by this reiteration? It was not so unlike her father's principles, and her early training, that it need startle her. Where was the great difference between the two schools, when each chained her down to material realities, and inspired her with no faith in anything else? What was there in her soul for James Harthouse to destroy, which Thomas Gradgrind had nurtured there in its state of innocence?

It was even the worse for her at this pass, that in her mind—implanted there before her eminently practical father began to form it—a struggling disposition to believe in a wider and nobler humanity than she had ever heard of, constantly strove with doubts and resentments. With doubts, because the aspiration had been so laid waste in her youth. With resentments, because of the wrong that had been done her, if it were, indeed, a whisper of the truth. Upon a nature long accustomed to self-suppression, thus torn and divided, the new philosophy came as a relief and a justification. Everything being hollow, and of little worth, she had missed nothing and sacrificed nothing. What did it matter, she had said to her father, when he proposed her husband. What did it matter, she said now. With a scornful self-reliance, she asked herself. What did anything matter—and went on.

Towards what? Step by step onward and downward towards some end, yet so gradually that she believed herself to remain motionless. As to Mr. Harthouse, whether he succeeded, he neither considered nor cared. He had no particular design or plan before him; no energetic wickedness ruffled his lassitude. He was as much amused and interested at present

as it became so fine a gentleman to be; perhaps even more than it would have been consistent with his reputation to confess. Soon after his arrival, he wrote to his brother, the honorable and jocular member, that the Bounderbys were "great fun," and, further, that the female Bounderby, instead of being the Gorgon he had expected, was young and remarkably pretty. After that, he wrote no more about them, and devoted his leisure chiefly to their house. He was very often in their house in his flittings and visitings about the Coketown district, and was much encouraged by Mr. Bounderby. It was quite in Mr. Bounderby's gusty way to roar to all his world that he didn't care about your highly connected people, but that if his wife, Tom Gradgrind's daughter, did, she was welcome to their company.

Mr. James Harthouse began to think it would be a new sensation if the face, which changed so beautifully for the whelp, would change for him.

He was quick enough to observe; he had a good memory, and did not forget a word of the brother's revelations. He interwove them with everything he saw of the sister, and he began to understand her. To be sure, the better and profounder part of her character was not within his scope of perception; for in natures, as in seas, depth answers unto depth; but he soon began to read the rest with a student's eye.

Mr. Bounderby had taken possession of a house and grounds, about fifteen miles from the town, and accessible within a mile or two, by a railway striding on many arches, over a wild country, undermined by deserted coalpits, and spotted at night by fires and black shapes of engines. This country, gradually softening towards the neighborhood of Mr. Bounderby's retreat, there mellowed down into a rustic landscape, golden with heath and snowy with hawthorn in the Spring of the year, and tremulous with leaves and their shadows all the Summer time. The banker had foreclosed a mortgage on the property effected by one of the Coketown magnates who, in his determination to make a shorter cut than usual to an enormous fortune, overspeculated himself by about two hundred thousand pounds. These accidents did sometimes happen in the best regulated families of Coketown, though the bankrupts had no connexion whatever with the improvident classes.

It afforded Mr. Bounderby supreme satisfaction to instal himself in this snug little estate, and with demonstrative humility to grow cabbages in the flower-garden. Similarly he lived in a kind of barrack fashion among the elegant furniture, and bullied the very pictures with his origin. "Why, sir," he would say to a visitor, "I am told that Nickits," the late owner, "gave seven hundred pound for that Sea-beach. Now, to be plain with you, if I ever, in the whole course of my life, take seven looks at it, at a hundred pound a look, it will be as much as I shall do. No, by George! I don't forget that I am Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown. For years upon years, the only pictures in my possession, or that I could have got into my possession by any means, unless I stole 'em, were the engravings of a man shaving himself in a boot, on the blacking bottles that I was overjoyed to use in cleaning your boots, and that I sold when they were empty for a farthing a-piece, and glad to get it!"

Then he would address Mr. Harthouse in the same style.

"Harthouse, you have got a couple of horses down here. Bring half a dozen more, if you like, and we'll find room for 'em. There's stabling in this place for a dozen horses; and, unless Nickits is belied, he kept the full number. A round dozen of 'em, sir. When that man was a boy, he went to Westminster School. Went to Westminster School as a King's Scholar, when I was principally living on garbage, and sleeping in market baskets. Why, if I wanted to keep a dozen horses—which I don't, for one's enough for me—I couldn't bear to see 'em in their stalls here, and think what my own lodging used to be. I couldn't look at 'em, sir, and not order 'em out. Yet so things come round. You see this place, you know what sort of a place it is; you are well aware that there's not a completer place of its size in this kingdom or elsewhere—I don't care where—and here, got into the middle of, like a maggot into a nut, is Josiah Bounderby. While Nickits (as a man came into my office, and told me, yesterday), Nickits, who used to act in Latin, in the Westminster School plays, with the chief justices and nobility of this country applauding him till they were black in the face, is drivelling at this minute—drivelling!—in a fifth floor, up a narrow dark back street in Antwerp."

It was among the leafy shadows of this retirement, in the long sultry Summer days, that Mr. Harthouse began to prove the face which had set him wondering when he first saw it, and to try if it would change for him.

"Mrs. Bounderby, I esteem it a most fortunate accident that I find you alone here. I have for some time had a particular wish to speak to you."

It was not by any wonderful accident that he found her, the time of day being that at which she was always alone, and the place being her favorite resort. It was an opening in a dark wood, where some felled trees lay, and where she would sit watching the fallen leaves of last year, as she had watched the falling ashes at home.

He sat down beside her, with a glance at her face.

"Your brother. My young friend Tom—"

Her color brightened, and she turned to him with a look of interest. "I never in my life," he thought, "saw anything so remarkable and so captivating as the lighting of those features!" His face betrayed his thoughts—perhaps without betraying him, for it might have been according to its instructions so to do.

"Pardon me. The expression of your sisterly interest is so beautiful—Tom should be proud of it. I know this is inexcusable, but I am so compelled to admire."

"Being so impulsive," she said, composedly.

"Mrs. Bounderby, no; you know I make no pretence with you. You know I am a sordid piece of human nature, ready to sell myself at any time for any reasonable sum, and altogether incapable of any Arcadian proceeding whatever."

"I am waiting," she returned, "for your further reference to my brother."

"You are rigid with me, and I deserve it. I am as worthless a dog as you will find, except that I am not false—not false. But you surprised and started me from my subject, which was your brother. I have an interest in him."

"Have you an interest in anything, Mr. Harthouse?" she asked, half incredulously and half gratefully.

"If you had asked me when I first came here I should have said no. I must say now—even at the hazard of appearing to make a pretence, and of justly awakening your incredulity—yes."

She made a slight movement, as if she were trying to speak, but could not find voice. At length, she said—

“Mr. Harthouse, I will give you credit for being interested in my brother.”

“Thank you. I claim to deserve it. You know how little I do claim, but I will go that length. You have done so much for him, you are so fond of him, your whole life, Mrs. Bounderby, expresses such charming self-forgetfulness on his account—pardon me again—I am running wide of the subject. I am interested in him for his own sake.”

She had made the slightest action possible, as if she would have risen in a hurry and gone away. He had turned the course of what he said at that instant, and she remained.

“Mrs. Bounderby,” he resumed, in a lighter manner, and yet with a show of effort in assuming it, which was even more expressive than the manner he dismissed, “it is no irrevocable offence in a young fellow of your brother’s years—he is heedless, inconsiderate, and expensive—a little dissipated, in good people’s phrase. Is he?”

“Yes.”

“Allow me to be frank. Do you think he games at all?”

“I think he bets.” Mr. Harthouse waiting, as if that were not her whole answer, she added, “I know he does.”

“Of course, he loses?”

“Yes.”

“Everybody loses. May I hint at the probability of your sometimes supplying him with money for these purposes?”

She sat, looking down; but, at this question, raised her eyes searchingly and a little resentfully.

“Acquit me of impertinent curiosity, my dear Mrs. Bounderby. I think Tom may be gradually falling into trouble, and I wish to stretch out a helping hand to him in my wicked experience. Shall I say again, for his sake? Is that necessary?”

She seemed to try to answer, but nothing came of it.

“Candidly to confess everything that has occurred to me,” said James Harthouse, again gliding with the same appearance of effort into his more airy manner. “I will confide to you my doubt whether he has had many advantages. Whether—forgive my bluntness—whether any

great amount of confidence is likely to have been established between himself and his most worthy father.”

“I do not,” said Louisa, flushing with her own great resemblance in that wise, “think it likely.”

“Or, between himself, and—I may trust to your perfect understanding of my meaning I am sure—and his highly esteemed brother-in-law.”

She flushed deeper and deeper, and was burning red when she replied in a fainter voice, “I do not think that likely either.”

“Mrs. Bounderby,” said Harthouse, after a short silence, “may there be a better confidence between yourself and me? Tom has borrowed a considerable sum of you?”

“You will understand, Mr. Harthouse,” she returned after some indecision; she had been more or less uncertain, and trembled throughout the conversation, and yet had in the main preserved her self-contained manner; “you will understand that if I tell you what you press to know, it is not by way of complaint or regret. I would never complain of anything, and this thing I do not in the least regret.”

“So spirited, too!” thought James Harthouse.

“When I married I found that my brother was even at that time heavily in debt. Heavily for him, I mean. Heavily enough to oblige me to sell some trinkets. They were no sacrifice. I did so very willingly. I attached no value to them. They were quite worthless to me.”

Either she saw in his face that he knew, or she only feared in her conscience that he knew that she spoke of some of her husband’s gifts. She stopped, and reddened again. If he had not known it before, he would have known it then, though he had been a much duller man than he was.

“Since then, I have given my brother, at various times, what money I could spare; in short, what money I have had. Confiding in you at all, on the faith of the interest you profess for him, I ought not to do so by halves. Since you have been in the habit of visiting here, he has wanted in one sum as much as a hundred pounds. I have not been able to give it to him. I have sometimes been uneasy for the consequences of his being so involved, but I have kept these secrets until now, when I trust them to your honor. I have held no

confidence with any one, because—you anticipated my reason just now." She abruptly broke off.

He was a ready man, and he saw and seized an opportunity here of presenting her own image to her, slightly disguised as her brother.

"Mrs. Bounderby, though a graceless person, of the world worldly, I feel the utmost interest, I assure you, in what you tell me. I cannot possibly be hard upon your brother. I understand and share the wise consideration with which you regard his errors. With all possible respect both for Mr. Gradgrind and for Mr. Bounderby, I think I perceive that he has not been very fortunate in his training. Placed at a disadvantage towards the society in which he has his part to play, he rushes into these extremes for himself, from opposite extremes that have long been forced—with the very best intentions we have no doubt—upon him. Mr. Bounderby's fine bluff English independence, though a most charming characteristic, does not—as we have agreed—invite confidence." He was very slow and distinct in what followed. "If I might venture to remark that it is the least in the world deficient in that delicacy to which a youth mistaken, a character misconceived, and abilities misdirected, would turn for relief and guidance, I should express what it presents to my own view."

As he sat looking straight before her, across the changing lights upon the grass into the darkness of the wood beyond, he saw in her face her application of his words.

"All allowance," he continued, "must be made. I have one great fault to find with Tom, however, which I cannot forgive, and for which I take him heavily to account."

Louisa turned her eyes to his face, and asked him what fault was that?

"Perhaps," he returned, "I have said enough. Perhaps it would have been better, on the whole, if no allusion to it had escaped me."

"You alarm me, Mr. Harthouse. Pray let me know it."

"To relieve you from needless apprehension—and as this confidence regarding your brother, which I prize I am sure above all possible things, has been established between us—I obey, I cannot forgive him for not being more sensible, in every word, look, and act of his

life, of the affection of his best friend; of the devotion of his best friend; of her unselfishness; of her sacrifice. The return he makes her, within my observation, is a very poor one. What she has done for him demands his constant respect and gratitude, not his ill-humor and caprice. Careless fellow as I am, I am not so indifferent, Mrs. Bounderby, as to be regardless of this vice in your brother, or inclined to consider it a venial offence."

The wood floated before her, for her eyes were suffused with tears. They rose from a deep well long concealed, and her heart was filled with acute pain that found no relief in them. Yet she restrained her tears from falling.

"In a word it is to correct your brother in this, Mrs. Bounderby, that I most aspire, by better knowledge of his circumstances, and my direction and advice in extricating him—rather valuable I hope as coming from a scapegrace on a much larger scale—will give me some influence over, and all I gain I shall certainly use towards this end. I have said enough, and more than enough. I seem to be protesting that I am a sort of good fellow when, upon my honor, I have not the least intention to make any protestation to that effect, and openly announce that I am nothing of the sort. Yonder among the trees," he added, having lifted up his eyes and looked about; for he had watched her closely until now. "'Tis your brother himself; no doubt, just come down. As he seems to be loitering in this direction, it may be as well, perhaps, to walk towards him, and throw ourselves in his way. He has been very silent and doleful of late. Perhaps, his brotherly conscience is touched—if there are such things as consciences. Though, upon my honor, I hear of them much too often to believe in them, knowing the world."

He assisted her to rise, and she took his arm, and they advanced to meet the whelp. He was idly beating the branches as he lounged along; or he stopped viciously to rip the moss from the trees with his stick. He was startled when they came upon him while he was engaged in this latter pastime, and his color changed.

"Halloa!" he stammered, "I didn't know you were here."

"Whose name, Tom," said Mr. Harthouse, putting his hand upon his shoulder, as they all

three walked towards the house together, "have you been carving on the trees?"

"Whose name?" returned Tom. "Oh! you mean what girl's name?"

"You have a suspicious appearance of inscribing some fair creature's on the bark, Tom."

"Not much of that Mr. Harthouse, unless some fair creature with a slashing fortune at her own disposal would take a fancy to me. Or she might be as ugly as she was rich, without any fear of losing me. I'd carve her name as often as she liked."

"I'm afraid you are mercenary, Tom."

"Mercenary," repeated Tom. "Who is not mercenary? Ask my sister."

"Have you so proved it to be a failing of mine, Tom?" said Louisa, showing no other sense of his discontent and ill-nature.

"You know whether the cap fits you, Loo," returned her brother sulkily. "If it does, you can wear it if you like."

"Tom is misanthropical to-day, as all bored people are, now and then," said Mr. Harthouse. "Don't believe him, Mrs. Bounderby. He knows much better. I shall disclose some of his opinions of you privately expressed to me, this deponent, unless he relents a little."

"At all events, Mr. Harthouse," said Tom, softening in his admiration of his patron, but shaking his head sullenly too, "you can't tell her that I ever praised her for being mercenary. I may have praised her for being the contrary, and I should do it again if I had as good reason. However, never mind this now; it's not very interesting to you, and I am sick of it."

They walked on to the house, where Louisa quitted her visitor's arm and went in. He stood looking after her as she ascended the steps and passed into the shadow of the door, then put his hand upon her brother's shoulder again, and invited him with a confidential nod to walk in the garden.

"Tom, my fine fellow, I want to have a word with you." They had stopped among a disorder of roses—it was part of Mr. Bounderby's humility to keep Nickits's roses on a reduced scale—and Tom sat down on a terrace-parapet, plucking buds and picking them to pieces, while his powerful Familiar stood over him, with a foot upon the parapet and his figure easily resting on the arm supported by

that knee. They were just visible from her window. Perhaps she saw them.

"Tom, what's the matter?"

"Oh! Mr. Harthouse," said Tom, with a groan. "I am hard up, and bothered out of my life."

"My good boy, so am I!"

"You!" returned Tom. "You are the picture of Independence. Mr. Harthouse, I am in a horrible mess. You have no idea what a state I have got myself into, and my sister might have got me out of it, if she would only have done it."

He took to biting the rosebuds now, and tearing them away from his teeth with a hand that trembled like an infirm old man's.

After one exceedingly observant look at him, his companion relapsed into his lightest air.

"Tom, you are inconsiderate; you expect too much of your sister. You have had money of her, you dog, you know you have."

"Well, Mr. Harthouse, I know I have. How else was I to get it? Here's old Bounderby always boasting that at my age he lived upon two-pence a month, or something of that sort. Here's my father drawing what he calls a line, and tying me down to it, neck and heels. Here's my mother who never has anything of her own, except her complaints! What is a fellow to do for money, and where am I to look for it, if not to my sister?"

He was almost crying, and scattered the buds about by dozens. Mr. Harthouse took him persuasively by the coat.

"But, dear Tom, if your sister has not got it."

"Not got it, Mr. Harthouse? I don't say she has got it. I may have wanted more than she was likely to have got. But then she ought to get it. She should get it. It's of no use pretending to make a secret of matters now, after what I have told you already; you know she didn't marry old Bounderby for her own sake; or for his sake, but for my sake. Then why doesn't she get what I want, out of him, for my sake? She is not obliged to say what she is going to do with it; she is sharp enough; she could manage to coax it out of him if she chose. Then why doesn't she choose when I tell her of what consequence it is? But no. There she sits in his company like a stone, instead of making herself agreeable and getting it easily. I don't know what you may call this, but I call it unnatural conduct."

There was a piece of ornamental water immediately below the parapet, on the other side, into which Mr. James Harthouse had a very strong inclination to pitch Mr. Thomas Gradgrind, Junior, as the injured men of Coketown threatened to pitch their property into the Atlantic. But he preserved his easy attitude, and nothing more solid went over the stone balustrade than the accumulated rosebuds now floating about the little surface-island.

"My dear Tom," said Harthouse, "let me try to be your banker."

"For God's sake," replied Tom, suddenly, "don't talk to me about bankers!" and very white he looked in contrast with the roses. Very white.

Mr. Harthouse was a thoroughly well-bred man, accustomed to the best society, was not to be surprised—he could as soon have been affected—but he raised his eyelids a little more, as if they were lifted by a feeble touch of wonder. Though it was as much against the precepts of his school to wonder, as it was against the doctrines of the Gradgrind College.

"What is the present need, Tom? Three figures! Out with them! Say what they are."

"Mr. Harthouse," returned Tom, now actually crying; and his tears were better than his injuries, however pitiful a figure he made; "it's too late; the money is of no use to me at present. I should have had it before, to be of use to me. But I am very much obliged to you; you're a true friend."

"A true friend! Whelp, whelp!" thought Mr. Harthouse, lazily; "what an Ass you are!"

"And I take your offer as a great kindness," said Tom, grasping his hand. "As a great kindness, Mr. Harthouse."

"Well," returned the other, "it may be of more use by and by. And, my good fellow, if you will open your bedevilments to me when they come thick upon you, I may show you better ways out of them than you can find for yourself."

"Thank you," said Tom, shaking his head dismally, and chewing rosebuds. "I wish I had known you sooner, Mr. Harthouse."

"Now, you see, Tom," said Mr. Harthouse in conclusion; himself tossing over a rose or two, as a contribution to the island, which was always drifting to the wall as if it wanted to become a part of the mainland; "every man is

selfish in everything he does, and I am exactly like the rest of my fellow-creatures. I am desperately intent;" the languor of his desperation being quite tropical; "on your softening towards your sister—which you ought to do and on your being a more loving and agreeable sort of brother—which you ought to be."

"I will be, Mr. Harthouse."

"No time like the present, Tom. Begin at once."

"Certainly I will. And my sister Loo shall say so."

"Having made which bargain, Tom," said Harthouse, clapping him on the shoulder again, with an air which left him at liberty to infer—as he did, poor fool—that this condition was imposed upon him in mere careless good nature, to lessen his sense of obligation, "we will tear ourselves asunder until dinner-time."

When Tom appeared before dinner, though his mind seemed heavy enough, his body was on the alert; and he appeared before Mr. Boun-derby came in. "I didn't mean to be cross, Loo," he said, giving her his hand, and kissing her. "I know you are fond of me, and you know I am fond of you."

After this, there was a smile upon Louisa's face that day, for some one else. Alas, for some one else!

"So much the less is the whelp the only creature that she cares for," thought James Harthouse, reversing the reflection of his first day's knowledge of her pretty face. "So much the less, so much the less."

CHAPTER XXIV.

The next morning was too bright a morning for sleep, and James Harthouse rose early, and sat in the pleasant bay window of his dressing-room, smoking the rare tobacco that had had so wholesome an influence on his young friend. Reposing in the sunlight, with the fragrance of his eastern pipe about him, and the dreamy smoke vanishing into the air, so rich and soft with summer odors, he reckoned up his advantages as an idle winner might count his gains. He was not at all bored for the time, and could give his mind to it.

He had established a confidence with her, from which her husband was excluded. He had established a confidence with her, that absolutely turned upon her indifference towards her husband, and the absence, now and

at all times, of any congeniality between them. He had artfully, but plainly assured her, that he knew her heart in its last most delicate recesses; he had come so near to her through its tenderest sentiment; he had associated himself with that feeling; and the barrier behind which she lived, had melted away. All very odd, and very satisfactory!

And yet he had not, even now, any earnest wickedness of purpose in him. Publicly and privately, it were much better for the age in which he lived, that he and the legion of whom he was one were designedly bad, than indifferent and purposeless. It is the drifting icebergs setting with any current anywhere, that wreck the ships.

When the devil goeth about like a roaring lion, he goeth about in a shape by which few but savages and hunters are attracted. But, when he is trimmed, varnished, and polished, according to the mode; when he is aweary of vice, and aweary of virtue, used up as to brimstone, and used up as to bliss; then, whether he take to the serving out of red tape, or to the kindling of red fire, he is the very devil.

So, James Harthouse reclined in the window, indolently smoking, and reckoning up the steps he had taken on the road by which he happened to be travelling. The end to which it led was before him, pretty plainly; but he troubled himself with no calculations about it. What will be, will be.

As he had rather a long ride to take that day—for there was a public occasion “to do” at some distance, which afforded a tolerable opportunity of going in for the Gradgrind men—he dressed early, and went down to breakfast. He was anxious to see if she had relapsed since the previous evening. No. He resumed where he had left off. There was a look of interest for him again.

He got through the day as much (or as little) to his own satisfaction, as was to be expected under the fatiguing circumstances; and came riding back at six o'clock. There was a sweep of some half mile between the lodge and the house, and he was riding along at a foot pace over the smooth gravel, once Nickit's, when Mr. Bounderby burst out of the shrubbery with such violence as to make his horse shy across the road.

“Harthouse!” cried Mr. Bounderby. “Have you heard?”

“Heard what?” said Harthouse, soothing his horse, and inwardly favoring Mr. Bounderby with no good wishes.

“Then you *haven't* heard!”

“I have heard you, and so has this brute. I have heard nothing else.”

Mr. Bounderby, red and hot, planted himself in the centre of the path before the horse's head, to explode his bombshell with more effect.

“The Bank's robbed!”

“You don't mean it!”

“Robbed last night, sir. Robbed in an extraordinary manner. Robbed with a false key.”

“Of much?”

Mr. Bounderby, in his desire to make the most of it, really seemed mortified by being obliged to reply, “Why, no; not of very much. But it might have been.”

“Of how much?”

“Oh! as a sum—if you stick to a sum—of not more than a hundred and fifty pounds,” said Bounderby, with impatience. “But it's not the sum; it's the fact. It's the fact of the Bank being robbed, that's the important circumstance. I am surprised you don't see it.”

“My dear Bounderby,” said James, dismounting, and giving his bridle to his servant, “I *do* see it; and am as overcome as you can possibly desire me to be, by the spectacle afforded to my mental view. Nevertheless, I may be allowed, I hope, to congratulate you—which I do with all my soul, I assure you—on your not having sustained a greater loss.”

“Thank'ee,” replied Bounderby, in a short, ungracious manner. “But I tell you what. It might have been twenty thousand pound.”

“I suppose it might.”

“Suppose it might? You may suppose so. By George!” said Mr. Bounderby, with sundry menacing nods and shakes of his head. “It might have been twice twenty. There's no knowing what it would have been, or wouldn't have been, as it was, but for the fellows' being disturbed.”

Louisa had come up now, and Mrs. Sparsit and Bitzer.

“Here's Tom Gradgrind's daughter knows pretty well what it might have been, if you

don't," blustered Bounderby. "Dropped, sir, as if she was shot, when I told her! Never knew her do such a thing before. Does her credit, under the circumstances, in my opinion!"

She still looked faint and pale. James Harthouse begged her to take his arm: and as they moved on very slowly, asked how the robbery had been committed.

"Why, I am going to tell you," said Bounderby, irritably giving his arm to Mrs. Sparsit. "If you hadn't been so mighty particular about the sum, I should have begun to tell you before. You know this lady (for she is a lady), Mrs. Sparsit?"

"I have already had the honor"—

"Very well. And this young man, Bitzer, you saw him too on the same occasion?" Mr. Harthouse inclined his head in assent, and Bitzer knuckled his forehead.

"Very well. They live at the Bank. You know they live at the Bank, perhaps? Very well. Yesterday afternoon, at the close of business hours, everything was put away as usual. In the iron room that this young fellow sleeps outside of, there was never mind how much. In the little safe in young Tom's closet, the safe used for petty purposes, there was a hundred and fifty odd pound."

"Hundred and fifty-four, seven, one," said Bitzer.

"Come!" retorted Bounderby, stopping to wheel round upon him, "let's have none of *your* interruptions. It's enough to be robbed while you're snoring because you're too comfortable, without being put right with *your* four seven ones. I didn't snore, myself, when I was your age, let me tell you. I hadn't vic-tuals enough to snore. And I didn't four seven one. Not if I knew it."

Bitzer knuckled his forehead again, in a sneaking manner, and seemed at once particularly impressed and depressed by the instance last given of Mr. Bounderby's moral abstinence.

"A hundred and fifty odd pound," resumed Mr. Bounderby. "That sum of money, young Tom locked in his safe; not a very strong safe, but that's no matter now. Everything was left all right. Some time in the night, while this young fellow snored—Mrs. Sparsit, ma'am, you say you have heard him snore?"

"Sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, "I cannot say

that I have heard him precisely snore, and therefore must not make that statement. But on winter evenings, when he has fallen asleep at his table, I have heard him, what I should prefer to describe as partially choke. I have heard him on such occasions produce sounds of a nature similar to what may be sometimes heard in Dutch clocks. Not," said Mrs. Sparsit, with a lofty sense of giving strict evidence, "that I would convey any imputation on his moral character. Far from it. I have always considered Bitzer a young man of the most upright principle; and to that I beg to bear my testimony."

"Well!" said the exasperated Bounderby, "while he was snoring, or choking, or Dutch-clocking, or something or other—being asleep—some fellows, somehow, whether previously concealed in the house or not, remains to be seen, got to young Tom's safe, forced it, and abstracted the contents. Being then disturbed, they made off; letting themselves out at the main door, and double-locking it again (it was double-locked, and the key under Mrs. Sparsit's pillow) with a false key, which was picked up in the street near the Bank, about twelve o'clock to-day. No alarm takes place, till this chap, Bitzer, turns out this morning and begins to open and prepare the office for business. Then, looking at Tom's safe, he sees the door ajar, and finds the lock forced, and the money gone."

"Where is Tom, by the by?" asked Harthouse, glancing round.

"He has been helping the police," said Bounderby, "and stays behind at the Bank. I wish these fellows had tried to rob me when I was at his time of life. They would have been out of pocket, if they had invested eighteenpence in the job; I can tell 'em that."

"Is anybody suspected?"

"Suspected? I should think there was somebody suspected!" said Bounderby, relinquishing Mrs. Sparsit's arm to wipe his heated head, "Josiah Bounderby of Coketown is not to be plundered and nobody suspected. No, thank you!"

"Might Mr. Harthouse inquire who was suspected?"

"Well," said Bounderby, stopping and facing about to confront them all, "I'll tell you. It's not to be mentioned everywhere; it's not to be mentioned anywhere; in order that the scoun-

drels concerned (there's a gang of 'em) may be thrown off their guard. So take this in confidence. Now wait a bit." Mr. Bounderby wiped his head again. "What should you say to;" here he violently exploded; "to a Hand being in it?"

"I hope," said Harthouse, lazily, "not our friend Blackpot?"

"Say Pool instead of Pot, sir," returned Bounderby, "and that's the man."

Louisa faintly uttered some word of incredulity and surprise.

"Oh, yes! I know!" said Bounderby, immediately catching at the sound. "I know! I am used to that. I know all about it. They are the finest people in the world, these fellows are. They have got the gift of the gab, they have. They only want to have their rights explained to them, they do. But I tell you what. Show me a dissatisfied Hand, and I'll show you a man that's fit for anything bad, I don't care what it is."

Another of the popular fictions of Coketown, which some pains had been taken to disseminate—and which some people really believed.

"But I am acquainted with these chaps," said Bounderby. "I can read 'em off, like books. Mrs. Sparsit, ma'am, I appeal to you. What warning did I give that fellow, the first time he set foot in the house, when the express object of his visit was to know he could knock religion over, and floor the Established Church? Mrs. Sparsit, in point of high connexions, you are on a level with the aristocracy—did I say, or did I not say, to that fellow, 'you can't hide the truth from me; you are not the kind of fellow I like; you'll come to no good?' "

"Assuredly, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, "you did, in a highly impressive manner, give him such an admonition."

"When he shocked you, ma'am," said Bounderby; "when he shocked your feelings?"

"Yes, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, with a meek shake of her head, "he certainly did so. Though I do not mean to say but that my feelings may be weaker on such points—more foolish, if the term is preferred—than they might have been, if I had always occupied my present position."

Mr. Bounderby stared with a bursting pride at Mr. Harthouse, as much as to say, "I am

the proprietor of this female, and she's worth your attention, I think?" Then, resumed his discourse.

"You can recall for yourself, Harthouse, what I said to him when you saw him. I didn't mince the matter with him. I am never mealy with 'em. I KNOW 'em. Very well, sir. Three days after that he bolted. Went off, nobody knows where; as my mother did in my infancy—only with this difference, that he is a worse subject than my mother, if possible. What did he do before he went? What do you say?" Mr. Bounderby, with his hat in his hand, gave a beat upon the crown at every little division of his sentences, as if it were a tamborine; "to his being seen—night after night—watching the Bank?—To his lurking about there—after dark?—To its striking Mrs. Sparsit—that he could be lurking for no good—To her calling Bitzer's attention to him, and their both taking notice of him—And to its appearing on inquiry to-day—that he was also noticed by the neighbors?"

Having come to the climax, Mr. Bounderby, like an oriental dancer, put his tamborine on his head.

"Suspicious," said James Harthouse, "certainly."

"I think so, sir," said Bounderby, with a defiant nod. I think so. But there are more of 'em in it. There's an old woman. One never hears of these things till the mischief's done; all sorts of defects are found out in the stable door after the horse is stolen; there's an old woman turns up now. An old woman who seems to have been flying into town on a broomstick, every now and then. *She* watches the place a whole day before this fellow begins, and, on the night when you saw him, she steals away with him and holds a council with him—I suppose, to make her report on going off duty."

There was such a person in the room that night, and she shrunk from observation, thought Louisa.

"This is not all of 'em, even as we already know 'em," said Bounderby, with many nods of hidden meaning. "But I have said enough for the present. You'll have the goodness to keep it quiet, and mention it to no one. It may take time, but we shall have 'em. It's policy to give 'em line enough, and there's no objection to that."

"Of course, they will be punished with the utmost rigor of the law, as notice-boards observe," replied James Harthouse, "and serve them right. Fellows who go in for Banks must take the consequences. If there were no consequences, we should all go in for Banks."

He had gently taken Louisa's parasol from her hand, and had put it up for her; and she walked under its shade, though the sun did not shine there.

"For the present, Loo Bounderby," said her husband, "here's Mrs. Sparsit to look after. Mrs. Sparsit's nerves have been acted upon by this business, and she'll stay here a day or two. So, make her comfortable."

"Thank you very much, sir," that discreet lady observed, "but pray do not let My comfort be a consideration. Anything will do for Me."

It soon appeared that if Mrs. Sparsit had a failing in her association with that domestic establishment, it was that she was so excessively regardless of herself and regardless of others, as to be a nuisance. On being shown her chamber, she was so dreadfully sensible of its comforts as to suggest the inference that she would have preferred to pass the night on the mangle in the laundry. True, the Powlers and the Scadgerses were accustomed to splendor; "but it is my duty to remember," Mrs. Sparsit was fond of observing with a lofty grace; particularly when any of the domestics were present, "that what I was, I am no longer. Indeed," said she, "if I could altogether cancel the remembrance that Mr. Sparsit was a Powler, or that I myself am related to the Scadgers family; or if I could even revoke the fact, and make myself a person of common descent and ordinary connexions; I would gladly do so. I should think it, under existing circumstances, right to do so."

The same Hermitical state of mind led to her renunciation of made dishes and wines at dinner, until fairly commanded by Mr. Bounderby to take them; when she said, "Indeed you are very good, sir:" and departed from a resolution of which she had made rather formal and public announcement, to "wait for the simple mutton." She was likewise deeply apologetic for wanting the salt; and, feeling amiably bound to bear out Mr. Bounderby to the fullest extent in the testimony he had borne to her nerves, occasionally sat back in her chair and

silently wept; at which periods a tear of large dimensions, like a crystal ear ring, might be observed (or rather, must be, for it insisted on public notice) sliding down her Roman nose.

But Mrs. Sparsit's greatest point, first and last, was her determination to pity Mr. Bounderby. There were occasions when in looking at him she was involuntarily moved to shake her head, as who should say, "Alas, poor Yorick!" After allowing herself to be betrayed into these evidences of emotion, she would force a lambent brightness, and would be fitfully cheerful, and would say, "You have still good spirits, sir, I am thankful to find;" and would appear to hail it as a blessed dispensation that Mr. Bounderby bore up as he did.

One idiosyncrasy for which she often apologised, she found it excessively difficult to conquer. She had a curious propensity to call Mrs. Bounderby "Miss Gradgrind," and yielded to it some three or four score times in the course of the evening. Her repetition of this mistake covered Mrs. Sparsit with modest confusion; but indeed, she said, it seemed so natural to say Miss Gradgrind; whereas, to persuade herself that the young lady whom she had had the happiness of knowing from a child could be really and truly Mrs. Bounderby, she found almost impossible. It was a further singularity of this remarkable case, that the more she thought about it, the more impossible it appeared; "the differences," she observed, "being such—"

In the drawing-room after dinner, Mr. Bounderby tried the case of the robbery, examined the witnesses, made notes of the evidence, found the suspected persons guilty, and sentenced them to the extreme punishment of the law. That done, Bitzer was dismissed to town with instructions to recommend Tom to come home by the mail-train.

When candles were brought, Mrs. Sparsit murmured, "Don't be low, sir. Pray, let me see you cheerful, sir, as I used to do."

Mr. Bounderby, upon whom these consolations had begun to produce the effect of making him, in a bull headed, blundering way, sentimental, sighed like some large sea-animal.

"I cannot bear to see you so, sir," said Mrs. Sparsit. "Try a hand at backgammon,

sir, as you used to do when I had the honor of living under your roof."

"I haven't played backgammon, ma'am," said Mr. Bounderby, "since that time."

"No, sir," said Mrs. Sparsit, soothingly, "I am aware that you have not. I remember that Miss Gradgrind takes no interest in the game. But I shall be happy, sir, if you will condescend."

They played near a window, opening on the garden. It was a fine night—not moonlight, but sultry and fragrant. Louisa and Mr. Harthouse strolled out into the garden, where their voices could be heard in the stillness, though not what they said. Mrs. Sparsit, from her place at the backgammon board, was constantly straining her eyes to pierce the shadows without.

"What's the matter, ma'am?" said Mr. Bounderby; "you don't see a Fire, do you?"

"Oh! dear, no, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, "I was thinking of the dew."

"What have you got to do with the dew, ma'am?" said Mr. Bounderby.

"It's not myself, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, "I am fearful of Miss Gradgrind's taking cold."

"She never takes cold," said Mr. Bounderby.

"Really, sir?" said Mrs. Sparsit; and was affected with a cough in her throat.

When the time drew near for retiring, Mr. Bounderby took a glass of water.

"Oh! sir?" said Mrs. Sparsit. "Not your sherry warm, with lemon-peel and nutmeg?"

"Why, I have got out of the habit of taking it now, ma'am," said Mr. Bounderby.

"The more's the pity, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit; "you are losing all your good old habits. Cheer up, sir! If Miss Gradgrind will permit me, I will offer to make it for you, as I have often done."

Miss Gradgrind readily permitting Mrs. Sparsit to do anything she pleased, that considerate lady made the beverage, and handed it to Mr. Bounderby. "It will do you good, sir. It will warm your heart. It is the sort of thing you want, and ought to take, sir." And when Mr. Bounderby said, "Your health, ma'am!" she answered, with great feeling, "Thank you, sir. The same to you, and happiness also." Finally, she wished him good night, with great pathos; and Mr. Bounderby

went to bed, with a maudlin persuasion that he had been crossed in something tender, though he could not, for his life, have mentioned what it was.

Long after Louisa had undressed and lain down, she watched and waited for her brother's coming home. That could hardly be, she knew, until an hour past midnight; but in the country silence, which did anything but calm the trouble of her thoughts, time lagged wearily. At last, when the darkness and stillness had seemed for hours to thicken one another, she heard the bell at the gate. She felt as though she would have been glad that it rang on until daylight; but it ceased, and the circles of its last sound spread out fainter and wider in the air, and all was dead again.

She waited yet some quarter of an hour, as she judged. Then she arose, put on a loose robe, and went out of her room, in the dark, and up the staircase to her brother's room. His door being shut, she softly opened it and spoke to him, approaching his bed with a noiseless step.

She knelt down beside it, passed her arm over his neck, and drew his face to hers. She knew that he only feigned to be asleep, but she said nothing to him.

He started by and by, as if he were just then awakened, and asked who that was, and what was the matter?

"Tom, have you anything to tell me? If ever you loved me in your life, and have anything concealed from every one besides, tell it to me."

"I don't know what you mean, Loo. You have been dreaming."

"My dear brother," she laid her head down on his pillow, and her hair flowed over him as if she would hide him from every one but herself: "is there nothing that you have to tell me? Is there nothing you can tell me, if you will? You can tell me nothing that will change me. Oh! Tom, tell me the truth!"

"I don't know what you mean, Loo."

"As you lie here alone, my dear, in the melancholy night, so you must lie somewhere one night, when even I, if I am living then, shall have left you. As I am here beside you, barefoot, unclothed, undistinguishable in darkness, so must I lie through all the night of my decay, until I am dust. In the name of that time, Tom, tell me the truth now!"

"What is it you want to know?"

"You may be certain;" in the energy of her love she took him to her bosom as if he were a child; "that I will not reproach you. You may be certain that I will be compassionate and true to you. You may be certain that I will save you at whatever cost. Oh! Tom, have you nothing to tell me? Whisper very softly. Say only 'yes,' and I shall understand you!"

She turned her ear to his lips, but he remained doggedly silent.

"Not a word, Tom?"

"How can I say Yes, or how can I say No, when I don't know what you mean? Loo, you are a brave, kind girl, worthy I begin to think of a better brother than I am. But I have nothing more to say. Go to bed, go to bed."

"You are tired," she whispered, presently, more in her usual way.

"Yes, I am quite tired out."

"You have been so hurried and disturbed, to-day. Have any fresh discoveries been made?"

"Only those you have heard of, from—him."

"Tom, have you said to any one that we made a visit to those people, and that we saw those three together?"

"No. Didn't you yourself particularly ask me to keep it quiet, when you asked me to go there with you?"

"Yes. But I did not know then what was going to happen."

"Nor I neither. How could I?"

He was very quick upon her with this retort.

"Ought I to say, after what has happened," said his sister, standing by the bed—she had gradually withdrawn herself, and risen, "that I made that visit? Should I say so? Must I say so?"

"Good Heavens, Loo," returned her brother, "you are not in the habit of asking my advice. Say what you like. If you keep it to yourself, I shall keep it to myself. If you disclose it, there's an end of it."

It was too dark for either to see the other's face; but each seemed very attentive, and to consider before speaking.

"Tom, do you believe the man I gave the money to is really implicated in this crime?"

"I don't know. I don't see why he shouldn't be."

"He seemed to me an honest man."

"Another person may seem to you dishonest, and yet not be so."

There was a pause, for he had hesitated and stopped.

"In short," resumed Tom, as if he had made up his mind, "if you come to that, perhaps I was so far from being altogether in his favor, that I took him outside the door to tell him quietly, that I thought he might consider himself very well off to get such a windfall as he had got from my sister, and that I hoped he would make a good use of it. You remember whether I took him out or not. I say nothing against the man; he may be a very good fellow, for anything I know; I hope he is."

"Was he offended by what you said?"

"No, he took it pretty well; he was civil enough. Where are you, Loo?" He sat up in bed and kissed her. "Good night, my dear, good night!"

"You have nothing more to tell me?"

"No. What should I have? You wouldn't have me tell you a lie?"

"I wouldn't have you do that to-night, Tom, of all the nights in your life; many and much happier as I hope they will be."

"Thank you, my dear Loo. I am so tired, that I am sure I wonder I don't say anything, to get to sleep. Go to bed, go to bed."

Kissing her again, he turned round, drew the coverlet over his head, and lay as still as if that time had come by which she had abjured him. She stood for some time at the bedside before she slowly moved away. She stopped at the door, looked back when she had opened it, and asked him if he had called her? But he lay still, and she softly closed the door, and returned to her room.

Then the wretched boy looked cautiously up and found her gone, crept out of bed, fastened his door, and threw himself upon his pillow again—tearing his hair, morosely crying, grudgingly loving her, hatefully but impenitently spurning himself, and no less hatefully and unprofitably spurning all the good in the world.

CHAPTER XXV.

Mrs. Sparsit, lying by to recover the tone of her nerves in Mr. Bounderby's retreat, kept such a sharp look-out, night and day, under her Coriolanian eyebrows, that her eyes, like

a couple of light-houses on an iron-bound coast, might have warned all prudent mariners from that bold rock, her Roman nose and the dark and craggy region in its neighborhood, but for the placidity of her manner. Although it was hard to believe that her retiring for the night could be anything but a form, so severely wide awake were those classical eyes of hers, and so impossible did it seem that her rigid nose could yield to any relaxing influence, yet her manner of sitting, smoothing her uncomfortable, not to say, gritty mittens, (they were constructed of a cool fabric like a meat-safe,) or of ambling to unknown places of destination with her foot in her cotton stirrup, was so perfectly serene, that most observers would have been constrained to suppose her a dove, embodied by some freak of nature, in the earthly tabernacle of a bird of the hook-beaked order.

She was a most wonderful woman for prowling about the house. How she got from story to story, was a mystery beyond solution. A lady so decorous in herself and so highly connected, was not to be suspected of dropping over the bannisters or sliding down them, yet her extraordinary facility of locomotion, suggested the wild idea. Another noticeable circumstance in Mrs. Sparsit was that she was never hurried. She would shoot with consummate velocity from the roof to the hall, yet would be in full possession of her breath and dignity on the moment of her arrival there. Neither was she ever seen by human vision to go at a great pace.

She took very kindly to Mr. Harthouse, and had some pleasant conversation with him soon after her arrival. She made him her stately curtsy in the garden, one morning before breakfast.

"It appears but yesterday, sir," said Mrs. Sparsit, "that I had the honor of receiving you at the Bank, when you were so good as to wish to be made acquainted with Mr. Bounderby's address."

"An occasion, I am sure, not to be forgotten by myself in the course of Ages," said Mr. Harthouse, inclining his head to Mrs. Sparsit with the most indolent of all possible airs.

"We live in a singular world, sir," said Mrs. Sparsit.

"I have had the honor, by a coincidence of which I am proud, to have made a remark,

similar in effect, though not so epigrammatically expressed."

"A singular world, I would say, sir," pursued Mrs. Sparsit; after acknowledging the compliment with a drooping of her dark eyebrows, not altogether so mild in its expression as her voice was in its dulcet tones; "as regards the intimacies we form at one time, with individuals we were quite ignorant of, at another. I recall, sir, that on that occasion you went so far as to say you were actually apprehensive of Miss Gradgrind."

"Your memory does me more honor than my insignificance deserves. I availed myself of your obliging hints to correct my timidity, and it is unnecessary to add that they were perfectly accurate. Mrs. Sparsit's talent for—in fact for anything requiring accuracy—with a combination of strength of mind—and Family—is too habitually developed to admit of any question."

He was almost falling asleep over this compliment; it took him so long to get through, and his mind wandered so much in the course of its execution.

"You found Miss Gradgrind—I really cannot call her Mrs. Bounderby; it's very absurd of me—as youthful as I described her?" asked Mrs. Sparsit, sweetly.

"You drew her portrait perfectly," said Mr. Harthouse. "Presented her dead image."

"Very engaging, sir?" said Mrs. Sparsit, causing her mittens slowly to revolve over one another.

"Highly so."

"It used to be considered," said Mrs. Sparsit, "that Miss Gradgrind was wanting in animation, but I confess she appears to me considerably and strikingly improved in that respect. Ay, and indeed here is Mr. Bounderby!" cried Mrs. Sparsit, nodding her head a great many times, as if she had been talking and thinking of no one else. "How do you find yourself this morning, sir? Pray let us see you cheerful, sir."

Now, these persistent assuagements of his misery, and lightnings of his load, had by this time begun to have the effect of making Mr. Bounderby softer than usual towards Mrs. Sparsit, and harder than usual to most other people from his wife downward. So, when Mrs. Sparsit said with forced lightness of heart, "You want your breakfast, sir, but I dare say

Miss Gradgrind will soon be here to preside at the table," Mr. Bounderby replied, "If I waited to be taken care of by my wife, ma'am, I believe you know pretty well I should wait till Doomsday, so I'll trouble *you* to take charge of the teapot."

Mrs. Sparsit complied, and assumed her old position at table.

This again made the excellent woman vastly sentimental. She was so humble withal, that when Louisa appeared, she rose, protesting she never could think of sitting in that place under existing circumstances, often as she had had the honor of making Mr. Bounderby's breakfast, before Mrs. Gradgrind—she begged pardon, she meant to say, Miss Bounderby—she hoped to be excused, but she really could not get it right yet, though she trusted to become familiar with it by and by—had assumed her present position. It was only, (she observed) because Miss Gradgrind happened to be a little late, and Mr. Bounderby's time was so very precious, and she knew it of old to be so essential that he should breakfast to the moment, that she had taken the liberty of complying with his request, long as his will had been a law to her.

"There! Stop where you are, ma'am," said Mr. Bounderby, "stop where you are! Mrs. Bounderby will be very glad to be relieved of the trouble, I believe."

"Don't say that, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, almost with severity, "because that is very unkind to Mrs. Bounderby. And to be unkind is not to be you, sir."

"You may set your mind at rest, ma'am. You can take it very quietly, can't you, Loo?" said Mr. Bounderby, in a blustering way, to his wife.

"Of course. It is of no moment. Why should it be of any importance to me?"

"Why should it be of any importance to any one, Mrs. Sparsit, ma'am?" said Mr. Bounderby, swelling with a sense of slight. "You attach too much importance to these things, ma'am. By George, you'll be corrected in some of your notions here. You are old fashioned, ma'am. You are behind Tom Gradgrind's children's time."

"What is the matter with you?" asked Louisa, coldly surprised. "What has given you offence?"

"Offence!" repeated Bounderby. "Do you

suppose if there was any offence given me, I shouldn't name it, and request to have it corrected? I am a straightforward man, I believe. I don't go beating about for side-winds."

"I suppose no one ever had occasion to think you too diffident, or too delicate," Louisa answered him, composedly; "I have never made that objection to you, either as a child or as a woman. I don't understand what you would have."

"Have?" returned Mr. Bounderby. "Nothing. Otherwise, don't you, Loo Bounderby, know thoroughly well that I, Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown, would have it?"

She looked at him, as he struck the table and made the tea-cups ring, with a proud color in her face that was a new change, Mr. Harthouse thought.

"You are incomprehensible this morning," said Louisa. "Pray take no further trouble to explain yourself. I am not curious to know your meaning. What does it matter?"

Nothing more was said on this theme, and Mr. Harthouse was soon idly gay on indifferent subjects. But, from this day, the Sparsit action upon Mr. Bounderby threw Louisa and James Harthouse more together, and strengthened the dangerous alienation from her husband and confidence against him with another, into which she had fallen by degrees so fine that she could not retrace them if she tried. But, whether she ever tried or no, lay hidden in her own closed heart.

Mrs. Sparsit was so much affected on this particular occasion, that assisting Mr. Bounderby to his hat after breakfast, and being then alone with him in the hall, she imprinted a chaste kiss upon his hand, murmured "my benefactor!" and retired, overwhelmed with grief. Yet it is an indubitable fact, within the cognizance of this history, that five minutes after he had left the house in the self-same hat, the same descendant of the Scadgerses and connexion by matrimony of the Powlers, shook her right-hand mitten at his portrait, made a contemptuous grimace at that work of art, and said, "Serve you right, you Noodle, and I am glad of it!"

Mr. Bounderby had not been long gone, when Bitzer appeared. Bitzer had come down by train, shrieking and rattling over the long line of arches that bestrode the wild country

of past and present coal-pits, with an express from Stone Lodge. It was a hasty note to inform Louisa that Mrs. Gradgrind lay very ill. She had never been well within her daughter's knowledge; but, she had declined within the last few days, had continued sinking all through the night, and was now as nearly dead as her limited capacity of being in any state that implied the ghost of an intention to get out of it allowed.

Accompanied by the lightest of porters, fit colorless servitor at Death's door when Mrs. Gradgrind knocked, Louisa rumbled to Coketown, over the coal-pits past and present, and was whirled into its smoky jaws. She dismissed the messenger to his own devices, and rode away to her old home.

She had seldom been there since her marriage. Her father was usually sifting and sifting at his parliamentary cinder-heap in London (without being observed to turn up many precious articles among the rubbish), and was still hard at it in the national dust-yard. Her mother had taken it rather as a disturbance than otherwise to be visited, as she reclined upon her sofa; young people, Louisa felt herself all unfit for; Sissy she had never softened to again, since the night when the stroller's child had raised her eyes to look at Mr. Bounderby's intended wife. She had no inducements to go back, and had rarely gone.

Neither, as she approached her old home, now, did any of the best influences of old home descend upon her. The dreams of childhood—its airy fables; its graceful, beautiful, humane, impossible adornments of the world beyond; so good to be believed in once, so good to be remembered when outgrown, for then the least among them rises to the stature of a great Charity in the heart, suffering little children to come into the midst of it, and to keep with their pure hands a garden in the stony ways of this world, wherein it were better for all the children of Adam that they should oftener sun themselves, simple and trustful, and not worldly-wise—what had she to do with these? Remembrances of how she had journeyed to the little that she knew, by the enchanted roads of what she and millions of innocent creatures had hoped and imagined; of how, first coming upon Reason through the tender light of Fancy, she had seen it a bene-

ficent god, deferring to gods as great as itself: not a grim Idol, cruel and cold, with its victims bound hand to foot, and its big dumb shape set up with a sightless stare, never to be moved by anything but so many calculated tons of leverage—what had she to do with these? Her remembrances of home and childhood were remembrances of the drying up of every spring and fountain in her young heart as it gushed out. The golden waters were not there. They were flowing for the fertilization of the land where grapes are gathered from thorns, and figs from thistles.

She went, with a heavy, hardened kind of sorrow upon her, into the house and into her mother's room. Since the time of her leaving home, Sissy had lived with the rest of the family on equal terms. Sissy was at her mother's side; and Jane, her sister, now ten or twelve years old, was in the room.

There was great trouble before it could be made known to Mrs. Gradgrind that her eldest child was there. She reclined, propped up, from mere habit, on a couch; as nearly in her old usual attitude as anything so helpless could be kept in. She had positively refused to take to her bed; on the ground that if she did, she would never hear the last of it.

Her feeble voice sounded so far away in her bundle of shawls, and the sound of another voice addressing her seemed to take such a long time in getting down to her ears, that she might have been lying at the bottom of a well. The poor lady was nearer Truth than she ever had been; which had much to do with it.

On being told that Mrs. Bounderby was there, she replied, at cross-purposes, that she had never called him by that name since he married Louisa; that, pending her choice of an unobjectionable name, she had called him J; and that she could not at present depart from that regulation, not being yet provided with a permanent substitute. Louisa had sat by her for some minutes, and had spoken to her often, before she arrived at a clear understanding who it was. She then seemed to come to it all at once.

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Gradgrind, "and I hope you are going on satisfactorily to yourself. It was all your father's doing. He set his heart upon it. And he ought to know."

"I want to hear of you, mother; not of myself."

"You want to hear of me, my dear? That's something new, I am sure, when anybody wants to hear of me. Not all well, Louisa Very faint and giddy."

"Are you in pain, dear mother?"

"I think there's a pain somewhere in the room," said Mrs. Gradgrind, "but I couldn't positively say that I have got it."

After this strange speech, she lay silent for some time. Louisa, holding her hand, could feel no pulse; but, kissing it, could see a slight thin thread of life in fluttering motion.

"You very seldom see your sister," said Mrs. Gradgrind. "She grows like you. I wish you would look at her. Sissy, bring her here."

She was brought, and stood with her hand in her sister's. Louisa had observed her with her arm round Sissy's neck, and she felt the difference of this approach.

"Do you see the likeness, Louisa?"

"Yes, mother. I should think her like me. But"—

"Eh? Yes, I always say so," Mrs. Gradgrind cried, with unexpected quickness. "And that reminds me. I want to speak to you, my dear. Sissy, my good girl, leave us alone a minute."

Louisa had relinquished the hand; had thought that her sister's was a better and brighter face than hers had ever been; had seen in it, not without a rising feeling of resentment, even in that place and at that time, something of the gentleness of the other face in the room: the sweet face with the trusting eyes, made paler than watching and sympathy made it, by the rich, dark hair.

Left alone with her mother, Louisa saw her lying with an awful lull upon her face, like one who was floating away upon some great water, all resistance over, content to be carried down the stream. She put the shadow of a hand to her lips again, and recalled her.

"You were going to speak to me, mother."

"Eh? Yes, to be sure, my dear. You know your father is almost always away now, and, therefore, I must write to him about it."

"About what, mother? Don't be troubled. About what?"

"You must remember, my dear, that whenever I have said anything, on any subject, I

have never heard the last of it; and, consequently, that I have long left off saying anything."

"I can hear you, mother." But it was only by dint of bending down her ear, and at the same time attentively watching the lips as they moved, that she could link such faint and broken sounds into any chain of connexion.

"You learnt a great deal, Louisa, and so did your brother. Ologies of all kinds, from morning to night. If there is any Ology left, of any description, that has not been worn to rags in this house, all I can say is, I hope I shall never hear its name."

"I can hear you, mother, when you have strength to go on." This, to keep her from floating away.

"But there's something—not an Ology at all—that your father has missed, or forgotten, Louisa. I don't know what it is. I have often sat, with Sissy near me, and thought about it. I shall never get its name now. But your father may. It makes me restless. I want to write to him, to find out, for God's sake, what it is. Give me a pen—give me a pen."

Even the power of restlessness was gone, except from the poor head, which could just turn from side to side.

She fancied, however, that her request had been complied with, and that the pen she could not have held was in her hand. It matters little what figures of wonderful nomenclature she began to trace upon her wrappers. The hand soon stopped in the midst of them; the light, that had always been feeble and dim behind the weak transparency, went out; and even Mrs. Gradgrind, emerged from the shadow in which man walketh and disquieteth himself in vain, took upon her the dread solemnity of the sages and patriarchs.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A plum-pudding is hardly ever boiled enough; a fault which reminds one of a predicament in which Lord Byron once found himself in Italy. He had made up his mind to have a plum-pudding on his birthday, and busied himself a whole morning in giving minute directions to prevent the chance of a mishap; yet, after all the pains he had taken, and the anxiety he must have undergone, the pudding appeared in a tureen, and of about the consistency of soup.



SHOOTING AT THE TARGET.

THE CROSS-BOW.

The curious cut at the head of our article presents a sketch of an English pastime, which, although now wholly fallen into disuse, was at one time held in great esteem, and served to establish for the English yeomanry a reputation for warlike skill superior to that of any other people. Fostered by the wise policy of the rulers, archery became to be regarded as one of the noblest of sports. Places were set apart for its exercise, prizes were awarded to the most skilful, and the victor was not unfrequently honored with some whimsical title of nobility which he bore subsequently through life. Thus the apprentices of London saluted their respective champions as Duke of Shore-ditch, Earl of Newington, or Marquis of Moor-fields, these names being derived from the lo-

calities where the butts or targets were situated. The support against which these targets rested were grassy mounds of earth, flattened on the side next the archer, but forming rearward a semi-circular buttress. It was to superiority in the use of the cross-bow, that the English victories in France are to be mainly attributed. Agincourt offers a memorable instance. At an earlier day, Richard Cœur de Lion received his death wound at the hand of a cross-bowman, who, on being taken prisoner, was ruthlessly flayed alive, notwithstanding the dying monarch's command to the contrary. The bow, as a warlike weapon, continued to be partially used in Europe so late as the sixteenth century. That bluff monarch, Henry the Eighth, whom history has

doomed to infamy for the cold-blooded murder of his wives, was a staunch patron of archery, being himself singularly proficient in the use of this national weapon. The discovery of gunpowder led to an entire revolution in the art of war, and the use of the cross-bow fell into disrepute. Mightier enginery superseded it, and to enlightened science and increased civilization we owe those terrible machines which, usurping the place of more primitive weapons, set cities in flames and, by a single well-aimed shot, immolate whole battalions. The plate before us is copied from an illuminated MS., dated 1496, and exhibits several singular features. In the right hand corner of the picture, we have a specimen of the common carrier of that period. Above him stands a knight, clasping a crucifix and evidently confessing his sins to the priest before him. On the left of the picture is, perhaps, the same knight taking leave of his lady love preparatory to setting out for the wars. The spurs upon his heels and the caparisoned war-steed indicates that such is his destination.

A CHILD'S SMILE.

"For I say unto you—That in Heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven."

A child's smile—nothing more;

Quiet, and soft, and grave, and seldom seen;
Like Summer lightning o'er,

Leaving the little face again serene.

I think, boy well-beloved,

Thine angel, who did weep to see how far
Thy childhood is removed

From sports that dear to other children are,

On this pale cheek has thrown

The brightness of his countenance, and made
A peace most like his own,

A beauty that we look on, half afraid:

Marvelling, will it stay

To manhood's prime, or will that angel fair,
On some yet unknown day,

Take the child-smile, and leave the wrinkle
Care.

Nay, fear not. As is given

To thee the father's look, fond watching o'er;
Thine angel, up in Heaven,
Beholds our Father's face for evermore.

Ah, may He help thee bear

Thy burden, as thy father helps thee now:
That thou mayst come to wear

That soft child-smile upon an old man's brow!

THE UNIVERSAL.

BY W. STEDMAN.

Is there an eye that looks around
O'er heaven and earth, o'er land and ocean,
And sees no gentle things abound,
To stir the soul to sweet commotion?
No voiceless song of harmonies?
No music sounded through the eyes?

Is there a soul that dwells within
An eye of hazel, brown, or blue,
That sees not, 'mid the clash and din
Of changing worlds, a beauty, too?
Serenest sunbeams resting lightly
O'er the volcano, burning brightly.

In every ray that falls on earth,
And from the earth reflected rises,
There is a joy, a gentle mirth,
That soon the captive soul surprises,
Sweet glimpses of the lost ideal,
Flashing about the transient real.

The pretty flower that decks the lea,
Each day its bosom opening wider,
Yields choicest honey to the bee,
But poison to the bloated spider.
And are there hearts and eyes that see
This difference of philosophy?

As with the part, so with it all;
As with the flower, so with creation;
And there's for hate, as bitter gall,
As honey sweet for adoration.
Ah! honey sweet, a busy bee,
Let's work in thy philosophy.

LAMPS IN THE HOUSES OF THE ARABS.—The houses of the Arabs are never without lights. Not only all the night long, but in all the inhabited apartments of the house. This custom is so well established in the East that the poorest people would rather retrench part of their food than neglect it. Therefore, Jeremiah makes the taking away of the light of the candle, and the total destruction of a house, the same thing. Job describes the destruction of a family among the Arabs and the rendering one of their habitations desolate after the same manner. "How oft is the candle of the wicked put out! and how oft cometh their destruction upon them." On the other hand, when God promises to give David a lamp always in Jerusalem, (1 Kings xi. 36) in this point of view, it is considered an assurance that his house should never become desolate.

THE YOUNG MATRICIDE.

Why take such a theme? Why describe such a character? Do we not all acknowledge that the young become depraved by reading stories of crime and criminals? Is not the narrative of the first murder related in the Scriptures, with as few words as possible?

It is true that the details of evil deeds should never be dwelt upon, nor ought they to be brought to light except to be cured or crushed; but there is reason to fear that this crime is too common not to have come already under the observation of many. More than one child has been the murderer of his mother, who never knew what he was doing until he stood beside her grave. And if one sad tale can possibly arrest such a child in his cruel, though blind career, and save him from the years of bitter anguish that must follow, may it not be told?

It is a short story, that of a broken heart. But death by heart-breaking is the most painful of any lingering death; not less so when the sufferer is patient and loves the hand that deals the dreadful blow.

Leonard Bond was "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." One other boy she had, but he died, and in her memory was enshrined as an angel, for she had only kind words and loving actions to remember of him.

But Leonard grew up selfish and disobedient. He valued the good opinion of others, and so appeared well enough away from home; indeed, he was naturally as intelligent and amiable as most boys; and had he learned to "bear the yoke in youth," might have made a useful and happy man.

He began by disobeying his mother in little things, and when he saw her grief at his conduct, he was grieved too. But as he grew large and strong, he imbibed the idea that it was not manly to be sorry for anything, or even to obey his mother. These things he learned in the streets, among coarse and bad boys with whom he sometimes loitered around evenings, contrary to her earnest request.

Then, to her reproofs, he returned taunting words. "Women did not know anything. He should do as he pleased."

What words from a son to his mother! Still, the disrespect shown to herself did not trouble her so much as the lowness of feeling and principle they indicated, in her dearly-loved boy.

For she knew too well that contempt for woman is the sure sign of a downward tendency in a youth. She had looked forward to her own old age, when he would be a man, both strong and gentle, as manliness always is, and would shield her from the storms of the world which she had buffeted for him in his childhood. But she could look only for ruffianism instead of manliness, from one who was determined to be "a law unto himself" in all things; who would not be controlled, neither by duty nor by love.

At last, for a slight reproof, he one day silenced her roughly, and gave her the lie to her face.

Then the iron entered into her soul. She could not speak; she could only look at her son with silent anguish. But he did not meet that look, and if he had, it is possible that his heart had become too hard to be melted by it.

Could he have seen his mother's heart, when she left him, to be alone with her shame and sorrow, he certainly must have been moved.

Was it for this she had wept and prayed, in the first dark hours of her widowhood, to the God of the fatherless? The world had seemed brighter to her when she thought she might see her child grow up to carry gladness to some of its weary and aching hearts; and she had tried to teach him everything that was good, and kind, and noble. It had been all in vain.

And if her own Leonard, her son, could so insult his mother, how would he treat those who might hereafter come farther within the reach of his power? He would surely be a curse to the world; and rather than look upon the prospect before him, she wished she could have laid him in his grave, an innocent child, beside his brother; she could almost pray that he might die now, before he was no worse, than grow up such a man as she felt that he must be, continuing as he had begun.

But only One looked into that bleeding heart, and it was a kinder eye than Leonard's.

She complained no more, nor did he become more kind. Yet every rough, unfeeling word was a drop of slow poison to her, and after months of gradual pining, with a disease for which the physicians could find no name, she dropped into her grave.

"She died so slowly that none called it murder."

Yet, in reality it was. She died of wounds

in the heart, inflicted by the hand of her own son.

He did not think of it, when he followed her remains to their last resting-place; nay, he wept, and fancied he had loved his mother dearly.

But he knows it now. I cannot tell how the knowledge came to him, but any one who looks upon his face, prematurely wrinkled and haggard, as he leans over that white stone in the grave-yard, may read there the consciousness of a haunting crime that will give him no peace.

Poor Leonard! This is a lonely world to him, yet always haunted by one pale ghost. His mother is at rest; oh, shall he ever rest again?

He has travelled through many lands, but Remorse, with her whip of scorpions, is always at his side. While she lived, he heedlessly loaded her with sorrow, but now he bears a heavier load. His is a hard fate, and he would not have deserved it, *if he had only thought.*

Ye who have time, *think!* The steel of the midnight assassin pierces only the body.

*"But for the soul—oh tremble and beware
To lay rude hands upon God's mysteries there?"*

THE TARANTULA.

The Tarantula is a species of spider which takes its name from the city of Tarentum, in Italy, near which it is found in great abundance. Valetta, an Italian Monk, who had many opportunities of watching it, published a very accurate history of it in the year 1706. It is frequent in all parts of Italy, in uncultivated places, but more especially it breeds most in sunny dry hills, and particularly in such parts of them as are exposed to the south. Its bite is very poisonous. The peasants of Apulia have a method of getting the tarantula out of his hole, in order to destroy him. This they do by making a soft hissing noise through an oat straw; whether it be that the creature loves this sound, or rather that he takes it for the voice of some insect that he is used to prey upon, he always comes out, and falls a sacrifice to his greediness.

Pliny tells a story of the young ones always eating up their mother for the first food, which is countenanced by the relation of the peasants in those parts, who say that they all swarm about her and suck her juices, till they

leave her a lifeless carcase on the field. They form strong webs, not much larger than themselves, commonly between the branches of a tree. Their eggs are deposited in a white, cloth-like bag, which the spider, at certain seasons of the year, carries constantly about until the brood is hatched. Never miser clung to his treasures with more solicitude than this spider will cling to her bag. Though apparently a very considerable incumbrance, she carries it with her everywhere. If you deprive her of it, she makes the most strenuous efforts for its recovery, and no personal danger can force her to quit her precious load. If her efforts are ineffectual, a melancholy seems to seize her, and, when deprived of this first object of her cares, existence itself appears to have lost its charms. If she succeed in regaining her bag, or you restore it to her, her actions demonstrate the excess of her joy. She eagerly seizes it, and with the utmost agility runs off with it to a place of security. Bonnet put this wonderful attachment of the tarantula to an affecting and decisive test. He threw one, with her bag, into the cavern of a large ant-lion. The spider endeavored to run away, but was not sufficiently active to prevent the ant-lion from seizing her bag of eggs, which it attempted to pull under the sand. She made the most violent efforts to defeat the aim of her invisible foe, and, on her part, struggled with all her might. The gluten, however, which fastened her bag, at length gave way, and it separated; but the spider instantly regained it with her jaws, and redoubled her efforts to rescue her prize from her opponent. It was in vain. The ant-lion was the stronger of the two, and in spite of all her struggles dragged the object of contention under the sand. The unfortunate mother might have preserved her own life from the enemy. She had but to relinquish the bag, and escape out of the pit. But she preferred allowing herself to be buried alive along with the treasure dearer to her than her existence; and it was only by force that Bonnet at length withdrew her from the unequal conflict. But the bag of eggs remained with the assassin; and though he pushed her repeatedly with a cane, she still persisted in continuing on the spot. Life seemed to have become a burden to her, and all her pleasures to have been buried in the grave which contained the germs of her young.

The attachment of this affectionate mother is not confined to her eggs. After the young spiders are hatched, they make their way out of the bag by an opening, which she is careful to make for them. And then they attach themselves in clusters upon her back, head, and even legs; and in this situation, where they present a very singular appearance, she carries them about with her, and feeds them until they are large enough to provide for themselves.

The poisonous mechanism of the tarantula consists of two nippers, or fangs, on the fore part of the head, with strong points, toothed like a saw, and terminating in claws, like those of a cat. A little below the point of the claw there is a small hole, through which the animal emits the poison; and from this apparatus its means of attack and defence are derived.—*Woodworth's Insect Wonders.*

THE NIGHTS.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Oh! the Summer night
Has a smile of light,
And she sits on a sapphire throne,
Whilst the sweet winds load her
With garlands of odor,
From the bud of the rose o'erblown!

But the Autumn night
Has a piercing sight,
And a step both strong and free;
And a voice for wonder,
Like the wrath of the thunder,
When he shouts to the stormy sea.

And the Winter night
Is all cold and white,
And she singeth a song of pain,
Till the wild-bee hummeth,
And warm Spring cometh,
When she dies in a dream of rain!

Oh! the night, the night!
'Tis a lovely sight,
Whatever the clime or time,
For sorrow then soareth,
And the lover outpoureth
His soul in a star-bright rhyme.

It bringeth sleep
To the forest deep,
The forest-bird to its nest;
To care, bright hours,
And dreams of flowers,
And that balm to the weary—rest!

BUFFALMACCO, BISHOP GUIDO, AND HIS MONKEY.

In the year 1302, says Vasari, Buffalmacco was invited to Assisi, where, in the church of San Francesco, he painted in fresco the chapel of Santa Caterina, with stories taken from her life. These paintings are still preserved, and many figures in them are well worthy of praise. Having finished this chapel, Buonamico was passing through Arezzo, when he was detained by the Bishop Guido, who had heard that he was a cheerful companion, as well as a good painter, and who wished him to remain for a time in that city, to paint the chapel of the Episcopal church, where the baptistery now is. Buonamico began the work, and had already completed the greater part of it, when a very curious circumstance occurred; and this, according to Franco Sacchetti, who relates it among his Three Hundred Stories, was as follows: The bishop had a large ape, of extraordinary cunning, the most sportive and mischievous creature in the world. This animal sometimes stood on a scaffold, watching Buonamico at his work, and giving a grave attention to every action: with his eyes constantly fixed on the painter, he observed him mingle his colors, handle the various flasks and tools, beat the eggs for his paintings in distemper—all that he did, in short; for nothing escaped the creature's observation. One Saturday evening, Buffalmacco left his work; and on the Sunday morning, the ape, although fastened to a great log of wood, which the bishop had commanded his servants to fix to his foot, that he might not leap about at his pleasure, contrived, in despite of the weight, which was considerable, to get on the scaffold where Buonamico was accustomed to work. Here he fell at once upon the vases which held the colors, mingled them all together, beat up whatever eggs he could find, and plunging the pencils into this mixture, he daubed over every figure, and did not cease till he had repainted the whole work with his own hand. Having done that, he mixed all the remaining colors together, and getting down from the scaffold, he went his way. When Monday morning came, Buffalmacco returned to his work; and, finding his figures ruined, his vessels all heaped together, and everything turned topsy-turvy, he stood amazed in sore confusion. Finally, hav-

ing considered the matter within himself, he arrived at the conclusion that some Aretine, moved by jealousy, or other cause, had worked the mischief he beheld. Proceeding to the bishop, he related what had happened, and declared his suspicions, by all which that prelate was greatly disturbed; but, consoling Buonamico as best he could, he persuaded him to return to his labors, and repair the mischief. Bishop Guido, thinking him nevertheless likely to be right, his opinion being a very probable one, gave him six soldiers, who were ordered to remain concealed on the watch, with drawn weapons, during the master's absence, and were commanded to cut down any one, who might be caught in the act, without mercy. The figures were again completed in a certain time; and one day as the soldiers were on guard, they heard a strange kind of rolling sound in the church, and immediately after saw the ape clamber up to the scaffold and seize the pencils. In the twinkling of an eye, the new master had mingled his colors; and the soldiers saw him set to work on the saints of Buonamico. They then summoned the artist, and showing him the malefactor, they all stood watching the animal at his operations, being in danger of fainting with laughter, Buonamico more than all; for, although exceedingly disturbed by what had happened, he could not help laughing till the tears ran down his cheeks. At length he betook himself to the bishop, and said: "My lord, you desire to have your chapel painted in one fashion, but your ape chooses to have it done in another." Then, relating the story, he added: "There was no need whatever for your lordship to send to foreign parts for a painter, since you had the master in your house; but perhaps he did not know exactly how to mix the colors; however, as he is now acquainted with the method, he can proceed without further help; I am no longer required here, since we have discovered his talents, and will ask no other reward for my labors, but your permission to return to Florence." Hearing all this, the bishop, although heartily vexed, could not restrain his laughter; and the rather, as he remembered that he who was thus tricked by an ape, was himself the most incorrigible trickster in the world. However, when they had talked and laughed over this new occurrence to their hearts' content, the bishop persuaded Buonamico to remain;

and the painter agreed to set himself to work for the third time, when the chapel was happily completed. But the ape, for his punishment, and in expiation of the crimes he had committed, was shut up in a strong wooden cage, and fastened on the platform where Buonamico worked; there he was kept till the whole was finished; and no imagination could conceive the leaps and flings of the creature thus enclosed in his cage, nor the contortions he made with his feet, hands, muzzle, and whole body, at the sight of others working, while he was not permitted to do anything.

ALL RIGHT IN THE MORNING.

When the bounding beat of the heart of love,
And the springing step grow slow;
When the form of a cloud in the blue above
Lies dark on the path below;
The song that he sings is lost in a sigh,
And he turns where a star is dawning,
And he thinks, as it gladdens his heart and his eye,
"It will all be right in the morning!"

When "the strong man armed," in the middle watch,
From life's dim deck is gazing,
And strives, through the wreck of the tempest,
to catch
A gleam of the day-beam's blazing;
Amid the wild storm, there hard by the helm,
He heeds not the dark ocean yawning:
For this song in his soul not a sorrow can
whelm—
"It will all be right in the morning!"

When the battle is done, the harp unstrung,
Its music trembling—dying;
When his woes are unwept, and his deeds unsung,
And he longs in the grave to be lying,
Then a voice shall charm, as it charmed before
He had wept or waited the dawning;
They do love there for aye—I'll be thine as of yore—
"It will all be right in the morning!"

Thus all through the world, by ship and shore,
Where the mother bends over
The cradle, whose tenant "has gone on before,"
Where the eyes of the lover
Light the way to the soul; whatever the word,
A welcome, a wail, or a warning,
This is everywhere cherished—'tis everywhere heard—
"It will all be right in the morning!"

KEEP YOUR PROMISES.

We have often been shocked by the reckless disregard which many persons manifest for the fulfilment of their promises. They are ever ready to make engagements for the future, but when the time arrives for their fulfilment, they seem to have forgotten it entirely—or at least treat them as though they involve no obligations whatever.

Such conduct is highly injurious in its influence on society, inasmuch as it necessarily tends to destroy the confidence of man in man, which is so essential to the happiness of the community. It is especially detrimental to the interests of the individual himself, who is guilty of it, as he thereby forfeits the respect and confidence of his fellows. His word, accordingly, is not relied upon, and he is obliged to suffer all the unhappy consequences. This singular and injurious habit is one of the most inexcusable of which any man can be guilty. In ninety cases out of one hundred, there is no absolute necessity whatever for any one to break his word.

No one should ever make a promise unless he looks well into the circumstances beforehand, and has every reason to believe that it will be in his power to fulfil his promise. And whenever a promise has been made, it should be his fixed determination to keep it, and with a peculiar reference to this, his subsequent conduct should be shaped.

Were this course faithfully pursued, not only would the serious evils resulting from a disregard of one's word be avoided, but also the confidence of those around speedily gained and enjoyed, and a character thereby established that will be of more value than "ermine, gold or princely diadem."

THE TOO HASTY REPROOF.

"Neighbor," said I, to one of my friends who lives near me, "you have sadly splashed your stockings! In the state in which the roads now are, a little care, it is very plain, you have not exercised. If you were a little more careful, your appearance would not be a whit less respectable."

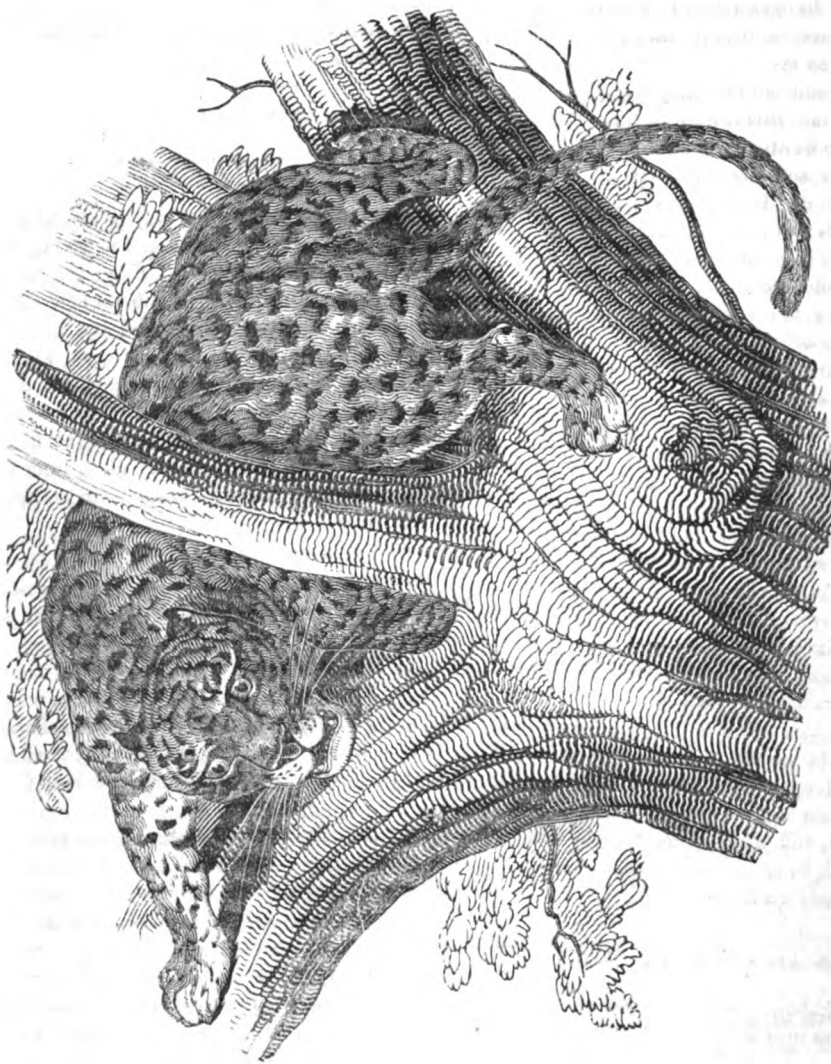
My neighbor civilly thanked me for my very excellent advice, and then added, that as I had so narrowly scrutinized his stockings, it would

do me no harm to take a glance at my own. This I immediately did, and found, to my confusion, that if he had been in the mud, I had as surely been in the mire. How it happened I cannot tell, but certain it is that I was by no means in a fit state to call him to account in the manner I had done. However, this advantage attended the affair. I resolved another time to give a sharp look out for my own imperfections, before I ventured to rebuke those of another.

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
And foolish notion."

If it were only half as easy to amend ourselves as to reprove others, and if giving advice we could secure the benefit we are so intent to confer on our neighbors, how often would Old Humphrey be spared the mortifying reflection that he was scattering abroad what was wanted at home! Only two days ago, while in the very act of recommending more care in a servant who had upset a salt cellar, he knocked a drinking glass from the table with his elbow and broke it in pieces.—*Old Humphrey.*

GOOD ADVICE TO READERS—If you measure the value of the study by the insight you get into subjects, not by the power of saying you have read many books, you will soon perceive that no time is so badly saved, as that which is saved by getting through a book in a hurry. For if, to the time you have given, you added a little more, the subject would have been fixed on your mind, and the whole time profitably employed; whereas, upon your present arrangement, because you would not give a little more, you have lost all. Besides, this is overlooked by rapid and superficial readers—that the best way of reading books with rapidity is to acquire that habit of severe attention to what they contain, that perpetually confines the mind to the simple object it has in view. When you have read enough to have acquired the habit of reading without suffering your mind to wander, and when you can bring to bear upon your subject a great share of previous knowledge, you may then read with rapidity; before that, as you have taken the wrong road, the faster you proceed the more you will be sure to err.—*Sidney Smith.*



A TREE LEOPARD AT BAY.

A TREE LEOPARD AT BAY.

The leopard of Southern Africa is known among the Cape colonists by the name of *tiger*; but is, in fact, the real leopard, the *felis jubata* of naturalists. It differs from the panther of Northern Africa in the form of its spots, in the more slender structure of its body, and in the legs not being so long in proportion to its size. In watching for his prey the leopard crouches on the ground, with his fore-paws stretched out and his head between them, his eyes rather directed upwards. His appearance in his wild state is exceedingly beautiful, his motions in the highest degree easy and graceful, and his agility in bounding among the rocks and woods quite amazing. Of this activity no person can have any idea by seeing these animals in the cages in which they are usually exhibited, humbled and tamed as they are by confinement and the damp cold of our climate.

The leopard is chiefly found in the mountainous districts of South Africa, where he preys on such of the antelopes as he can surprise, on young baboons, and on the rock badgers or rabbits. He is very much dreaded by the Cape farmers also, for his ravages among the flocks.

The leopard is often seen at night in the villages of the negroes on the west coast; and being considered a sacred animal, is never hunted, though children and women are not unfrequently destroyed by him. In the Cape Colony, where no such respect is paid him, he is shyer and much more in awe of man. But though in South Africa he seldom or never ventures to attack mankind, except when driven to extremity (unless it be some poor Hottentot child now and then that he finds unguarded,) yet in remote places, his low, half-smothered growl is frequently heard at night, as he prowls around the cottage or the kraal, as the writer of this notice has a hundred times heard it. His purpose on such occasions is to break into the sheep-fold, and in this purpose he not unfrequently succeeds, in spite of the troops of fierce watch-dogs which every farmer keeps to protect his flocks.

The leopard, like the hyæna, is often caught in traps constructed of large stones and timber, but upon the same principle as a common mouse-trap. When thus caught, he is usually baited with dogs, in order to train them to con-

tend with him, and seldom dies without killing one or two of his canine antagonists. When hunted in the fields, he instinctively betakes himself to a tree, if one should be within reach. In this situation it is exceedingly perilous to approach within reach of his spring; but at the same time, from his exposed position, he becomes an easy prey to the shot of the huntsman.

FIFTEEN MINUTES TOO LATE.

BY CATHARINE M. TROWBRIDGE.

William Jones was a boy possessing not a few desirable qualities, which procured for him many friends; but he had one very bad habit, which made himself and his friends a good deal of trouble, and this was the habit of being tardy. To give my young readers some idea of the mischief occasioned by this habit, I will first introduce William to them on a bright Summer morning in June.

The father and mother of William, and two sisters, are at the breakfast-table; but is William there? No; his seat is vacant. Where is he? As it is a beautiful Summer morning, perhaps he is in the yard or garden, enjoying as children do enjoy such mornings. It may be that the notes of that robin, which is pouring forth its morning song of praise, from the boughs of the cherry tree, standing half way between the house and the garden, have wrested his attention, and chained him to the spot, in half forgetfulness of the fact that there is any breakfast to be eaten this morning.

Well, even if he is there, under the cherry-tree, he is not where he should be. It would have been pleasant to have seen him there ten minutes before, his cheeks ruddy with the exercise of an early morning walk, listening to the sweet notes of that robin, while waiting for the summons of the breakfast bell; but that is not his place now, and boys never appear to advantage when out of their place. But William is out of his place, that is evident; for there stands, unoccupied, the chair which should be filled by him. Neither is he under the cherry-tree. The innocent robin cannot be charged with being the cause of his want of punctuality. If this had been the case, we should be half inclined to forgive him, even though the excuse was insufficient to justify

him; but he is not there. He has not seen the yard or garden, or heard the notes of a bird this morning, not he.

There he is, washing his hands and face preparatory to breakfast. How sleepy he looks! It is to be hoped that he will dash on the cold water, which is next to but fresh air, until he is thoroughly awake. But he will do no such thing. He knows he is belated, and after wetting the tips of his fingers, and the end of his nose, he proceeds to the breakfast-table, rubbing his eyes on the way, to prevent falling asleep before he reaches it.

William does not appear to very good advantage this morning, does he? There is not a bird on the trees, or a bright flower, which grows more bright in the sun's morning beams, which would not put him to the blush. Now, what is the cause of it all? Simply this, that after William awoke in the morning, and knew it was time for him to get up, he said to himself, "I will lie just a few minutes longer," and again fell asleep. He slept so long that he was not even up in time for breakfast, to say nothing of the loss of the early morning walk, and that sweet concert of music in the cherry tree, to which he might have had a free ticket.

After breakfast, William goes out to take the walk he should have taken before breakfast. He does this to wake himself up enough to get his lesson in Geography before school. We will look at him again as he comes in. Now that his eyes are open, they certainly look very bright, and as he fixes them upon his book, there seems to be a fair prospect that the lesson will be acquired. Indeed, he seems anxious that it should be, and applies himself to the work with great diligence. A prize has been promised by his teacher, to those of the class who do not miss a question in Geography, during the term. William has not missed one yet, and he hopes to secure the prize. Soon the school bell rings. He hopes he has his lesson perfectly, but he has been interrupted some, and he is not quite sure of it. If he only had ten minutes more, he could put that question beyond all doubt. He goes to his class, and misses one question. If he had improved the time he wasted in bed, in the morning, his lesson would have been perfect.

But William does not learn wisdom by experience. Instead of overcoming this habit of being tardy, the habit overcomes him more

and more. His teachers complain that he is tardy at school, and his companions have to wait for him, if they wish for his company in any expedition which they have planned. He is a good-hearted boy, and has many friends, but this fault of his is a serious annoyance to them all.

Let us now pass over a few years, to the time when William is old enough to think of leaving his home to seek one among strangers, and see how this habit, which he has indulged, will affect him then. He had made up his mind that he wished to become a merchant. He had often talked over the matter with his parents, and they, on the whole, approved of the plan. While his father was trying to find a suitable place for him, a brother of one of their neighbors, a merchant in a city not far distant, came out to spend a few days in their village. He expressed a wish to find a good, active boy, to take back with him as clerk.

When this became known, several gentlemen called upon him, each of whom was desirous to secure the place for his son. Among these was the father of William, who thought it would be just the place for him, and was quite anxious to secure it. The gentleman had seen William once or twice, and, being pleased with his appearance, had almost decided in his favor. He, however, requested his father to let him come over to his brother's house, at precisely eight o'clock the next morning, and he would then let him know his final decision. William's father directed him to dress himself as neatly as he could, the next morning, and go over to see the merchant at the hour appointed. Knowing his tardy habits, he charged him to be punctual.

"You need have no fears, father, of my being tardy this time," said William, "for I am too much engaged about going, and too impatient to hear the gentleman's decision for that."

But William was quite too confident. He did not realize how strong is the power of a wrong habit; how it throws its chains about us, so that we become its slaves, and do its bidding even when we do not intend it.

The next morning William did not commence making his preparations in such time that one or two unexpected hindrances would not prevent his being ready in season. Instead of taking this wise course, he put off getting ready until the last minute, and something oc-

cunning to delay him a little, he did not start from home until near fifteen minutes past eight.

When he reached the house, he found several lads there, who had come on the same errand as himself. As soon as he entered the room, the merchant took out his watch, and fixing his eyes steadily upon him, he said:

"It is fifteen minutes past eight. Do you know the value of fifteen minutes, my lad?"

William would have given not a little to have rolled back the wheels of time, over the space of those fifteen minutes; for there was something in the gentleman's manner, which convinced him that these minutes were likely to have an important bearing on the subject of his hopes.

"Now, boys," said the merchant, "I suppose you have all come here wishing to obtain the situation as clerk in my store. I am sorry that any of you must be disappointed, but as I need but one clerk, it follows, of course, that only one of you can be gratified in this wish, and I must, therefore proceed to make my choice. As to our friend William, who has just come in, it will be of no use to ask him any questions, for he has been fifteen minutes behind the time, in meeting this appointment. My clerk must be a punctual boy! My last clerk I discharged, because I met with a serious loss in consequence of his want of punctuality, so there is no chance for him."

The merchant, after some conversation with the other boys, proceeded to make choice of the one he thought best qualified to fill the vacant place in his store, and then dismissed them. He felt very sorry for William, when he saw how disappointed he looked, and taking him kindly by the hand, told him that he must let this be a lesson to him, teaching him the importance of punctuality, and if it taught him this lesson, it might be a benefit to him in the end, and he might yet become a successful merchant.

Some plume themselves on a memory which is tenacious of every idea presented to it; but the most precious memory is one that is forgetful of whatever is frivolous, low, and immoral, and retentive only of whatever is honorable, virtuous, and useful, in accordance with man's destination. There is no merit in retaining in memory what is unworthy of remembrance.

VISIT TO WESTERN VIRGINIA.

BY THOS. E. VAN BEBBER.

"But suppose the train of cars on which you shall be travelling at the rate of fifty miles an hour—for I have been told that over some portions of the route they run even faster than that—should, quite unexpectedly—at midnight—in total darkness—come crash against another train moving in an opposite direction at the same furious rate of speed. Suppose a bridge over a stream should be damaged, or a rail just in the middle of a viaduct be thrown out of order, in consequence of which, the locomotive, the mail-car, the baggage-car, and two or three passenger-cars (one of which would indubitably be the one in which you were seated) should be precipitated top downwards into the roaring stream below. Suppose a snake-head should drive through the bottom of a car, and piercing through floor, seat and roof, strike through the very seat you happened to be occupying. Suppose—"

Such were some of the visions which Fear whispered into the ear of Fancy, on the 23d of May, 1854, as I took leave of my three little children early in the morning, and started on an excursion to Western Virginia. But Fancy turning her sunny countenance full upon the pallid whisperer, and making faces expressive of mock trepidation, shook gaily her nodding plumes, and juggler-like tossed up her many colored balls, whilst Fear, true to her nature and vocation, outspread more than one *white feather* for instant flight, and relieved me henceforth from her annoying presence.

A thirty-mile drive in a stage-coach is no bad preparation for a journey on a railroad. Though starting from amidst accustomed forms, you find yourself suddenly in the company of nearly a dozen strangers, who for six long hours are to live under the same roof with you, and all of whom are all the time to be staring full in each other's faces. The poet sits beside the drover, the pale meek-eyed sister of charity shrinks within herself before the vulgar gazes of the bloated butcher.*

One day of city-life intervened between my departure from the country, and my longer journey, thus accustoming the eye to the sight of crowds and the ear to multitudinous noises.

At 8 A. M., of the 25th the Steam Horse was galloping westward.

To any one standing near the edge of a railway and watching the approach and transit of a train moving at the rate of a mile a minute, the whole thing appears much more fearful than it does to one quietly seated inside. You instinctively shrink further off, lest you should be sucked into the wake of the snorting monster, and crushed into atoms in an instant. But the traveller inside often experiences a strange species of elation, which I can only compare to what old German soldiers, who have been in battle, and who experience a pleasure in recalling their sensations, have denominated the "cannon-fever." Perhaps the sensation of giddiness imparted by the peculiar motion of the cars, may, in some measure, be the cause—where the emotions are so complex it is difficult to analyze them—but certain it is that a proud spurning of danger often buoys up the mind and hurries it onwards—the world seems to be spinning back—ever faster backwards—one horizon is scarcely taken in, before it gives way to another—landscape after landscape, with all its trees, houses, and glittering streams, mounts, circles, vanishes—who knows but that ere long we shall slide off into endless space, or find ourselves unexpectedly landed on the disk of some unknown planet?

I have heard an Ethiopian melody, which by its wild swells and wailing cadences expressed much better than can be done by any words the curiously compounded emotions above alluded to. They constitute a state of mind altogether peculiar, and which is only felt within the sphere of the steam spirit's influence. Sadness and unutterable sorrow strangely intermingle with visions of joy and delirious rapture. Yells are heard—s shrieks, as of an imprisoned demon bursting loose from his confinement—the sounds seem at times almost articulate—yet are we wafted onwards, triumphantly onwards—the wild spirit, though he suffers torture at his drudging task, obeys our bidding—smoothly, but with space-devouring speed we glide around the earth's circumference. A mournfulness, a sympathy with some unknown misery, overpowers the fancy, similar to that which travellers on the island of Ceylon experience when listening to that unearthly sound called by the Islanders "the Devil's voice." But the gloom soon merges in another emotion more akin to that which is called forth by those strange atmospheric noises

which in Polar regions accompany the corruscations of the Aurora Borealis.

At the Point of Rocks the scenery becomes wilder and grander. Here stands a little plank village of the mushroom order, containing a tavern, a village store, a forwarding-house and a toll-house. The character of the scene has changed entirely. The rich lands of the Monocacy, the small, white farm-houses, the snug enclosures, the long level succession of fields, so mathematically regular, so diminutive, and yet so numberless, reaching further and further on until they touch the foot of the blue Cotoctin—these have all faded from the eye and the memory. You come at once among the mountains. The Potomac flows on one side; precipitous rocks rise on the other. A canal, with its tow-path, intervenes between the railroad and the river. Telegraphic wires run for miles parallel to both.

What a strange juxtaposition of objects! How suggestive! First comes on the majestic river flowing grandly and gracefully towards the bay; then the cars, sweeping with bird-like velocity from city to city; then those other travellers, mysterious, inaudible, invisible, darting along those magic wires with a lightning speed, compared with which, the boastful steam-cars move at the slowest kind of snail's pace.

And that sleepy canal-boat over yonder, drawn along by four drooping mules with their heads hanging down, and their tails tied in a hard knot, creeping, creeping on with an almost inappreciable hour-hand movement, what business have they in such a scene as this, and in company with such mercurial messengers? And those other dormant barges further on, have they come here to drowse, and doze, and rot away upon the stagnant waters? And yet, so curiously in this universe of ours, do things differ when viewed relatively to other things, and when examined from varying points of view—the stars, which we are told, travel with far greater velocity than the currents along the telegraphic wires, cannot by *our eyes* be seen to move, whilst something remotely approaching to progression can at least be discerned in the canal-barges. Think of this, traveller, and don't look down upon the tow-boats and mules so contemptuously. And then (at least I have been told so, though I must confess I have my doubts) the canal can

transport coal ten cents cheaper by the ton than the railroad. A canal-boat, they say, will carry 100 tons in four feet water. A first-class barge costs only \$1200, and will last some twelve years. Yes, but consider, my good friend, the very frequent breaks, the tedious waste of time, the impeding influence of floods and clogging ice, and more than all the sickening miasma which arises from those stagnant surfaces, poisoning the air of every neighborhood through which they pass—consider all these things candidly, and free from prejudice, and I think you will say with me, “In Heaven’s name away with canals; away with locks; away with loitering barges. They are behind the spirit of the age.” We are sweeping past; already they are out of sight!

But mark! quicker than you can clap your hands together, and so near as almost to be within touching distance, upon another track in the opposite direction scuds a train of cars freighted with live cattle, all standing motionless, close-packed, ready for the butcher, and as they spin past, you can discern neither hoof nor horn distinctly—it is like a ghostly caravan of steers flitting by on the wings of a whirlwind.

And do not, above all things, fail to observe as you pass, those beautiful American elms which arise in such numbers on both sides of the Potomac. In no other place have I seen finer ones, or any with more gracefully over-arching branches. Each tree has vines running up its trunk, and twining round each of its many diverging boughs, coiling higher and hanging lower than the loftiest or most drooping of its sprays. When I last saw these vines, they were creeping like scarlet snakes among the autumnal leaves; now they are greener than the foliage of the tree itself.

Who after Jefferson can say a word worth reading concerning Harper’s Ferry? So let us hasten onwards. In the afternoon we reach the outspurs of the Alleghany—at first isolated hills, mostly of a conical form, with pine trees on them. Gradually the hills become higher and stretch into longer ranges. Between the road and river appear rich bottom-lands, producing very good wheat and affording excellent pasturage. How wildly those cows wheel around and gaze at the passing cars, although they must have seen them a thousand times?

Will they never become accustomed to the sight?

As we commence threading wilder mountain-passes, the scenery becomes every moment more glorious. In gliding under the long tunnel how the sparks trail like falling stars along the sides of the car. How beautifully the sides of the mountain are colored! how finely the deep green of the pines mingles with the fresher hue of the forest trees! Lateral valleys, with all their fields and pastures, with all their level floors carpeted with emerald herbage, all-radiant in the evening sun, burst upon the view and as instantly disappear. I see two horsemen riding under the arch of a bridge down a steep ravine in the mountains. Their backs are toward the cars; they are turning their heels to look round; but before they can do so, the cars are out of sight.

Cumberland is romantically situated in a labyrinth of mountains, the peaks of which shoot up in every direction in the form of cones. This the noisiest place for its size traveller ever visited. Such a sounding of gongs and triangles, such a ringing of bells, such cries and ear-breaking vociferations, such a puffing and snorting of the indefatigable steam spirit! Cumberland is the child of steam. Steam is her father. People enough are living who can recollect it as a small village; it now numbers more than 8500 inhabitants. She may be called a vaporing, hammering, smoking, roaring little city, standing on the confines of the east and the west, and preparing the traveller for what he is to meet nearer the setting sun.

Twenty-one miles west of Cumberland the railroad passes from the Maryland to the Virginia shore. During this part of the journey I experienced an unwonted depression of spirits. At one place we passed through a cut in the neck of Bull’s Head Rock, the rough surly front still facing the water, whilst the stony hoofs were embedded far beneath the bed of the river.

At Piedmont my spirits began somewhat to brighten. There is something in the look of the place to attract attention. It stands at the mouth of George’s Creek, opposite to Westernport, and 28 miles distant from Cumberland. Twilight was creeping over the prospect, the mountains were echoing with the voice of engines screaming to each other in answer or in notes of warning. Swarthy crowds from the

mines, looking like a congregation of gnomes fresh from the bowels of the earth, clustered around the cars and peered upon the passengers. Long burthen-trains stood heavily laden with coal ready for transportation.

From this point until it grew dark the scenery became every moment more terrific. We were now moving up an ascending grade, 11 miles of which are said to be at the rate of 116 feet to the mile. Here and there dark figures with lanterns in their hands stood by the wayside. An Irish priest who had been poring very intently on his prayer-book ever since we left Cumberland, here clasped the sacred volume, looked over the edge of dizzy precipices, and became very garulous. Often we grazed the very brink of perpendicular abysses, and could see the river fretting and boiling through the rocky channel below. On the other side of the stream men could be seen at work kindling huge piles of logs and lighting vast fires along the side of the mountains. These gleamed ruddier as the air grew darker, and from time to time we could still catch the view of some backward-gliding peak gleaming with its blazing pyre across an intervening gorge.

But ever the night grew more obscure. Nothing could be descried outside, save the huge trunks of mountain pines and other trees near the bed of the road, seemingly aroused to motion by the flitting past of the train, and it appeared to me that scarcely were they touched by one flash of the car-lamps before they vanished.

As heaving of the lead to the mariner, so this appearance of rearward motion enabled me to form some idea of our rate of speed. At last I fell asleep. But strange to tell, notwithstanding the sublime spectacles I had witnessed, I had no sooner closed my lids than farcical and grotesque images appeared before the inner eye, and whilst I was gliding over viaducts, through tunnels, above gorges and along shelving rocks that overhung black ravines, in the little theatre inside my brain, laughter-stirring harlequins were for ever shifting their fantastic garb, and shadowy comedians cutting their dull grimaces.

Thus nodding I became without knowing it a Trans-Alleghanian. It must have been in deep sleep that I passed Altamont, (a beautiful and appropriate name,) said to be the

loftiest point on the whole line, and to reach the height of 4626 feet above tide-water. Here is the water-shed or separating ridge between rivers which run east and those which flow to the westward. Vast mountains and deep currents now separated me from my three little ones, but still I slumbered on delightfully. Now and then the eye would open for an instant—the careering forests were still seen billowing backward—the lids closed—the curtain rose—the comic performances again commenced. And is it not thus in our passage through life? Are we not constantly sweeping along the edge of yawning precipices, without knowing it, sometimes laughing, sometimes sleeping, sometimes enjoying both pleasures at the same moment?

We took supper at Oaklands on the glades; 54 miles west of Cumberland. Here the rosy complexions of the glademmen, and still more so of the gladeswomen, attracted the eye while their far-famed butter gratified the palate. The Irish priest was as much in earnest with his trencher as he had before been with his breviary. The shrewd mountain air gave us all a good appetite. There was much laughter and more eating, and we again mounted our car of enchantment, to glide once more over and under mountains with more smoothness and comfort than one often traverses the snow on the best constructed sleigh-runners.

From this point to the end of my journey I remained awake. New faces made their appearance in the cars. There was much talk about coal-fields, and the comparative merits of anthracite and bituminous.

At one place I could hear the conductor cry out "Cheat River" but could catch only a most unsatisfactory and shadowy view of its waters.

About half-past one I asked the conductor how far we were from Fairmount; he looked at his watch and said, "we shall be there in five minutes, sir;—it is only one mile and a half." This, if I am not mistaken, is at the rate of 18 miles an hour or 1 mile in 3.30. At such race-horse speed were we whirling along through the darkness, and with such accuracy are the times and the distances made to measure each other along this wonderful work. I forthwith collected together my few travelling effects, and held myself in readiness for my departure. True to the second we arrived at the forementioned station, and I quietly

stepped off from the car to the platform, feeling after a journey of 303 miles just as fresh and comfortable as though I had taken a short morning walk.

Such are some of the delights experienced by those who are not hackneyed by too much travel on railways.

Waking at an early hour the next morning, I could hear even through my closed windows the sound of falling waters. The voice was a pleasing one—it seemed to say, “my waves are going Westward; I am hastening to the broad Ohio; listen, wanderer—my waters find a different outlet and flow in a different direction from those to which you have been accustomed, and near which your children are perhaps now sporting. You have no doubt often traced out my course on the map when you were a school-boy—and yet you know not my name; you are a stranger to me, and I am equally so to you.”

Looking out of the window, I saw that the river had been dammed up so as to afford a constant supply of water to some saw-mills a little further down. Over the artificial cascade hung an airy suspension bridge. I could see hills arising terrace-wise on either side the stream. It was the morning of Ascension-day. Fogs hung over the water and the shores as if anxious to mount. My first impressions of Fairmount were very pleasing.

Descending to the court yard, the landlord informed me that the river which had struck upon my ear so musically, was the Monongahela—that steamboats sometimes came up that far from Pittsburg, and lighter boats very often—that the bridge which had attracted my attention was modelled exactly after the unfortunate one at Wheeling, though only half the size—that its length was 568 feet from tower to tower, its height above the water 60 feet—that Fairmount, taken together with Palatine, the part of the town on the other side of the river, contained about 2000 inhabitants—that the population of Marion county amounted to near 16,000—that the town was 77 miles distant from Wheeling—with various other points of information which I afterwards found of service to me.

Next to a well kept hotel, the thing I like best in travelling, is a statistical and communicative landlord. I plant myself firmer upon the earth as I listen to him, and feel that I am standing on a sure basis of figures and topogra-

phy. The new images around me lose none of their novelty or freshness, but I have taken their measure and have been furnished with their length, breadth and altitude. As I sat down to the table, I felt like a sea captain who has just taken a satisfactory observation and knows to a fraction his proper latitude and longitude.

After breakfast I was soon out on a ramble. Heavy clouds floated overhead, but they had gilded edges, and the spaces between were very blue. The river fogs had commenced their ascension. Everything seemed to have an upward tendency—the vapors, the clouds, and the spirits of men and women.

It seemed to me that I had been whirled through the dark into a pleasant little town. Taking my stand midway on the suspension bridge, I took a long and meditative survey of the river both up and down, soothed by the sound of the waterfall, and pleased by the sight of the waves below. A man, without expecting it, often finds himself suddenly transported into scenes of great beauty and attraction. Again and again I examined with pleasure the gracefully sloping shores, the quiet river winding between, and the loftier hills on the distance. These last are called knobs; they present a marked outline to the eye, some cairn-shaped, some conical but rounded off before reaching to a point; and almost all cultivated up to their very summits. There is nothing about them sharp or jagged. One I observed that looked like a beautiful green dome more than a thousand feet above the bed of the river, with the profile of a reposing cow on the topmost part of it. No doubt as she ruminated up there, sometimes under the shadow of a passing cloud, sometimes in the full glow of the sun, with the music of her own bell ever and anon mingling with the voice of the waterfall, her fancies must have been very pastoral.

Nature has done her part to beautify Fairmount; art has exerted her utmost to disfigure it. Save the Suspension Bridge, I did not see a single other erection that was not abominable. The houses looked like mushrooms turned into toad-stools and devil's snuff-boxes. It has the look of a town grown old in its infancy. Such an array of broken windows and tumble-down porches, straggling stone walls and blackened shanties, were never before huddled together in a single locality. The fumes of bituminous coal

have discolored what was once white, and decay has already commenced upon the frail wooden tenements.

But perhaps at some future day, more in accordance with her name and with the beautiful river which traverses her, Fairmount may have her hanging gardens, her flowery terraces, and her ornamental Gothic cottages. I have seldom been in a place where my fancy was a more active castle-builder and landscape-gardener. And who knows but that picturing forth such prospective and possible beauties may confer as much pleasure as gazing upon real and present ones?

But when one hangs between two waters, the clouds and the river, (and both in motion) his head, unless very well balanced, may begin to grow a little giddy, and he may see many things which have no existence outside of his own brain. These light suspension bridges, though very fascinating and favorable to quiet musing, are sometimes dangerous. The God of the winds himself, old puff-checked Æolus, has been known to arise in his wrath and sweep them from their aerial fastenings, as if he considered them an encroachment upon his own peculiar domain, just as Jupiter once destroyed Salmoëus and his brazen bridge for interfering with his own peculiar prerogative of thundering.

About a mile higher up the stream stands a viaduct of an entirely different character. A short distance below the point where the West Branch unites with Tygart's Valley River to form the Monongahela, is seen a structure of massive iron, based upon two solid buttresses of powerful masonry. It is 650 feet long, and stands 40 feet above low water mark. It is said to have cost \$200 000. It looks as if built to endure for ever, and as though it could resist any amount of flood, tempest and whirlwind. A stronger contrast can scarce be conceived than that between these two bridges. One looks like the work of the fairies, and as if hung on invisible air; the other as if forged under Mongebello and moulded under the blows of Cyclopean hammers. And yet the eye trembles with more pleasure along the inverted arch of the lighter structure, and the foot traverses its vibratory pathway with more elastic tread.

There chanced to be at my hotel that day a rich old ironmaster from Wheeling, who was

certainly in his way something of a droll. There was a malformation about his feet, but this nether deformity was nobly compensated for by a magnificent front. Intelligence and openness beamed from his forehead, his eyes were as large and as well opened as became two such windows under such a dome, and his mouth was exactly what a mouth should have been to be in full accordance with the upper features. A man with such a countenance as that, with his joke always ready, with such a fund of gaiety, so cordial a laugh, so mirth-sparkling an eye, will ever stand on as good a footing with the men—aye and with the ladies too—as though from heel to toe he were symmetry itself.

He had a particular catchword or expression which was coming in at all times and in all companies, and which he never repeated without certain cunning winks and blinks, which showed that the jest never staled on him. He played with it as a kitten does with a ball of yarn—he dandled it up and down as a little girl does her doll—he dressed it, undressed and re-dressed it.

"Let some body else get it this time," he said, taking his seat after tea in the easy chair. "I had intended to return to Wheeling after it this very night, but what is the use of my slaving and delving so at my time of life?"

"Get *what*?" asked the landlord, not a little mystified by so abrupt an introduction of a new topic.

"What? Don't you know? Why, *that other dollar*. Wonderful thing that, landlord. Only think of the meaning of those three words—*that other dollar*. Mark my word for it, those very persons who pretend to care nothing about it, are the very ones that are most ready to risk body and soul to obtain it."

These words, though in themselves but little laughable, were said with so many comicalities of manner, and were pronounced with such an overflow of animal spirits, that every one within hearing was completely carried away by them. There was something talismanic about them. As he uttered them they seemed to contain the quintessence of a hundred farces, comedies and good-natured pasquinades.

Sleeping that night in the same chamber with him, I found him awake and up at an early hour in the morning, with his little half-formed feet in a tub of cold water, and his

large grey eyes rolling about in almost poetic frenzy.

"There is one thing," he said, "about Wheeling that would not please you—and that is the dirt. People are too busy, sir, to keep the town clean, or to keep things in order. Yes, sir, *that other dollar*. That's it. Wonderful. It's like scratching—once begin to scratch, you must keep on till you are done itching."

So saying he looked down into the tub, laughed heartily, and seemed to gaze upon his little no feet with infinite complaisance. It must have been, I suspect, a pretty good heap of "other dollars" that those feet could have stood up had they desired it.

How curious are the latent influences which combine to build up a strongly marked character. May not that nether mal-configuration have at an early age prompted a more than usual thirst after wealth, and supplied the untiring energy necessary for its acquisition? And now that it was obtained, he felt its power and the importance it conferred upon him. He could laugh at himself—he could laugh at others for toiling after it so unceasingly.

But what was there in the idea of an excessive devotion to money-making which tickled him to such perpetual mirth, I was unable to discover. I saw plainly there was more—much more behind the three words he was so fond of repeating, than he was capable of giving utterance to—that in fact, for *him*, they contained volumes of meaning, the pages of which seemed constantly accumulating.

At the breakfast table he was still ringing changes on the same merry bells.

"Good heavens," he exclaimed, dropping his knife and fork, and gliding the palm of his right hand swiftly across the extended palm of his left, like a man does when he wishes to give an idea of rapid and impetuous motion, "how they rush after it! how they jostle one another aside! how they sweat, how they slave, how they drudge! I've seen them at it in Wheeling, and in Baltimore, too—especially between two and three in the afternoon. Whew! what a scramble! Gentlemen, you may say what you please—that *other dollar*—it's the greatest quickener, gentlemen—the greatest enlivener, the greatest wide-awakener, the most powerful and never failing stimulator beneath the sun. Don't you find it to be the case in Fairmount, Mr. Sprig?"

Now Mr. Sprig being the cashier of a bank, was perhaps the person of all others present, the best qualified to answer a question of that nature; but whilst every one else was convulsed with laughter, Mr. Sprig answered rather coolly, "No, sir, it is not that other dollar; *here it's that other cent*."

Once more I saw him hobbling up a steep and slippery hill with as much alacrity as though his life depended on it, and with almost as much rapidity as though his feet had been perfect, and I could not help thinking that he was making the best use of a little spare time before the cars started, to search after *that other dollar*, and that whilst he did so, he thought all the time he was performing the funniest, the drollest, the most laughter-stirring act that a man could possibly be engaged in. Happy man! not only has he the pleasure of being rich, but every additional dollar he adds to his fortune, brings with it a new comedy, and a new page of face-convulsing whimsicalities.

Near Fairmount there is a fine coal-mine belonging to the Baltimore Gas Company. The excavation is made at an elevation of some six or eight hundred feet above the river. The coal is passed down an inclined plane to the bottom of the mountain. Two cars, each containing about a ton and a half, are kept constantly at work; one going up empty and the other coming down loaded. It takes seven of these to fill a large transportation-car of the capacity of 20,000 lbs. From 160 to 165 of these loads pass down the inclined plane every day, averaging about 250 tons a day, or about 1500 per week. It takes 82 lbs. of this coal to make a bushel. Such were some of the statistics which I collected from one of the workmen.

I felt a great desire to ascend in the empty car, but the workman informing me that it was very dangerous, and that he had once nearly lost his life in that way, I relinquished the design. The momentum of the heavy descending weight, he led me to understand, had to be regulated by a man who worked a windlass above, and should anything go wrong with his machinery, down would fly one car with the rapidity of an arrow, and up would rush the other with an equal degree of velocity. All this would no doubt be anything but comfortable to the upward passenger.

Creeping up on foot to the eye of the mine,

I soon saw a mule coming out of the dark excavation, drawing after him a black burden, whilst from behind the dingy load peered the good-natured face of an Irish miner with the customary small mining-lamp stuck in the front of his cap. The fellow may be said to have carried a *lucid head*, and though the illumination was outside his brain, it served none the less to guide the motion of his hands.

Near the entrance to the mine stood a native-born American and a Scotchman. The Caledonian was smoking a short stumpy pipe; though the weather was very hot he wore a thick worsted red shirt, open at the breast; he had on greasy leathern breeches and long heavy boots. The soot and coal-dust could not conceal the quaint drollery of the man's countenance, the effect of which was aided by his strong native brogue. Beneath this black mask I could see the working of a peculiar kind of humor, half sly, half quizzical, yet altogether national. The very blink of his eye was different from that of the American. It was as though a fragment of Auld Scotland had been struck off from the core of the Grampians, and drifted like a boulderstone across the Atlantic. And if a stray perfume, a chance note of music often awakened long trains of associations, much more so with me does a peculiar intonation smacking of some far-off land, or some unusual pronunciation from beyond the seas.

Upon my observing that the coal which came from the mine was streaked by a kind of white liquid clay, he took out his short pipe, and puffing a long whiff of smoke, he exclaimed, "Och, honey! that's naething in the warld. A wee bit of a shower not strong enough to wet the coat on your back would wash it a' away, bless you, and mak it *as black as a bottle*." The last words were brought out with a glibness and an "ore rotundo," that showed plainly the image was a favorite one.

A man can scarcely come near a coal-mine without being led to theorise and geologise. The fancy is thrown back more than forty centuries. Some system or other must grow up in the brain. Some tell us coal is a deposit from the waters of the ocean. De Luc prattles about the turf-bogs and peat-mosses of the ancient world inundated by the sea. Others dream of vast primeval forests uprooted by the deluge, tossed and drifted into heaps of im-

mense depth, and gradually during their long interment converted into beds of bituminous coal. Lyell, to account for the successive strata of coal reposing one above another, and separated by layers of slate or sand, does not hesitate to submerge vast wood-covered swamps beneath the estuaries of the sea, and even to pile swamp upon swamp on the same spot at different epochs. Another points to the mouth of some large river, attracts attention to the deltas formed there, and the vast accumulations of vegetable matter there collected, and exclaims triumphantly, "Behold the materials for future coal-beds!"

All, or nearly all, seem to concur in the opinion that coal is of vegetable origin. Liebig even undertakes to explain how wood, when buried, becomes decomposed and turned into lignitæ or wood-coal; how by a still further decomposition and the evolution of certain gases this wood-coal is converted into bituminous, and from bituminous into anthracitic.

We ponder over these things. We combine our ideas, dissolve, arrange, and re-arrange them. And though the black Isis-veil which covers the faces of this ebony goddess be not entirely lifted, a faint glimmer of truth seems to dawn on us from behind it.

But come, reader, let us make an experiment. Here is a fine piece of bituminous coal fresh from the mountain. Let us lay our hands on it—let us question it—perhaps it may become a medium—let us talk to it and catechise it about its former history. If I mistake not, it is in the form of a cube with six faces, and may, therefore, be supposed to be able to see above, below, east, west, north and south. Better off than the head of Janus, it can gaze not only backwards and forwards into the past and future, but can look both earthward and skyward. What need has it of eyes? As well as any other clairvoyant it can see without their aid, and perhaps impart to us a portion of its own power.

"I was not always," I think I hear it say, "as you see me now. Many things about my former self are becoming clear to me. There was a time when all these mountain-peaks around were islands in the midst of an ocean. At that period of the world's history, the waters of the sea were collected more on the surface, and less diffused through the earth's

interior. The air was then both warmer and moister than at present. Seeds from islands further east and south, loose-drifting on the waves, or wafted on the ever-restless winds, alighted here. I was once such a seed.

"I took root on the western side of one of the islands. I grew along with other lofty plants. Oh, such a happy forest-life as we led of it! Such ferns, such palms, such reeds! and mosses—would you believe it?—higher than the highest of those puny trees I now see waving round us.

"Well—at last there came a deep flood. The waters rose above me, and the loftiest of my brothers. They rose and rose until they reached above us all, I say. Huge drift-stones and heaps of earth rolled over us. And there we lay I know not how many hundreds upon hundreds of years, during which time our nature underwent a total change. From being wood we became a mineral. How many centuries more I remained an undivided portion of a boundless mass, I cannot say. At last the miner's pick-axe gave me an individuality. Your magnetizing touch, dear traveller, restored me to self-consciousness.

"I have told you what I *have* been, and through what strange transformations I have passed before arriving at my present condition. I shall now give you some faint glimpses of what I *am to be*, and of the fate which awaits myself and my black companions whom you see heaped up in yonder coal-wagon. First we shall be tossed from one vehicle into another—then whirled eastward over mountains and through tunnels—then spirited into a great city—and there another marvellous change shall come over us. These hard, heavy lumps, so motionless and passive, shall become much lighter and more buoyant than the air you breathe. And lest we should fly away for very joy at the delicious change, we shall be confined in reservoirs and pipes and conducted in all directions over the city. This shall be our *resurrection*. But more than this: we shall have an *ascension* in the form of flames—some of us in the midst of long, winding streets, in stores, in jails, in theatres, on bridges—and some, after having traversed long serpentine pipes, will play in lovely jets of light above fair ladies' heads, and gaze upon their lovely eyes before we disappear."

And now having held long parleys with a

river, with a landlord, with an iron-master, with coal-heavers, coal-miners, and finally with old King Coal himself, I must beg the reader's pardon for imposing so much on his patience in such hot, midsummer weather, and reserve the remainder of my Virginian rambles for another communication.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL TEACHER.

BY EMMA LINNEY.

No. V.

Tuesday, May 31st, 18—.

I have made a new acquaintance to-day, and one that I shall prize highly, I am sure. This noon I had nearly reached the school-house, when I heard a scream of pain, and immediately Johnny Carter appeared, with the blood streaming from a gash in his forehead;—I was very much frightened, but knew that I must be as calm as possible, to prevent exciting the children unnecessarily. Mary and I reached him at the same instant, just then Miss Sophy Barnard came to the door, and beckoned us there. This was no time to stand for ceremony, and very soon an eager, anxious group were gathered about the good woman. How skilfully she dressed the wound, talking so encouragingly to Johnny all the while. It certainly was not as bad as it might have been—had the stone's course been a very trifle different, it might have destroyed his bright eye, or hit him in the temple, when his life would have been endangered. He must be very still that she might draw it nicely together, so as to avoid a scar, then he might forget he had been hurt. I pitied poor little Herbert Haley even more than I did John. He had been throwing stones at a mark, and hit his playmate before he knew he was near. After the wound was dressed, and I had consoled Herbert for his agency in the matter, the children left me with Miss Barnard. Her appearance had prepossessed me in her favor, more than any description could have done. I tried to thank her for her kindness, but she gently stopped me.

"Do not thank me, Miss Howard, it can be but a pleasure to me to do anything I can to assist you. My youngest and pet sister has left home, for the first time, a few weeks ago, to teach school. I only wish to treat you as I would that the strangers among whom she is

placed should treat her. You will do me a kindness when you place it in my power to aid you. I know well enough that a faithful teacher never has an easy time, and you look too frail to bear much hardship."

I assured her that I was very well, but she shook her head doubtfully, as she said:

"Well, if you are very well to-day, you may not be every day. When you have a headache, send one of the scholars to me and allow me to make you a cup of tea, or when you feel too tired to walk to your boarding place, at noon, come here—you can eat your dinner with us, and have time to lie down and take a nice nap before school time."

I did not, for an instant, doubt but that it would give her even more pleasure than she had expressed, to lighten my labor. There was an expression of kindness in her eye, and in the tone of her voice, which words could but partially convey. I could but thank her cordially, and express my hope that her Nelly had found like kindness. She told me that Nelly is to come home next Friday week, and she will be happy to introduce us to each other. It is very fortunate that it will be my week to stay here on Saturday.

It was school-time, so I was obliged to hasten to the children. I told them we would have, for the subject of next week's debate,—“Does the pleasure little boys take in throwing stones, equal the danger of the amusement?”

“May we not talk about it to-morrow morning?” said little Herbert.

I, of course, assented and, took a vote of the school on the subject. In consequence, our to-morrow morning's debate on “Which give us most pleasure, Birds or Flowers?” is to be indefinitely postponed, while we settle a question of much greater practical importance. My object in introducing these simple debates, as pleasant exercises for one morning each week, was two-fold—I was sure that such chats, when all must give some opinion on a subject, and tell the reason they have for holding it, will teach them to think. Then again, I thought that I might, by introducing fit subjects, and, perhaps, guardedly giving a bias to all the arguments, lead the children to assist me very much in governing the school. I do not like to set up my authority, when it is not absolutely necessary. I have not, as yet, forbidden whispering, but I begin to be a little

impatient for the children to make a resolution not to whisper, as I am sure they will do, when we have considered the subject fully. I intended to present—“Is whispering proper or pleasant in school?” for next week's debate, and was disappointed, when I felt that I must bring up the subject of throwing stones, while this accident was fresh in the mind's of the children. It is so dangerous an amusement that I thought it better to use my influence against it, even if I should be obliged to bear with the whispers, a week longer. Happily that difficulty is removed, by thrusting aside to-morrow's question. I had proposed that, merely to follow in last week's track, and lead all to speak freely, before I introduced important subjects. All did themselves credit, last week, on the question,—“Which is the pleasanter season, Winter or Summer?” It was certainly very amusing to hear some of the reasons those little urchins gave, for their preferences. Most of the boys liked Winter the better, because they can slide down hill and snowball then; but one little fellow got up brimfull of eagerness to give his opinion, and exclaimed:

“I like Summer best, cos I can go barefoot.”

There were smiles exchanged among the older girls, but I did not neglect to praise Solomon, for his promptness in giving his opinion. I may gain new ideas of the philosophy of life from these children. They do not yet like debating as well as hearing stories, so I have promised that each time, when I am sure they do the best they can, I will tell them a story the next morning. I wonder why it is, that all the children I have ever had to amuse, have liked to hear me tell stories so much better than to hear me read better ones. There is one advantage, when I tell them, that they little suspect. When I notice some little misdemeanor, which they are not aware I know anything about, I know no better way to effectually prevent its recurrence, than to read or tell a story applicable to the case. I cannot always find one to read, but I can usually either remember or make one to suit my purpose. Perhaps they like the told stories better because they find them personal.

Alice brought me a beautiful book this morning, that I may read the stories to the children; her uncle sent it to her, and she does not like to lend it about, lest the elegant bind-

ing should get injured, but she wishes all the children to hear it. This is quite a favor to me, as well as a thoughtful kindness to her playmates, since it is not always easy to find suitable stories. Alice is very much more interesting than I thought she could be; she begins to lose that vacant, know-nothing expression, and is not an ill-looking girl. We get along nicely in arithmetic; she understands numeration better than any one else in school—I intend to have a general lesson on that, to-morrow, for I find my predecessor has allowed pupils to omit it, as unimportant.

I can hardly avoid wishing time away this week, because Addie is coming to stay all day with me, Friday, and I am going home at night, to stay till Monday morning. Two whole days at home will be such a treat! It seems a month since I came here, but time only seems long, I suppose, because everything is new to me, and so many little things happen, for I am certainly happy.

I have been to walk to-night, with Mrs. Dean and the children. Miss Rebecca has gone to pass the afternoon and evening with Miss Barnard. We went over west of the house to the bank of the river. It was a beautiful spot, and I found some lovely wild flowers.

I wish there were some girls, near my age, in this vicinity. I believe there are two about a mile from here, but I have not seen them, as yet, and may not, as none of the family come to school. If we were acquainted, we could not take many walks together, since we are so far apart.

Wednesday, June 1st—Eve.

Our debate, this morning, proved too one-sided to be very spirited, but it was satisfactorily concluded by a resolution, from every boy in school, to refrain from throwing stones this Summer. Johnny Carter's bandaged head added weight to every argument.

When I gave out next week's subject, and told them they must think a great deal about it, so as to be ready to give good reasons for whichever side they should take, next Wednesday, Fanny Moore raised her hand, and said—

"I can tell a good reason why we ought not to whisper without thinking a bit."

I told her we should be glad to hear it, and also to see its effects during the week.

"Oh! Miss Howard," she replied, "I forget

when I whisper. I think, every time, I never will be so naughty again, because it makes you look so sorry."

I thanked her for her regard for my feelings, and told her we must debate some day on the question—Should we be blamed for forgetting?

To-morrow, I must tell them a story; but I cannot tell them one as interesting as that with which Miss Rebecca has favored me, to-night. This morning, she said to me—

"It seems you have called on Miss Sophy."

I assented, and expressed myself delighted with her appearance.

"Yes," said she, "every one thinks she seems good, but she does not seem so good as she is; and you would think so, should her father tell you what a daughter she has been to him."

"Ah! you can tell me just as well, aunt Bekky. Please, tell me about it, will you not?" I said, coaxingly.

"Yes, some time, child, but I am in a hurry, this morning," she replied.

I did not expect to hear the story so soon, but thought it would do no harm to ask her for it, to-night. She assented immediately, only stipulating that I should go with her to the seat under the old elm tree. Of course, I was willing, and we were soon seated.

"I wished to come here to think over the old times," said she, "because this spot has altered less than any other about here."

Aunt Bekky—she likes to have me call her so—is not an elegant story-teller; but her straight forward account was extremely interesting to me. I shall not try to give her words, because I can write the story so much quicker my own way.

She commenced by contrasting my situation here, at present, with what a young girl's would have been twenty or twenty-five years ago. Now, she says, there are none but old maids and children for my companions; then, there were a dozen bright-eyed girls in this neighborhood, and as many beaux. Brightest, fairest, and happiest, where all were bright and happy, was Sophy Barnard. Her parents moved here, from the city, when she was about thirteen years old. Her early advantages placed her far in advance of the young playmates, who shyly welcomed her among them. Her mother was an excellent woman, who had been delicately brought up, and was but ill-

fitted to toil as a farmer's wife. She tried very earnestly to do everything cheerfully which her new situation required, and won the love and respect of all about her. As Sophy grew older, and proved a robust girl, she was a great assistance to her mother. She, with her young brothers, went to school, winters, and helped at home, summers. At seventeen, she was beautiful and, for this section, highly accomplished.

About this time, William Mortimer, a young collegian, came to spend a vacation with his uncle, Alice's grandfather. He made quite a stir among the young people, who kindly invited him to join in their simple amusements. To shorten a long story, William Mortimer saw and loved Sophy; and she, at first feeling flattered by his preference, gradually learned to return his love. James Rogers and Simon Wright, who had rivalled each other in their attentions to her, the previous season, were in despair. James declared he would be married within a month, just to show her that she was not the only person in the world, and he kept his word. Simon determined to pass his life in single blessedness, and kept his resolution till the next Thanksgiving, when he made Betty Bemis mistress of his home.

Hitherto, the presence of all the young people had been necessary at each merry-making; now, four seem to have found more happiness than all could do before. It was very pleasant to hear aunt Bekky tell of those walks, rides, and pleasant chats, at the homes of herself and Sophy. There was a world of feeling in her description of Sophy's love. Ah! aunt Bekky, thought I, there were two pair of lovers. When shall I learn who helped make your *ucc*?

Happy in her love, Sophy hardly noticed that gradually she was taking more and more of the household duties upon herself. Had not her thoughts been pre-occupied, she must have observed that her mother was fast fading from earth. One evening, when her father was away, she sat up, after the rest of the family had retired, to write to William. With the happy consciousness of first love beaming from her face, she turned from the desk, at which she had been writing, to the bedside of her almost idolized mother. There was an expression of pain—almost of agony—upon that pale face, which she had never seen there be-

fore. In alarm, she inquired if she were worse.

"Not worse, my child. I was not thinking of myself—I shall soon leave you all—then who will be a mother to my little ones?"

It would be useless for me to attempt to describe Sophy's feelings, at this time, even imperfectly as I, who know so little of great troubles, can imagine them. Mrs. Bernard felt that then, perhaps, was the last time she should have strength and opportunity to assist Sophy in preparing herself for the great trial, which she knew was approaching. During the hours which her child had spent so happily, supposing that she slept, she had been preparing herself for this conversation. After the first paroxysm of grief was over, and Sophy began to feel that, though her mother was right, it would be wicked for her to murmur, since the chastening hand was Divine, she tried to lessen her mother's task, by listening composedly.

Thus each striving to be calm, for the other's sake, that mother and daughter talked and planned for the little ones. Mrs. Barnard did not wish Sophy to be a mother to them, to the exclusion of other heart claims. She knew her daughter's love for William, and she did not wish it blighted. Among her eight children, she had no favorite. Her heart yearned over the little Nellie, now scarce a year old, because she would most need a mother's watchful care; but she would not purchase happiness for her, at the cost of the peace of her eldest born, and therefore she bound Sophy by no promise. She trusted to the noble, moral nature, which she had helped to cultivate, that her daughter would ever be guided by duty. She hoped Sophy would not marry very soon, yet even on this subject she would not dictate. She had sanctioned her engagement, and if William should prove unwilling to wait till her father needed her less, she must be guided by her own conscience. Then Mrs. Barnard told her each child's disposition, as she had learned it, by careful, motherly study, and requested her to regard their moral culture as of infinitely more importance than their intellectual progress, or physical comfort. She gave her all the advice she could, and then directed her to the Heavenly Friend, who would be always near her.

During the remainder of her mother's life,

Sophy had no time to think of herself. Daily, as the patient invalid grew weaker, she blessed the gentle nurse, who anticipated her every wish. At length death came. During a few hours, while kind neighbors were busy, as country neighbors always are, in the house of affliction, Sophy forgot all, save her own deep grief. At length she left her own room to gaze once more on the loved face. At the side of the corpse, she met her father, so bowed with grief that all the self-forgetful woman was again roused within her. Then again, she concealed the anguish that was in her own heart, that she might console him.

Weeks passed—every moment occupied, she had barely time to write brief letters to William. He came to her—his sympathy was invaluable.

He could not think to take her then from the home-circle. There were five roguish boys older than Mary and Nellie. How often Sophy wished she had a sister old enough to sympathize with her!

Years passed—the children had almost forgotten to grieve for the mother, whose place was so fully supplied by their sister. William became impatient—he, who had thought he loved her even better, because she was so dutiful a daughter, was sure there were limits to duty. She was deaf to all his persuasions—not before Nellie should be ten years old, would she leave home.

At length they compromised the matter—she would remain one year longer at home, then Mary would be ten, and they would take Nellie to their own home. Sophy was made happy by this arrangement. She was devotedly attached to William, and had looked forward as eagerly to this union, as he could have done. How many bright day-dreams she indulged! Alas! how sadly was she awakened!

In a month, William came again to P—. He had been ill; but thought himself recovering. It did not prove so. For weeks did Sophy watch by the bedside of the dear one—then came the heart-crushing trial. For a time her faith wavered—she could not believe it was a Father's hand which thus chastened her. At length her Christian feeling triumphed, and with child-like faith in the Almighty Friend, "whose ways are not as our ways," she returned to the duties of life.

It is now fifteen years since William's death. During this time, she has labored for those children, with a mother's disinterestedness, and loved them with little less than a mother's love. All now are well married, except Nellie, who is twenty-two, and has never left her home, except for visits, till this Summer.

Never was sister or daughter so loved and respected before, aunt Bekky thinks—she really chided me for my tears of sympathy. She says Miss Sophy is one of the happiest, if not the very happiest woman in the neighborhood. Her chief happiness arises from her own beautiful character;—thoughts of loved ones, "not lost but gone before," ever cheer her in the path of duty. Then she has the consciousness of causing her loved father pleasure each day of her life. She has seen all the children she loved become respected members of society. Though they are not all about her, she sees them frequently, as all delight to come with their families to the loved homestead, and are glad to welcome their honored sister to their own homes. Nellie is her pet—her pride—her darling—her own child, as it were. I wish she had remained at home this Summer—how much I should have loved her, and how much I shall love Miss Sophy. How different she is from Miss Rebecca. Aunt Bekky does not seem to think that anybody can love her. She really is lovable when she is willing to be so. When she forgets herself, as she has done to-night, she allows one to catch glimpses of a fine nature. Usually, she is too sarcastic, and considers herself as one alone. She is ready to make any sport of old maids, yet she evidently thinks she is unfortunate in being one. She said, the other day, that if she were to live her life over again, she would be married at fifteen and have a dozen children, so as to have somebody to love her in her old age.

When she told me, yesterday, that it was her forty-second birthday, I laughed at the idea of her acknowledging herself to be over twenty-five.

"Do you think," she replied, "that I am ashamed, because the good Lord has let me live so long?"

She seems to have no wish to seem younger than she is, and no thoughts of ever marrying. She is a strange being, I think, but I shall get better acquainted with her.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PLEASING SELECTIONS.

A PERVERSE ANIMAL SUBDUED.—An itinerant was at a nobleman's to exhibit feats of horsemanship, and the people had collected from far and near to behold the exhibition. When the man had done with his own horses, he turned and said—

“Now, my lord, I am willing to ride any horse of yours in the same manner.”

Having one remarkably stubborn, the nobleman told a groom to bring her out. The stranger then deliberately mounted, and urged her to move, but not one step would she stir. After a pause, he quietly dismounted, gave her one severe stroke with his whip, and again resumed the saddle. The mare remained immovable; but the man preserved his temper, and got down quietly a second time, repeating the blow, but with no better success. After the third stroke, however, she was completely subdued, and moved forward with perfect obedience.

It now became evident that the design of the horseman was to give the animal time to associate the idea of her obedience with the stroke that followed. When this was established, she was willing to move. On the contrary, if a shower of blows had been dealt out, as thousands of horsemen would have done, the mare would have had no time to reflect, and both she and her rider been roused into fury. With good temper, great savings might be made in the article of whips.

CAPITAL FOR THE YOUNG.—It is a consolation for all right-minded young men in this country, that though they might not be able to command as much pecuniary capital as they would wish to commence business themselves, yet there is a moral capital which they can have, that will weigh as much as money with those people whose opinion is worth having. And it does not take a great while to accumulate a respectable amount of this capital. It consists in truth, honesty and integrity, to which may be added, decision, courage and perseverance. With these qualities there are few obstacles which cannot be overcome. Friends spring up and surround such a young man as if by magic. Confidence flows out to him, and business accumulates on his hands faster than he can ask it. And in a few short

years such a young man is far in advance of many who started with him, having equal talents, and larger pecuniary means; ere long our young friend stands foremost, the honored, trusted and loved. Would that we could induce every youthful reader to commence life on the principle that moral capital is the thing after all.

THE BEST WAY TO USE A BRANDY BOTTLE.

—The encounter of an active and gallant officer, Colonel H——, with two bears in the Magampatto, is a story well known in Ceylon. He had embarked in a native boat, when he was driven far past Hambantotte, the post at which he intended to land; having got on shore, although without attendants, and at a considerable distance from any inhabited place, he determined on attempting to reach a resting-house before night-fall. In this determination he proceeded, carrying a small portmanteau and a bottle of brandy; the last article a gift most fortunately pressed upon him by the friend from whose house he started. While proceeding with all possible expedition, it became dusk, and Colonel H—— found the path beset with elephants; by them he was chased, but escaped by throwing away his portmanteau. Much exhausted by his exertions, he had proceeded but a short way, when, by the indistinct light, he perceived two bears occupying the path, and advancing upon him. As soon as the animals came within reach, Colonel H—— struck the foremost bruin so severe a blow that the bottle was broken on the animal's head, and the brandy dashed over its countenance. On this the bear made a precipitate retreat, followed by his unanointed companion, and Colonel H—— arrived in safety at the rest-house of Yalle.—*Ten Years in Ceylon.*

THE TRANSITION FROM ANIMALS TO PLANTS.

—It has been long asserted by Bory de St. Vincent and others, that there exist in nature organized bodies, which are animal at one period of their lives, and vegetable at another! This, if true, would for ever put an end to the possibility of distinguishing the two kingdoms when they shall each have arrived at their lowest forms. Its truth has, however, been denied. On the contrary, Kützing, in his recent magnificent work on *Algæ*, insists that it happens in his *Ulothrix zonota*. He asserts

that in the cells of that plant there are found minute animalcules with a red eye-point and a transparent mouth-place; that they are not, in fact, distinguishable from Ehrenberg's *Microglena monadina*; these bodies, however, are animals only for name; at least, they grow into vegetable threads, the lowest joint of which still exhibits the red eye-point. This phenomenon, which Kutzing assures us he has ascertained beyond all possibility of doubt, puts an end to the question of whether animals and plants can be distinguished at the limits of their two kingdoms, and sufficiently accounts for the conflicting opinions that naturalists entertain as to the nature of many of the simpler forms of organization.—*Jameson's Journal*.

BOOKS—HOW TO READ THEM.—In history, gain first the facts which are universally acknowledged; and do not attempt to form decided opinions without a study of contemporary letters or journals, where they are to be had. It is often said, that it is impossible to judge a historical person by the prejudices of his own times; but it is no safer to look through the prejudices of another age; every period has a bias of general opinion, which impedes an impartial view—beware, therefore, of the hosts of modern memoirs which seem intended to overthrow all received opinions. Above all, beware of that fatal error so often cherished by the young, that books may be read for mere amusement, and leave no impression on the mind. We may as soon feed on poison and live, as maintain a vital spirit of religion, while our minds dwell on tales and characters professing low or light principles.

LIFE—ITS APPARENT LENGTH OR BREVITY. Life appears long and tedious to the man who employs it ill—long and pleasant to him who employs it well. The pleasures of existence are, indeed, susceptible of extension, provided we apply ourselves diligently to the pursuits of knowledge. To some, a single day yields more true enjoyment and lasting gratification than is gained by others during a series of years spent in sensual indulgence. The good that may be done in even such a little space of time as half an hour, is only conceivable by those whose minds are energetic in well-doing. "There is a famous passage in the Alcoran," says Addison, in the *Spectator*, "which looks

as if Mohammed had been possessed of the notion we are now speaking of. It is there said, that the angel Gabriel took Mohammed out of his bed, one morning, to give him a sight of all things in the seven heavens, in paradise, and in hell, which the prophet took a distinct view of; and, after having held ninety conferences with God, was brought back again to his bed. All this, says the Alcoran, was transacted in so small a space of time, that Mohammed at his return found his bed still warm, and took up an earthen pitcher—which was thrown down at the very instant that the angel Gabriel carried him away—before the water was all spilt.

SECRETS OF HAPPINESS.—A susceptibility to delicate attentions, a fine sense of the nameless and exquisite tenderness of manner and thought, constitutes, in the mind of its possessor, the deepest undercurrent of life; the felt, treasured, but unseen and inexpressible richness of affection. It is rarely found in characters of men; but it outweighs, when it is, all grosser qualities. There are many who waste and lose affections by careless and often unconscious neglect. It is not a plant to grow untended; the breath of indifference, or rude touch, may destroy for ever its delicate texture. There is a daily attention to the slight courtesies of life which can alone preserve the first freshness of passion. The easy surprises of pleasure, earnest cheerfulness of assent to slight wishes, the habitual respect to opinion, the polite abstinence from personal topics in company of others, unwavering attention to his and her comfort, both abroad and at home, and, above all, the careful preservation of those proprieties of conversation and manner which are sacred when before the world, are some of the secrets of that rare happiness which age and habit alike fail to impair or diminish.

HOW IT MAY BE.—Herschel has suggested that the sun may be inhabited, and that between its luminous atmosphere and its surface there may be interposed a screen of clouds, whereby its inhabitants may no more suffer from intense heat than those who live in our tropical regions. This may be so, as we all know how much the heat of the sun's rays, in the hottest days of Summer, are modified by

an interposing cloud, or a "swift passing breeze." We also know that on the extensive table lands of high mountains in the tropics, the glacier and ice-field reign as supreme as in the arctic regions, and all this although they are nearer the sun than the adjacent burning plains.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.—A naval officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his lady was sitting in the cabin, near him, and, filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his composure and serenity that she cried out—

"My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible that you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm?"

He rose from his chair, rushed to the deck, drew his sword, and, pointing it to the breast of his wife, exclaimed—

"Are you not afraid?"

She instantly answered, "No."

"Why?" said the officer.

"Because," rejoined the lady, "I know this sword is in the hands of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me."

"Then," said he, "remember I know in whom I believe, and that He who holds the winds in His fists and the water in the hollow of His hands is my Father."

A STRONG MINDED WOMAN IN PURITAN TIMES.—In 1637, it was customary in Boston to hold meetings every week to consider the sermon of the previous Sunday, and argue its doctrinal points. Females were never permitted to join in these discussions, and Anne Hutchinson, a strong-minded married woman, resolving not to be debarred by the debating, formed a separate society of women for this purpose. She was called the "Nonesuch," and her meetings were styled "Gossipings"—a word before that time of respectable import, but ever afterwards consigned to ridicule and contempt. She was well esteemed by John Colton and Governor Vance, and became the leader of a sect. Afterwards she was banished from Massachusetts and went to Rhode Island, where she was killed by the Indians. Her followers are charged with having been guilty of the grossest vices and immoralities.

True eloquence consists in saying what is proper, but nothing more.

COWPER'S MOTHER.—The influence of Cowper's mother upon his character may be learned from the following expression of filial affection, which he wrote to Lady Hesketh on the receipt of his mother's picture:—"I had rather possess my mother's picture than the richest jewel in the British crown; for I loved her with an affection that her death, fifty years since, has not in the least abated." And he penned the following lines on that occasion:—

My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah! that maternal smile! it answers, 'Yes!'

THE LABORER AND WARRIOR.

BY EPES SARGENT.

The camp has had its day of song,
The sword, the bayonet, the plume,
Have crowded out of rhyme too long
The plough, the anvil, and the loom!
Oh! not upon our tented fields
Are freedom's heroes bred alone;
The training of the workshop yields
More heroes than the war has known.

Who drives the bolt, who shapes the steel,
May with a heart as valiant smite
As he who sees a foeman reel
In blood before his blow of might;
The skill that conquers space and time,
That graces life, that lightens toil,
May spring from courage more sublime
Than that which makes a realm a spoil.

Let labor then look up and see
His craft no path of honor lacks;
The soldier's title yet shall be
Less honored than the woodman's axe;
Let art his own appointment prize,
Nor deem that gold or outward light
Can compensate the worth that lies
In tastes that breed their own delight.

And may the time draw nearer still,
When man this sacred truth shall heed,
That from the thought and from the will
Must all that raises man proceed;
Though pride may hold our calling low,
For us shall duty make it good,
And we from truth to truth shall go,
Till life and death are understood.

SELECTED VARIETIES.

Being asked to give a definition of nonsense, Dr. Johnston replied, "Sir, it is nonsense to bolt a door with a boiled carrot."

"Please take the half of this poor apple," said a pretty damsel to a witty swain, the other evening. "No, I thank you, I would prefer a better half." Eliza blushed, and referred him to papa.

Father, did you ever have another wife besides mother?" "No, my boy; what possesses you to ask such a question?" "Because I saw in the old family Bible where you married Anna Dominy, 1838; and that isn't mother, for her name is Sally Smith."

A philosophic and self-possessed ship-captain was passing through a church-yard at midnight, when a sheeted ghost rose up behind a tomb-stone, and approached him with menacing gestures. The ancient mariner coolly raised his stick, and gave him a crack over the head, asking him what he meant by being out of his grave at so late an hour!

An indifferent poet, who had been severely handled by the critics, yet continued to go on publishing his crudities, said one day to an acquaintance, that he had found out a way to be revenged of his reviewers, and that was by laughing at them. "Do you so?" said the other; "then let me tell you, you lead the merriest life of any man in Christendom."

Two Irishmen were going to fire off a cannon just for fun, but being of an economical turn of mind, they did not wish to lose the ball. So one of them took an iron kettle in his hands to catch it in; and, stationing himself in front of the loaded piece, he exclaimed to the other, who stood behind holding a lighted torch "Touch it off aisy, Jemmy—touch it off aisy!"

Kladaradatch, the witty Berlin Punch, places the following dialogue in the mouths of "Schultze" and "Muller:"—"I say, Muller, I'm going to insure my life." "So; where, then?" "In the Russian army." "Well, that is a queer fancy." "Not a bit. When one hundred thousand Russians fight battles, they never lose more than one man, and that a Cosack. Isn't that a good speculation?" "I can't deny it."

A lady once consulted Dr. Johnson on the degree of turpitude to be attached to her son's robbing an orchard. "Madam," said Johnson, "it all depends upon the weight of the boy. I remember my school-fellow, David Garrick—who was always a little fellow—robbing a dozen of orchards with impunity; but the very first time I climbed up an apple tree—for I was always a heavy boy—the bough broke with me, and it was called a judgment. I suppose that is why justice is represented with a pair of scales."

The Nashua (N. H.) Telegraph is responsible for the following:—A friend of ours, who doesn't keep school in a New England city, relates the following incident in her experience where she does keep school. The class in history was called up for a recitation. "What are the middle ages?" inquired the teacher. There was an ominous pause. The teacher to press the matter, made a personal application: "What are the middle ages, Lizzie?" Lizzie hesitated, but finally thought it was about twenty-five—another thought it about thirty—and still another applied the rule of arithmetic to the question, and thought it was thirty-five, because the natural age of man is three score and ten years, and thirty-five being the middle of that, the middle age must be about there. These young ladies were loaded down with jewelry, and bedecked and bedizened with the gew-gaws of fashion.

"Your old Kentucky home!" you poor soul you," said Mrs. Partington, as she thrust her night-cap out of the window, almost into the midnight, to catch the notes of the song an individual was singing in a dismal tone, near her dwelling. "I wish to my heart you was there, where your friends could take keer of you and do for you. It's a terrible thing to be in distress, away off among strangers, particularly where you ain't acquainted with any of 'em; but I don't think it looks well for a man to wake up a whole neighborhood at midnight with his sorrows." She saw him disappear, a moment afterwards, in a shop with a red curtain, opposite, and with the remark that she guessed the poor creter had gone in to get something to "invarigate his cistern" with, she shut down the window, and in five minutes by the wooden mantle clock that ticked sleepily in her chamber, she had forgotten all about "The old Kentucky home."—*Boston Post.*

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

IS MAN ONE OR MANY?—This is the title of an able paper in Putnam's Magazine, for July, based on the new volume, "Types of Mankind," published by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., which is just now making considerable stir in theologic and scientific circles. It takes the ground of a diverse origin of the human race, a conclusion to which history, observation, philosophy, and all the results of ethnological science, are leading a large number of earnest, honest investigators—men who do not, in rejecting the literal interpretation of the first chapters of Genesis, reject the record as divinely inspired. Every day we can see the opinion rooting itself more and more deeply in the popular mind, that it is an error to look into the Bible for historical or scientific authority; and we are among those who believe, that the blind tenacity with which many theologians adhere to the old ideas on this subject, leading them to denounce as infidels all who are compelled to differ from them on this head, is doing far more to make infidels than would an admission of geological and ethnological facts, and a deeper seeking into the written Word for spiritual, and not mere natural meanings.

It is all in vain to asseverate, even with denunciation, as is too often the case, that the world is only six thousand years old, when the hard facts of geology prove the contrary; or to claim a unity of origin in the human race, dating from Adam or Noah, when we can trace by means of the older literature, by picture-writings, and by the monuments of Egypt particularly, more than a dozen races which we recognize as such at this day, far back to the era assigned to the Deluge, and as some hesitate not to assert, to a period nearly a thousand years anterior to that alleged event. With such facts as these proved by science, the theologian must go again to the Bible and seek to draw therefrom deeper spiritual meanings, to be applied to man's spiritually diseased condition, than have yet come to his interior perceptions. So long as he merely turns the literal surface, comparing one stone with another, emulous of scientific achievements, yet rejecting scientific fact and deduction, he will be only a fruitless worker. Natural science he

must leave to scientific men, whose facts are in the book of Nature; and as a spiritual teacher, whose office is spiritual instruction, he must go to the Divine Word for his spiritual facts. To obtain these, he must, like his scientific brother, dig below the surface; for there are deep and hidden meanings in the written word, as well as in the material works of an infinitely wise Creator. Were this not so, the Scriptures could not have a Divine origin.

A thoughtful perusal of the annexed extract from the article referred to above, will throw light on a subject that is troubling many honest minds.

"Theologians and scientists have made a capital mistake, it seems to us, in not sufficiently distinguishing the respective domains of science and revelation, in their ethnological inquiries. The former, regarding the Scriptures as authoritative evidence on questions of *natural* occurrence, have endeavored to conform all the sciences to a strict literal interpretation of them, while the latter, forced by numerous discrepancies, have proclaimed these interpretations of Scripture entirely inadequate, and therefore false. Thus, Dr. Smyth, on the authority of Genesis, asserts that all men have descended from Noah, and that the differences we note among them, in regard to race, are the results of external influences to which they have since been exposed. But Dr. Nott, on the other hand, asserts on the authority of the Egyptian pictures and chronology, that the races exhibited the same differences in the time of Noah, and even before it, which they do now, and that therefore external influences have had little or no effect in producing them. Their positions, it will be seen, are radically hostile and irreconcilable, upon the grounds of either. If Smyth be right Nott is wrong, or if Nott be right, Smyth is wrong. Grant the theory of Smyth, and Nott's historical facts must be mistakes, or grant the theory of Nott, and Smyth's interpretation of Genesis is nonsense. We do not say here, whether of the two is right, but only that both of them cannot be, unless Scripture may be supposed to prove one thing, and science an opposite thing, and both be equally correct, which is absurd.

We can, however, save these gentlemen from their difficulties, and preserve Scripture as well as Science intact by another view of the matter, which is sometimes taken. Let us suppose, for instance, the revelation of God's will by the Word, and the revelation of His will by Nature, to constitute two entirely distinct methods of revelation, and to relate to two entirely distinct classes of truths. The latter we

will call a revelation of truth in the natural sphere, or that sphere of life which is conditioned in time and space, and is the appropriate object of what is termed Science; but the former we will call the revelation of truths which are above nature, relating wholly to the infinite interests of men, or to principles not conditioned in time and space, and only to be spiritually discerned. May it not be possible on this supposition, then, that the Word is constructed in such a way as not to deal at all with mere natural events for their own sake, but to employ them exclusively as the means or vehicles of a higher truth? May it not be that, when it speaks of the creation and experience of Adam; it may shadow forth the spiritual genesis and development, not only of an entire primitive race, but of man universally, both individual and collective; or that, when it describes the destruction of an entire globe, with all its inhabitants, by water, may it not borrow from the phenomena of a deluge, the terms in which to express its sense of some vaster spiritual catastrophe? But, would it be right to allege in that case the literal sense of these references to natural facts and events, in the determination of a question of science? If the primary and exclusive objects of the Word are spiritual, and not at all scientific, can we with any propriety use it as a ground of scientific evidence, without doing violence to its character? Would not its literal meanings be simply incidental, and not conclusive, in reference to any natural subject?"

CROWDED SCHOOL ROOMS.—Probably not one parent in twenty has ever seen inside of the school room where his children pass from five to seven hours a day, most of the time confined to a space the measure of which is only a few inches. The nineteen do not know whether the apartment is well or ill ventilated; sufficiently capacious for the number of children contained therein; or so small for its inmates that the air, after the first hour of its occupation, is poison to the lungs of every one who inhales it. And yet, day after day, they send off to school their little ones, never for a moment dreaming that disease, it may be death, is in the path they are required to tread. If they fall suddenly ill, the parents wonder at the cause.—There has been no indulgence in improper food; no exposure to cold; no irregularity that can be traced.—If they grow pale and weakly; if they are dull and sluggish; if the appetite fails, they are equally in the dark—never for an instant dreaming that in the unhealthy air of a crowded school room, which the children are daily compelled to breathe,

lies the fatal cause that is working such ruin upon their health.

A glance at the following communication, from a correspondent of the New York Times, under date of 17th July, may set many parents to thinking, whose thoughts have never taken this direction before; and thinking may lead to investigations that will result in reforms, the lack of which is yearly destroying the health of thousands of little children:—

"I do not pretend to know much of the interior of our much vaunted public schools—in fact, I was never inside one of them, to my recollection. But, if the school on the corner of First avenue and Ninth street is a specimen of the rest, there is at least one feature which demands consideration and reform. As I was passing the institution, this morning, (and any passer-by can observe the same thing,) my attention was drawn to the pair of small rooms on either side of the door. And what was my surprise, and even horror, to see in both cases as many as twenty or twenty-five little boys sweltering in an apartment certainly not more than twenty feet by five or six feet. In fact, as they sat around the wall, they were literally packed together, and the knees of those who sat opposite each other in the two lines in which they were ranged, seemed almost to touch. And all this on a day when the sun would have baked pancakes on the pavements outside, and the cholera was sweeping off thousands of just such little ones into their Summer graves—and within six feet of one of the rooms a dirty stable was sending up its filthy vapors. All this, sir, is no exaggeration, and is open to the gaze of every passer-by. Nor is it merely the occurrence of a day, or any temporary arrangement. It has been long and daily noticed there before, as all who reside or travel in that part of the city well know. The case is significant, and is commended to the attention of those whom it more immediately concerns. It is bad enough for children to be confined in school at such a season as this, without being sacrificed in hecatombs."

Commenting on this, the editor of the Times says:—"We know that there are many school houses in this good city, into rooms of which more children are confined for hours together than a swineherd would be justified in crowding pigs." Could such reckless in-

humanity be dreamed of as existing in this direction?

CONGRESS AND ITS MEMBERS.—We regret to say that there has been a marked declension in the character of the delegates to both Houses of Congress within a few years past. Both the mental and moral standard is far lower than it once was. The dignity of the Senate has been repeatedly disgraced of late by petty squabbles, and the decorum of the House no less violated by displays of drunkenness and the exhibition of violent personalities. That fine tone of gentlemanly courtesy which formerly distinguished the Senate, and made its debates a source of unalloyed pleasure, is now marred by acrimonious retorts, and by language unbecoming the lips of statesmen. The members of Congress, with but few exceptions, seem to regard a session at Washington as a sort of saturnalian period, during which they may plunge into all kinds of excesses without forfeiting the regard of their constituents or falling under the rebuke of the nation whose legislative halls they daily desecrate. It is the golden age of little men, quibbling politicians, and loose livers, but there is a political storm now brewing which will sweep many of these from their seats, and clear the way, it is to be hoped, for the introduction of a better class of legislators. At present, the honor of a seat in Congress is at least a dubious one, and if the proclivities now at work should continue much longer, he who aspires to become a member of either House, will run a great risk of forfeiting all right to the title of a gentleman.

MERCANTILE EXTRAVAGANCE.—The New York Herald states that ten thousand dollars per annum for rent of a warehouse; twenty thousand dollars for the private expenses of each of three or four partners, and other items numerous enough to swell the aggregate to one hundred thousand dollars, are the current expenditures per annum of one of the large dry goods jobbing establishments in that city.

This dashing style of living is not confined to New York. The other large cities of the Union furnish similar examples. Not a hundred miles from here a merchant failed the other day, whose daughter's bills, for dresses and jewelry, during the past year, exceeded two thousand dollars. What the ordinary expenses of the household might have been, we

did not take the trouble to enquire; but if they were in the same ratio, it is very easy to see the cause of his failure. Other instances might be cited of men whose means are notoriously moderate, aiming to rival the fashionable follies of the really opulent. Who are the parties most to blame for this? Ambitious wives and aspiring mothers. The first, in the endeavor to force their way into what is but too often falsely designated "good society" and the latter, with the more excusable, but equally insane desire of providing wealthy matches for their daughters. It is to this eager grasping after money for the sake of maintaining appearances, that the extensive stock-broking frauds and financial defalcations are to be attributed. Unfortunately, also, we have no fixed standard of mercantile morals. The bold operator, who, by some daring speculation, suddenly acquires a fortune, is lauded as a man of genius. Had he not succeeded this same man would have been denounced as a scoundrel. We are among those who believe that no one has a right to risk the credit of others in schemes of a dubious character, and that whatever may be the result of such schemes, whether a failure or a fortune, the moral obliquity remains the same.

AMERICAN BOOKS.—The London Economist, in speaking of Lippincott's Gazetteer of the United States, so highly creditable to all concerned in its production, says:—"It is one of the most useful literary productions we have yet received from the States, though latterly they have sent us many; proving that it was only the necessity of attending to more urgent wants than books, which the old country supplied, that formerly prevented them from rivalling us in this as in so many other departments of art." In book making, as well as in everything else, we are destined soon to leave the old world far in the rear. Education, and a consequent love of literature, are more widely diffused in this country than in any other in the world; and, as there is no lack of talent in the United States, the rapidly increasing demand for books will naturally develop its powers in that direction. We have many men among us, now giving all their fine abilities to law or politics, who, if they were to adopt literature as a profession, would pale the most brilliant stars of the other hemisphere.

N. P. WILLIS.—It is not often we have experienced a more painful sense of regret than we feel at this time, from learning that the health of Mr. Willis has become so feeble as to preclude the possibility of his continuing those fine rural and personal papers, which, under the title of "Letters from Idlewild," have hitherto formed so capital a feature in the columns of the Home Journal. From the tenor of many of those charming letters, we were led at one time to hope that bracing Highland air, and the rigorous sanitary regime which Mr. Willis had prescribed for himself, would eventually effect a victory over his disease. His own buoyant anticipations evidently pointed to such a result, and his numerous well-wishers looked forward to a period when he should come down from among his glens and hills, and in his mature age achieve for himself a literary renown commensurate with his acknowledged ability. As an epistolary writer, he is confessedly superior to any other literary man of his age and country; and we may add that in this kind of composition we know of none in Europe who are his equals. His tales and sketches of character are scarcely less brilliant in their way. Apart from little verbal affectations which, for want of a better term, we may call Willisian, his writings evince airiness, delicacy, and grace of style, combined with a felicity of expression, which have no parallels in the English tongue. His poems speak for themselves, and although it will doubtless be from his Scriptural pieces that posterity will hold him best in remembrance, there might be culled from his dramas and his later lyrics, numerous extracts which evince far more power and a higher reach of imagination. No man has lived more constantly in the public eye for the last twenty years than Willis, and there is no American writer who has received more applause from his friends or more censure from his enemies. Whatever may be his faults—and who is immaculate?—they are more than counterbalanced in the judgment of the impartial by his good qualities. His works prove his literary industry, and if his talents have been partially frittered away in writing upon subjects of temporary interest and evanescent from the very nature of their theme, it must be remembered that the necessities of an author, whose daily bread depends upon his popularity, constrains him to consult the public taste rather than his

own inclinations. In many instances, during his literary career, Mr. Willis has evinced a genuine kindness of heart and a delicacy of feeling towards young authors deserving of all commendation. Whether, if he had been differently situated, he might not have elevated the literature of his country by the deliberate production of a work which would have given him a more enduring reputation, it is too late now to enquire. Shattered and feeble in health as he is at present, and with the little hope which appears to exist of his ever regaining his pristine vigor, we sincerely deplore the cause which has enforced him to discontinue his literary labors, and with unfeigned emotion pay this tribute to his genius.

A PLEASANT LITERARY BREEZE.—The columns of the New York Mirror contain a correspondence between Mrs. Ann S. Stephens and Colonel Fuller, which is creditable to both parties. Colonel Fuller, writing from Newport, took occasion to differ from a critical opinion expressed in his own paper in regard to "Fashion and Famine," and to denounce the praise as fulsome and exaggerated. Resting his own judgment on that of others, he pronounced "Fashion and Famine" better entitled to be called a *great* than a *good* book, and, while doing justice to the *intentions* of Mrs. Stephens, called in question its morality.

Alarmed at what might possibly be the consequences of this counterblast, Mrs. Stephens promptly replied to Colonel Fuller, repudiating, in the most decided manner, any tendency to hot-cornism, and giving a clever programme of the story itself. Fuller, in his turn, responds; pleasantly, gallantly. Adheres a little to his own opinion, concedes a little to hers, and winds up by asserting his belief that his previous strictures will not check the sale of the book, especially since the public has been favored with a "key to its contents from the pungent pen of the accomplished author." We regard this little controversy, with its friendly denouement, as noteworthy and praiseworthy, and refer it to the consideration of future logomachists as an example of courtesy and good feeling which may afford a profitable lesson.

Goodness is beauty. Will the ladies make a note, &c.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston, have issued two beautifully filled volumes, entitled "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands," by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. However widely people will differ in their estimate of the motives which led Mrs. Stowe to cross the Atlantic for the express purpose of being feted and enlogised for having produced a book which has certainly greatly exacerbated the sectional strife between her own countrymen, no candid reader will deny her the possession of great literary ability. The present book of travels evinces thus far more than the romance of Uncle Tom. Divested of its out-slavery sentiments, it would be pronounced, even at the South, as a work remarkably well written generally in its tone, interesting in its descriptions of the various classes, composing what is called English society, and exhibiting a more than ordinary acquaintance with and appreciation of English literature. Of course, from the manner in which Mrs. Stowe was received and lionized, we look in vain for a delineation of the darker phases of English life, and from the general tenor of the work, might almost be led to suppose that misery and wretchedness were unknown in that country. The criticisms on art are judicious, and to a certain extent valuable. The introduction in the preface of certain speeches delivered in England by Professor Stowe, was an act of supererogation, and might certainly have been omitted with benefit to the volumes. Though harmless in themselves, they are too suggestive of the occasions and the incense not to grate somewhat harshly upon the generosity of American ears. For sale by J. W. Moore, Chestnut street.

—Under the title of "Excelsior," a very taking book, comprising a variety of brief but well selected papers on subjects connected with Religion, Science and Literature, has been lately published by A. D. F. Randolph, of New York. Modelled somewhat on the plan of Chambers' Miscellany, it is similarly adapted to instruct and amuse. In this age of condensed reading, when the contents of whole volumes are sought to be compressed into a nutshell, such books as the present form a sort of popular encyclopedia, and cannot fail to be of some use to those whose avocations do not admit of closer and more extensive studies. For sale by Smith & English.

—We have received from Riker, Thorne & Co., a most admirable book, entitled "Ministering Children." It is a story written in a delightful vein, and inculcating profound religious truths in a manner well adapted to the capacity of children. There are few better works than this, both as respects conception and execution and certainly we know of none more intrinsically interesting or better calculated to carry out the object of the writer. For sale by Lippincott, Grambo & Co.

—A little work which has attained considerable celebrity among certain European Theologians, has just been introduced to the American public by Gould & Lincoln, of Boston. It is entitled "Guido and Julius; or, Sin and the Propitiation." Translated by Ryland from the German of Professor Tholuck, its value has been farther enhanced by an introductory preface from the pen of Dr. John E. Smith. From its extensive popularity abroad, and the benefits which have accrued from its extensive dissemination both in Germany and England, we are led to entertain a high opinion of its value, especially to such as are sceptical in matters of religion. For sale by Smith & English.

—"Work; or, Plenty to do and how to do it," is the taking title of a little volume from the pen of Margaret Maria Brewster. Intended to impress all classes of per-

sons with the importance of a thoroughly religious education, it exhibits throughout a deep vein of piety in the writer, who illustrates her theme with a variety of interesting examples. Published by A. D. F. Randolph, New York. For sale by Smith & English.

—Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke, who is already so favorably known to English and American readers by her Concordance to Shakespeare, and by a series of pleasant tales, entitled the Youth of Shakespeare's Heroines, has lately written a work just published by the Appletons, of New York, entitled "The Iron Cousin; or, Mutual Influence." Though not of that absorbing interest which a vitiated public taste too often craves, the story is one of considerable power. The characters are skilfully drawn, well contrasted and operates with that sort of power upon each other, which is so frequent a way to meet with among those who are intimately associated in the daily walks of life. For sale by Parry and McMillan.

—To those who recollect the beautiful story of Margaret Maitland, one of the sweetest, tenderest and purest sketches of life and manners to be found on the whole list of Romance, we need scarcely recommend "Magdalen Hepburn," a new work just issued by Riker, Thorne & Co., N. Y., and written by the same delightful author. We do not know of any living writer who displays so profound a knowledge of the religious phase of Scottish character, or who excels in quiet simplicity and subdued pathos, the author of Magdalen Hepburn. As a story of the Scottish Reformation, the present work takes a higher range and deals with historical characters with a success equal to that which had previously attended the writer's delineations of modern society. For sale by Parry & McMillan.

—A brochure entitled "Russia and England, their Strength and Weakness," just issued by Riker, Thorne & Co., of New York, presents in a condensed form a large amount of information, which at this present juncture may be regarded as valuable to all who desire to form a correct opinion concerning those two countries. As a labor saving compilation, executed with great apparent impartiality, we regard it as deserving of a wide circulation. For sale by T. B. Peterson.

—We have received from T. B. Peterson a new edition of "A Quarter Race in Kentucky, and other Tales." A collection of laughable stories, well known as formerly belonging to that amusing series called "Hart's Humorous Library." For broad farce, bordering upon the extravagant, these sketches are well calculated to promote a hearty laugh, and this, as all wise men know, is a desideratum not to be lightly despised by a pushing, bustling, anxious and nervously excitable people.

A new work in two volumes, by Sewell, the author of "Amy Herbert," and other popular novels, has just been issued by Appleton & Co. Like the previous writings of this admirable author, the present story is of a religious cast, contains many fine lessons in practical wisdom, and advocates in so interesting a manner the exercise of an instructive piety, and is without so intrinsically interesting, that it cannot fail to become quite as popular as the best of those volumes upon which the reputation of Sewell has already been founded. For sale by Henderson & Co.

—Mr. Minifie, of Baltimore, the author of the best text book of Mechanical Drawing now extant, has lately published an "Essay on the Theory of Color," which strikes us as being an admirable adjunct to his previous work. The ignorance which so generally prevails with respect to this branch of art, is the best proof of the need of just such a book, and the acknowledged ability of its author is the best guarantee that it is well written.

2000



GUESS MY NAME.



Fall Fashion for Cloaks.



No. 1.—THE JULIA.

This beautiful Cloak or Mantilla is from the establishment of Messrs. SLINGERLAND & M'FARLAND, 296 Broadway, New York.

Fall Fashion for Cloaks.



No. 2.—THE ALICE.

From the establishment of Messrs. SLINGERLAND & M'FARLAND, 296 Broadway, Importers and Manufacturers of Ladies' Cloaks, Mantillas, Shawls, Embroideries, &c., &c. This charming Cloak is of purple Satin, trimmed with figured galloon and velvet flowers. It is one of the richest of the season.



POPE'S TREE.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA: OCTOBER, 1854.



THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

Among the remarkable events of the past fifty years, is the desertion of their country by the Irish peasantry, and their emigration to the United States. There are few nations, in which there is not a steady increase of population; but Ireland shows the strange phenomenon of a decrease in number of nearly two millions in ten years. Strong in their personal attachments as a people, ardent in their love of country, the Irish abandon their homes by thousands, every year, cross the ocean, and

take up their abode for life in a new country. And this is as true of the women as of the men—without respect to age, or social ties. Even young girls, almost children in age, determine on emigration, and with barely sufficient means to bear them over the sea, resolutely carry out their purpose.

One trait in Irish emigrants all must commend and admire. As a rule, those who come out from the home circle as pioneers, never forget those they have left behind them. The

brother works and saves, until he can send back money enough to pay his sister's passage to the land of promise; the sister hoards her scant savings for a like fraternal purpose; and the son and daughter never rest until mother and father are with them in their new home. Such traits in this people are beautiful, and cause us to look past many of their serious defects of training and character.

Large as is the Irish emigration to this country, the class that finds its way to our shores, is, of all others that reach us from abroad, the least skilled in the arts of social life. The men, with few exceptions, are competent to do little beyond plying the pick and spade, shouldering the hod, or engaging in those laborious callings that need the exercise of little thought, intelligence, or skill—while the women enter our houses as servants; and if the truth must be spoken, generally make but sorry domestics at the best, as all housekeepers can testify. The want of education and thrift at home, is the secret of this defect in Irish emigrants. They are in no way deficient in quickness of thought or perception, and but for the wretched state of things in their own country would take a far higher rank in the social scale.

ITALIAN WOLF DOGS.

See engraving.

The shepherds of the Abruzzi, two mountainous provinces in the kingdom of Naples, have a species of dog, somewhat resembling the Newfoundland dog, but larger, very strongly made, snowy white in color, and bold and faithful. The shepherds use them for defending their flocks against attacks from wolves. A visitor to the unfrequented mountain region, occupied by the shepherds, says—"You cannot approach these pastoral hamlets, either by night or day, without being beset by these vigilant guardians, that look sufficiently formidable when they charge the intruder (as often happens), in troops of a dozen or fifteen. They have frequent encounters with the wolves, evident signs of which some of the old campaigners show in their persons, being now and then found sadly torn and maimed. The shepherds say that two of them of the right sort are a match for an ordinary wolf." In the cut we give the portraits of three of these animals that were, some years ago, in the London Zoological Gardens.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

BY STERLING.

Earth, of man the bounteous mother,
Feeds him still with corn and wine;
He who best would aid a brother,
Shares with him these gifts divine.

Many a power within her bosom
Noiseless, hidden, works beneath;
Hence are seed, and leaf, and blossom,
Golden ear and clustered wreath.

These to swell with strength and beauty
Is the royal task of man;
Man's a king, his throne is Duty,
Since his work on earth began.

Bud and harvest, bloom and vintage,
These, like man, are fruits of earth;
Stamped in clay, a heavenly mintage,
All from dust receive their birth.

Barn, and mill, and wine-vat's treasures,
Earthly goods for earthly lives,
These are Nature's ancient pleasures,
These her child from her derives.

What the dream, but vain rebelling,
If from earth we sought to flee?
'Tis our stored and ample dwelling,
'Tis from it the skies we see.

Wind and frost, and hour and season,
Land and water, sun and shade,—
Work with these, as bids thy reason,
For they work thy toil to aid.

Sow thy seed and reap in gladness!
Man himself is all a seed;
Hope and hardship, joy and sadness,
Slow the plant to ripeness lead.

A PETITION TO TIME.

Touch us gently, Time!
As we glide adown thy stream
Gently—as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream!
Humble voyagers are We,
Husband, wife, and children three—
(One is lost—an angel, fled
To the azure overhead!)

Touch us gently, Time!
We've not proud, nor soaring wings;
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are We
O'er life's dim, unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime;
Touch us gently, gently, Time.

CONFORMITY TO THE WORLD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Mr. Shaw and Mr. Graveman were members of a certain denomination, which can boast of as many worthy and truly pious members as any other sect of Christians, and of quite as many "black sheep." They were both engaged in the wholesale grocery and flour business. One of them, Mr. Graveman, held an official station in the church. He was what is called a class-leader, and feeling the importance of his station, assumed what to him seemed a necessary sanctimonious exterior. He was scrupulously plain in his own dress, and strictly required his family to abstain from all the vanities of this wicked world.

As a member of the church, among members of the church, Mr. Graveman stood high. As a business man, among business men, he was known as one of the closest of bargain-makers—too close to be always an observer of the golden rule. Proverbial on the one side for exemplary piety, he was proverbial on the other side for a selfish love of gain. He did not take his religion into the world, for he could not see that it had any business there. Religion was for the Sabbath, and had relation only to acts of worship. The faith must be sound, the external observance rigid; these attended to, and the man was a perfect Christian. He could do no wrong.

Mr. Shaw, on the other hand, while he was in a degree blinded to the want of true charity as exhibited in Graveman's ordinary business intercourse with society, by the glare of his piety, was himself a very different man. Conscious of the hereditary evils of his nature, too many of which actual life had confirmed almost into habit, and sincerely desirous to rise above them, he was really what the other pretended to be—humble minded. And yet there was no external parade of humility. He rarely took an active part in the affairs of his church, though anxious for her prosperity, and ever ready to devote to her his worldly goods or his time when called upon to do so.

In his family, he acted the part of a wise husband and father. While Mr. Graveman assumed an austerity of manner, and nipped with the frost of rebuke every little blossom that began to open its leaves on the tender plants that were springing up around him, Mr.

Shaw warmed them into life and beauty by his sunny smile. To one there was sin in a bright ribbon, a beautiful dress, a bow or a flower; the other saw in all external loveliness, whether in forms or colors, the good things of God, and he used them, and permitted his family to use them, with grateful acknowledgments to the Giver of all natural as well as spiritual blessings. He discriminated between the use and the abuse; and while the use was made primary, the tendency to abuse was carefully restrained.

"Brother Shaw," said Mr. Graveman, one day, with an abrupt manner and a captious voice, "you will ruin your girls."

"I hope not. What is the matter?"

"You dress them too gayly."

"I let my wife attend to all that. She knows better than I do what is suited to them."

"Your wife! Would you let your wife throw them into the dock if she thought it suited them? I am a plain-spoken man, Mr. Shaw, as you know, and my position in the church requires me to speak plainly; and I warn you now, as in duty bound to warn an erring brother, that if you do not look better to your children, they will grow up and become carnal-minded instead of lovers of the truth. They will go out into the world and be lost; the enemy of mankind will claim them as his own."

"You are very serious, Mr. Graveman; but for my life I can see no danger."

"No danger? Bless me! is there no danger in dressing up a child in flowers and ribbons and all sorts of gew-gaws to turn her head and make a fool of her?"

"A thing which I do not do."

"Although you permit your wife to do it."

"No—nor does my wife do it. My children are not dressed up in flowers and ribbons and all sorts of gew-gaws."

"Why, Mr. Shaw, I met two of your little girls, a minute ago, tricked out like butterflies."

"How were they dressed?"

"With gay frocks and gay shoes, and ribbons and flowers all over."

"Think again. What color was their frocks?"

"What color? They were—they were—yes, they were white."

"Nature's own sweet emblem of innocence—the color of the virgin lily. May their minds be ever as pure. I see no harm in a white frock for a child, but good. I always like to see children dressed in white."

"It's more than I do, Mr. Shaw. Not one of my girls ever had or ever shall have on a flashy white frock to make her proud. But this wasn't all. They were bedizened, as I said before, all over with ribbons and flowers."

"How many ribbons did you see? Think again, Mr. Graveman."

"There were gay red ribbons tied round their waists, with ends streaming off some yard or two behind."

"You did not see correctly. Each of the little things had a pale blossom-colored ribbon around her waist, the ends not over a quarter of a yard in length. In each of their little hats was a cluster of three budding roses and a few green leaves. Do you see anything evil in flowers?"

"I do, when in children's hats."

"God made the flowers beautiful, and gave them to us. I thank Him for the gift. Oh! if my dear babes were as pure and lovely as the flowers, how my heart would rejoice. I keep flower-vases in my house and growing flowers in my garden; and that my children may love them more and more, I let them use flowers as ornaments."

"The evil one is blinding your mind, brother Shaw; he is leading you away from truth by his devices. You must not conform to the world. Only worldly-minded people dress up their children with ribbons and flowers."

"And they eat and drink, also. Because worldly people eat fruits and pleasant food, shall we use only what is coarse and unpalatable? I do not think so. Every creature of God is good, and I will use all His gifts in a thankful spirit, and then I will be in no danger of abusing them."

Mr. Graveman expostulated still further, but without effect.

"I am seriously concerned about brother Shaw," he said to another church member. "I am afraid he still longs for the flesh-pots of Egypt—that a worldly spirit is taking possession of him. Have you noticed how gayly all his family dress?"

"Not particularly."

"They don't look like church people at all."

"Mr. Shaw is an excellent man. In all the business I have had with him I have found him strictly honorable. He is one of the few who are willing to live and let live. As to the way in which he dresses his family, that is altogether a matter of taste."

"Oh! no, not at all; it is a matter of sin. It is wicked for any one to put ribbons and flowers on children. But I shall do my duty as far as I am concerned. His daughter Ellen is a member of my class. The very next time she comes I shall speak my mind to her plainly about the way she dresses. It is scandalous! Is it any wonder that religion is brought into disgrace when its professors indulge such pride and vanity?"

Ellen Shaw, to whom allusion has just been made, had, from her earliest childhood, exhibited a sweetness of temper too rarely seen. The current of her feelings and thoughts had always been religious. The consequence was that she became a member of the church and joined a class-meeting when only fourteen years of age. For two years, Mr. Graveman had been her class-leader. She saw him intimately only in the class-room, and his deep piety and professed love of all the holy things of the church caused her pure heart to invest him with every Christian grace and virtue, and to bear towards him, on this account, a deep spiritual regard. To her he seemed faultless.

Educated at home, in a school less rigid than that in which Graveman was a teacher, Ellen had not imbibed the holy horror of what was lovely in external forms that possessed her spiritual guide, and she, under the eye of her mother, used with taste and moderation those ornaments which expressed her love of the beautiful. Her hair was dressed plainly sometimes, and sometimes it was allowed to fall about her young face in graceful ringlets. Her bonnet was ornamented with a flower, if it pleased her taste; and she chose the style of her bonnet in accordance with the same rule. Taste was her guide in dress.

All this was noticed by her class-leader, and it stirred within his heart a feeling which, little as he dreamed, if closely analyzed, would have been seen to be—anger. He called it a pious indignation at sin. It was not so—it was of the old man, Adam. Often he had determined to speak to Ellen on the subject in class-

meeting, but thus far he had only remotely alluded to the sin of a conformity to the world, which his innocent pupil understood to mean a conformity to selfish maxims and evil purposes. She did not dream that he meant her ribbons, her curls, or the modest bunch of flowers in her bonnet.

The day after that on which the conversation given above took place between Mr. Graveman and Mr. Shaw, was the one on which the former held his class-meeting. The hour was four o'clock in the afternoon. About ten o'clock in the forenoon, business called Graveman to the wharves.

"How much flour have you?" asked a merchant, into whose store he went for the transaction of some business.

"Five hundred barrels," was replied.

"Then you are two hundred and fifty dollars richer than you were an hour ago."

"Indeed! How?" eagerly asked Graveman.

"Private advices have been received from New York, announcing a rise of fifty cents in the barrel," replied the merchant.

"First-rate, isn't it?" and Graveman rubbed his hands together in unaffected delight.

"It is pleasant news, certainly, to all who have flour on hand."

"Have you much in store?"

"A few hundred barrels."

"Capital! You are like me, a lucky dog. But, good morning—good morning; I must be going. I have a good deal of business to do on the wharf."

Graveman left the store abruptly. A sudden thought had struck him. Instead of transacting the business which he pretended required his attention, he walked hurriedly to the Exchange, jumped into an omnibus, and rode some six or eight squares. Then, getting out, he walked at a very leisurely pace for about half a square farther. This brought him to the store of Mr. Shaw, which he entered.

"Brother Shaw, how do you do this morning?" he said, with a sweet, Christian smile, as he took the hand of his fellow church-member.

"Quite well. How are you?"

"Very well, thank you. Have you been out this morning?"

"No. Is there any news stirring?"

"Nothing of consequence—business rather dull."

"Yes; there isn't much doing."

"How is flour going to be, brother Shaw? Do you think there will be a rise?"

"I am sure I cannot tell. I should rather think not. At any rate, I would be very willing to sell at eight and seven-eighths."

"How much have you in store?"

"Three or four hundred barrels."

Mr. Graveman cast his eyes to the floor thoughtfully, and mused for some moments.

"I have an idea that it will advance a trifle in the course of a few weeks."

"More likely to fall."

"I don't think so."

"Why?"

"Oh! it's a mere idea of mine. The market has been firm for some time. If you really wish to sell, I feel half inclined to buy. I have money lying idle."

"It is more than I have. If you want my flour you may have it and welcome at eight and seven-eighths."

"Couldn't you say eight eighty-five for all you have?"

"No; I am not anxious to sell. If you choose to take it at the prevailing rates, you can do so."

"Very well. What is the quantity in store?"

"I can ascertain in a moment;" and Mr. Shaw referred to his ledger. "Three hundred and eighty barrels."

"All right; make out the bill, and I will draw you a check."

The bill was made out, and a check for the amount filled up and handed to Mr. Saw. The two men shook hands in very brotherly manner, and Graveman departed full of selfish delight at the consciousness of having made an operation that would net him at least two hundred dollars. To him it was a fair business transaction—all right in trade. The moral of the act was a thing of which he had no conception. If he was wider awake than his neighbor, he could see no reason why he ought not to profit by his acuteness.

On the afternoon of the day on which Mr. Graveman had increased his gains by an operation of such questionable morality, he put on his most sanctimonious face and clothed his spirit in a robe of factitious piety, to meet and instruct in heavenly things some fifteen or twenty young persons, who were sincerely de-

sirous of knowing the truth, that they might bring its precepts into life. On his way to the class-room, he dismissed from his mind with an effort some thoughts that were not the most pleasant in the world—they referred to the business transaction of the morning—and began to think about the different members of his class, and what he should say to each. Among the first about whom he thought was Ellen Shaw.

"I shall speak my mind to sister Shaw very plainly," he said, as he walked along, with his eyes upon the pavement. "If she is lost, the sin shall not lie at my door. I will clear the skirts of my garments. Curls and flowers and ribbons! Beau-catchers and heart-breakers! All devices of Satan. Silly child! to sell her soul for head-gear and gay dresses. No wonder that she mourns over her want of faith, and is ever complaining that she makes little or no progress onward. I am sick, sick of this. Not a bright face do I meet; not a cheerful experience do I hear. It is lameness of soul, and doubt, and fear and complaint. But no wonder; the carnal mind is enmity against God, and they are all drawn away from faith by a love of the world. But I must do my duty; I must thunder the law and its terrors in their ears. I have a duty to perform, and it shall be done."

In this frame of mind Mr. Graveman went to meet his class. The room in which it was held was the back parlor of a member. When the leader came in he found about twelve females present. They were seated, each apart from the rest, with grave, almost solemn faces, and eyes cast upon the floor. Scarcely a head was raised as he came in. Graveman spoke to no one, but walked to a table at the side of the room with a slow, measured step, and seating himself, crossed his hands upon his face, and remained for nearly a minute in silent prayer. The stillness of death reigned around. With a deep sigh, that had four or five responses, the leader at length withdrew his hands, raised his head, and took up a hymn book, from which he selected a hymn and read it over aloud. Then repeating the two first lines of the first verse, he raised a tune in which all joined and sung them over. Two more lines were read, and the singing resumed, and thus the whole hymn was sung two lines at a time. After the two last lines were repeated all knelt down,

and the leader prayed a long, loud and fervent prayer. Then the leading commenced. The first sister was asked to relate her experience for the week, which was done, and the leader gave her such advice, encouragement, consolation or admonition as he deemed most useful. The next and the next were called upon, and suitable instruction imparted to each. Occasionally a verse of some appropriate hymn was sung. The whole scene was deeply impressive, and calculated to inspire the most solemn thought.

At length young sister Shaw was asked to tell what had been her exercises through the week. In a low, timid, but clear voice, Ellen made her statement. She complained of shortcomings, of the tendency of her heart to lead her away from spiritual things, of her want of faith, yet expressed an earnest desire to be conformed in all things by the renewing of her mind to the pure precepts of the Gospel. On taking her seat, a deep silence of some moments followed. Then her leader said, in a severe voice—

"Sister Ellen Shaw, you complain of coldness and want of faith. You have complained thus ever since you joined my class. And no wonder! Heretofore I have not spoken to you as freely as I should have done; but, by the help of God, I will now do my duty. You will never be anything but a drooping, wayside professor, until you come out and renounce the world and its lying vanities; until you make a whole sacrifice; until every foolish and vain desire be laid upon the altar. Do you think this will be admitted into the kingdom of Heaven?" (As he said this, he stooped down and took a long, beautiful ringlet of hair in his fingers, and held it up.) "No, child; all this must fall before you can pass through the narrow gate. These ribbons and flowers"—and he touched roughly her bonnet—"will not go with you beyond the grave. Death will pale the colors in this gay dress. Ah, sister Shaw, if you wish to be a Christian, you must give up all these; you must give up the world; you must let the curls and ribbons and flowers go. It is a vain effort, child; you cannot serve two masters."

This and much more was said in a cruel way. Poor Ellen burst into tears, and wept bitterly. In the innocence of her pure young heart, she feared that all this might be true,

and her distress was most poignant. On returning home, her mother saw that she was much disturbed, and asked the reason. Ellen related, with overflowing eyes, what her leader had said.

"Do not let it make you feel so bad, dear," Mrs. Shaw said, tenderly. "If you do not set your heart on your dress, there is no harm in it."

"But Mr. Graveman says it is conforming to the world, and he, you know, is such a good man."

"Yes, I know he is a pious man; but for all that he may be mistaken in some things. God looks at the heart, Ellen, and if that is right all that flows from it is right to Him. A mere sanctimonious exterior is nothing if the heart is not true in its love. If you curl your hair with an evil intention, or wear a ribbon or a flower to do harm, then it is sin; but if because you love what is bright and beautiful, the precious gifts of Heaven, you adorn your person modestly, be sure that there is in it no harm. I think a woman should adorn herself, not in gaudy, flaunting colors, to attract admiration, but tastefully, that she may throw around herself everything to make her lovely, and thus to increase her power of influencing all for good. A woman, Ellen, is born to be loved, and to love; let everything in her mind and person be lovely, and she will bring blessings to all."

But Ellen's spiritual instructor had taught a different lesson. How should she decide? She had great confidence in her mother, because she knew her well, and loved her only as a child can love a consistent, wise and good mother; but Mr. Graveman, whose piety and knowledge of the doctrines which led the way to Heaven, she had never heard questioned, had said that it was sin to adorn the person.

When Mr. Shaw came home that evening, he asked for Ellen.

"She has been in her room since she came home from class-meeting, this afternoon, in great distress of mind."

"How so?" Mr. Shaw's brows contracted.

"Mr. Graveman has been talking very harshly to her, I think."

"He has? What did he say?"

"He rebuked her before the whole class for curling her hair and wearing flowers in her bonnet; and the poor child is distressed to

death lest in doing so she is sinning against God."

"Oh, dear! I am afraid Graveman is an ar-rant hypocrite."

"Why, Mr. Shaw! you must not say so; that is very uncharitable."

"I don't know. But ask Ellen to come down."

"She is so much disturbed in mind that I think you had better not see her now."

"I wish to put her mind at ease, and I think I can do it."

Ellen was called down. She met her father with a forced smile on a sad face.

"I have heard from your mother, Ellen, what has occurred," the father said, taking his child tenderly by the hand, and drawing her down into a chair by his side; "but do not let it disturb you—you have done no wrong. Have I not always taught you that God looks only at the heart? A sweet fountain cannot send forth bitter waters. If you do not have an evil end in view, your act cannot be evil in the sight of Heaven. Never forget this. Are flowers the offspring of that cause which doomed the ground to bring forth thorns and thistles? No, Ellen; they do not correspond to vile and wicked affections that curse, but to pure and good affection that bless the ground. Still use them. Ellen, and do not fear; they are good gifts. Only see that you do not love the flower for some base end. See that you do not use ornaments for a selfish purpose."

"But Mr. Graveman is such a good man, father, he ought to know."

A deep shadow passed over the face of Mr. Shaw. He was disturbed; but his feelings calmed, and he replied, in a low, steady, but earnest voice—"My child, I have, until now, thought as you do, and therefore was always glad that you felt like remaining a member of his class-meeting; but something has occurred to-day that has opened my eyes. I do not believe him to be an honest man."

"Oh, father, do not say so!" A shade of anguish rested on the countenance of the girl.

"I fear that it is, alas! too true. He took advantage of my ignorance to wrong me out of two hundred dollars."

"My father!"

"I have tried every way to satisfy myself that there was no evil intent on his part, but every inquiry has only tended to prove that he

took a deliberate advantage of me—in fact, cheated me! That is the right way to call it.”

What the reader already knows was then briefly related. Mr. Shaw had discovered, a short time after he sold his flour, the rise in price. At first he could not believe that Graveman knew at the time that the price had risen; but when laughed at for suffering himself to be overreached, through ignorance, he could no longer doubt.

“Do you call that honest dealing, Ellen?”

Mr. Shaw asked, after telling all.

“No, father,” was firmly replied.

“Could he be in heart an honest man who would do so?—a lover of the brethren?”

“No, father.”

“Right, my child; he could not. And think further. Is a man so thoroughly selfish in feeling likely to perceive clearly spiritual truths that are above and out of the sphere of self? You see, then, how little reliance you should place on the cant of Mr. Graveman, whose class-room you will not, I am sure, again enter. Ellen, you know your father and mother better; they tell you to keep your heart unspotted, to see that there is in it no conformity to the selfish maxims of the world: to use, with grateful thanks to the Giver of all blessings, the good things that are presented to your hand. But while you adorn your body, be sure that the green leaves and bright flowers and warm colors are around your heart. Be sure that your thoughts and affections are right, and then all things corresponding to these you may freely use.”

Ellen's mind discriminated clearly. She was deeply pained, but the truth was so clear that she could not see beyond it. She never again entered the class-meeting of Mr. Graveman, who took every opportunity to allude to it, and gave as the reason that he had done his duty, but that the truth was too plain for her vain, proud heart.

A TRUE SIMILE.

The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone. Shadows of evening fall around us, and the world seems but a dull reflection—itsself a broader shade. We look forward into the coming night. The soul withdraws itself. The stars arise, and the night is holy.

RICH AND POOR.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

Those who have never visited the lower ranks of society, can have but a faint realization of the ignorance that exists among us, often coupled with the lowest degradation. There are ignorance, and unhappiness, and vice, enough in high places, but they are gilded over, or assume specious forms; but among the poor, who have few motives of pride or interest to induce them to assume a fair seeming, they stand forth in bold relief.

It may be useful to witness these things, not only to stimulate our benevolent endeavors in behalf of the poor and degraded, but to produce a reaction favorable to our own happiness and improvement. A view of their privations may lead us to prize more highly our own privileges.

Here, we will say, in our own comfortable homes, are beauty and refinement in contrast with the unsightliness and discomfort of theirs.

Here is peace. Loving smiles greet us, and pleasant voices fall on our ears. There are wrangling and discord, and harsh tones and haggard faces, the offspring of want and wretchedness.

Here we have avenues of intercourse with kindred minds, one of the purest sources of enjoyment; while, with them, ignorance still multiplies ignorance.

We have refined pleasures and amusements to refresh and enliven us; while their existence is a dull, sluggish stream.

A view of their state may suggest, too, some profitable reflection. When we see them groping in ignorance, unconscious of their degradation, or the blessings they miss, as we look on the “looped and windowed raggedness” of their moral condition, wrapping ourselves about with our own superiority, will not the thought come, that in this there may be flaws or threadbare spots; that we, too, come short of the excellence we might reach, the happiness that might be ours?

It has been said that we cannot enjoy life thoroughly, unless we have once been miserable; and the next thing to having tasted misery ourselves, is to witness that of others. Much of our enjoyment is relative—or by contrast. The coarsest morsel of food, to one who has been obliged to fast for a season, will be

sweeter to the taste, and enjoyed with greater relish, than the most luxurious supper to a pampered appetite.

I once heard a person say that the most delicious draught that ever passed his lips was taken, when parched with thirst, from a slimy pool. The most sparkling champagne never equalled it. Rest after labor is sweet, but one overburdened with leisure knows not the luxury of repose.

"DIED YESTERDAY."

Every day is written this little sentence—"Died yesterday, so and so." Every day, a flower is plucked from some sunny home; a breach made in some happy circle; a jewel stolen from some treasury of love. Each day, from the summer fields of life, some harvester disappears—yea, every hour, some sentinel falls from his post, and is thrown from the ramparts of time into the surging waters of eternity. Even as we write, the funeral of one who "died yesterday" winds like a winter shadow along the street.

"Died yesterday." Who died? Perhaps, it was a gentle babe, sinless as an angel, pure as the zephyr's hymn—one whose laugh was as the gush of summer rills loitering in a bower of roses—whose little life was a perpetual litany, a May-time crowned with the passion flowers that never fade. Or, mayhap it was a youth, hopeful and generous—one whose path was hemmed by flowers with not a serpent lurking underneath—one whose soul panted after communion with the great and good, and reached forth with earnest struggle for the guerdon in the distance. But that heart of his is still now, for he "died yesterday."

"Died yesterday." A young girl, pure as the orange flowers that clasped her forehead, was stricken down as she stood at the altar; and from the dim aisles of the temple, she was borne to the "garden of the slumberers." A tall, browned man, girt with the halo of victory, and at the day's close, under his own vine and fig tree, fell to dust even as the anthem trembled upon his lips; and he, too, was laid "where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." An angel patriarch, bowed with age and cares, even as he looked out upon the distant hills for the coming of the angel host, sank into a dreamless slumber; and on his

door-post, next day, was written, "Died yesterday."

"Died yesterday." Daily, men, women and children, are passing away; and hourly, in some graveyard, the soil is flung upon the dead. As often in the morn we find some flower that blushed sweetly in the sunset has withered up for ever, so, daily, when we rise from the bivouac to stand against our posts, we miss some brother soldier, whose cheery cry in the sieges and struggles of the past has been as fire from Heaven upon our hearts.

Each day some pearl drops from the jeweled thread of friendship—some lyre to which we have been wont to listen—has been hushed for ever. But wise is he who mourns not the pearl and music lost, for life with him shall pass away gently as an eastern shadow from the hills, and death be a triumph and a gain.

A DAINTY DISH.

Mr. Curzon, during a visit to one of the monasteries, on Mount Athos, was treated to the following dainty dish, expressly prepared for him:—

At sunrise, I received a visit from the superior, who came to wish me good day. After some conversation on other matters, I inquired about the library, and asked permission to view its contents. The superior declared his willingness to show me all that the monastery contained.

"But, first," said he, "I wish to present you with something excellent for your breakfast; and, from the special good-will that I bear towards so distinguished a guest, I shall prepare it with my own hands, and will stay to see you eat, for it is really an admirable dish."

"Well," thought I, "a good breakfast is not a bad thing."

I therefore expressed my thanks for the kind hospitality of my lord abbot, and he, sitting down opposite to me on a divan, proceeded to prepare his dish.

"This," he said, producing a shallow basin, half filled with white paste, "is the principal and most savory part of this famous dish; it is composed of cloves of garlic pounded down, with a certain quantity of sugar. With it, I will now mix the oil in just proportions, some shreds of fine cheese (it seemed to be of the white acid kind, which resembles what is

called *caccia cavallo* in the south of Italy, and which almost takes the skin off your fingers, I believe), and sundry other nice little condiments; and now it is completed."

He stirred the savory mess round and round with a large wooden spoon, until it sent forth over room, and passage, and cell, over hill and valley, an aroma which is not to be described.

"Now," said the superior, crumbling some bread into it with his large and somewhat dirty hands, "this is a dish worthy of an emperor. Eat, my friend, my much-respected friend. Do not be shy. Eat; and when you have finished the bowl you shall go into the library and anywhere else you like; but you shall go nowhere till I have had the pleasure of seeing you do justice to this delicious food, which, I can assure you, will not be met with everywhere."

I was sorely troubled in spirit. Who could have expected so dreadful a martyrdom as this? Was an unfortunate fellow ever dosed with such a medicine before? I made every endeavor to escape the honor.

"My lord," I said, "it is a fast; I cannot, this morning, do justice to this delicious viand; it is a fast. I am under a vow; Englishmen must not eat that dish in this month. It would be wrong: my conscience won't permit, although the odor is certainly most wonderful! Truly an astonishing flavor! Let me see you eat it, oh! father!" I continued, "for behold I am unworthy of anything so good."

"Excellent and virtuous young man!" said the abbot; "no, I will not eat. I will not deprive you of this treat. Eat it in peace, for know, that to travellers, all such vows are set aside. On a journey, it is permitted to eat all that is set before you, unless it is meat that is offered to idols. I admire your scruples; but be not afraid; it is lawful. Take it, my honored friend, and eat it; eat it all, and then we will go into the library."

He put the bowl into one of my hands, and the great wooden spoon into the other, and in desperation I took a dose, the recollection of which still makes me tremble.

What was to be done? Another mouthful was an impossibility. I was overcome with despair. My servant saved me at last. He said "that English gentlemen never ate such rich dishes for breakfast, from religious feelings, he believed; but he requested that it

might be passed by, and he was sure I should like it very much later in the day."

The superior looked vexed, but he applauded my principles; and just then the bell sounded for church.

"I must be off, excellent and worthy English lord," said he. "I will take you to the library, and leave you the key. Excuse my attendance on you there, for my presence is required in the church."

So I got off better than I expected; but the taste of that ladleful stuck to me for days. I followed the good abbot to the library, where he left me to my own thoughts.

MOUNT JORULLO.

BY H. C. TALBOTT.

In the province of Michoacan, in Mexico, not far from the present site of the town of Ario, lay a beautiful plain, covered with plantations and well-cultivated fields of indigo and sugar cane. The industrious natives, making the most of the fine climate and fertile soil, coaxed from the bountiful bosom of mother earth highly remunerative returns for the toil bestowed upon their crops. Here was a picture of rural comfort and happiness not unusual among the aborigines of Central America, but certainly rarely to be found among those of higher latitudes. And herein the Indians present a history directly at variance with that of the whites. In the bracing rigors of a northern clime, the industry and enterprise of the latter bear the greatest results, and the midst of the temperate zones exhibit the best types of the race. But the Indians have appeared to better advantage when found inhabiting the tropical regions.

In June, 1759, the plain, to which attention has been called, was the scene of most extraordinary phenomena. Hollow murmurs, from the depths of the earth, came struggling faintly up for utterance. Dreadful tremors stole along the plain, and rocked the wood-crowned heights. Day by day, and night after night, increased violence was infused into these symptoms, until terrific convulsions shook hill and vale, and mighty roarings reverberated along the sky, like the horrible discord of infernal artillery. After sixty days of such struggles, a gradual tranquillity was restored, peace again slept upon the lovely landscape,

and hope flattered the distressed and terror-stricken people that all danger had passed. Vain hope! On the 28th of September following, the demon of the inner fires was aroused to greater fury. Horrible bellows arose upon the burdened air, and the earth rocked as if in death throes. The affrighted inhabitants fled in consternation to the adjacent mountains, and, awe-struck, gazed upon the scene of these wonders. Sudden fissures swallowed up the brooks and streams. Baleful fires danced along the ground, and sulphurous stench and steam and vapors escaped in low thunders and awful hissings from the crevices and holes of the swollen and disrupted earth. The midst of the plain seethed and boiled like melted pitch. Huge bladder-like hills were upheaved and burst with thunder-sounds, discharging great columns of steam and smoke. Hills uprose from hills; heights unsheathed heights; internal forces puffed up the immense dome-like mass, thrusting it bodily nearly seventeen hundred feet heavenward. A tract of country of four square miles thus upward thrown from its rock-ribbed resting place, and underpinned, as it were, till firmly sustained in its new position, required a mechanical force whose numerical value were not too contemptible for the consideration of an Archimedes, although the displacement of a world was a family thought to him. And the production of Mount Jurolo had just "this extent, no more." A mountain, whose base was four square miles, lifted its head higher than "Arthur's Seat," in England, positively sixteen hundred and seventy feet above its original level, and was flanked by numerous hills of like origin, and of no mean size.

Humboldt, in the beginning of the present century, visited the scene of these wonderful events, and heard from the lips of natives, who were twenty years older than Mount Jurolo, and witnessed its formation, the particulars of its upheaval. The volcanic action had then almost ceased, but the mountain yet remains, a striking monument of those awful forces in nature that sleep quiescent under the mild rule of physical law until called into activity by Him whose every-day implements they are.

Waterloo, III., 1854.

There is no distinguished genius altogether exempt from some infusion of madness.

POETRY OF FINLAND.

Who would have thought to have found so beautiful a gem as the following among the northern snows?

OJAN PAVO'S CHALLENGE.

Came from Tavastland tall Ojan Pavo,
Tall and vigorous 'mong the sons of Finland,
Stedfast as a mountain clothed with pinewood,
Bold and fleet and powerful as a tempest.
He could from the earth uproot the fir-tree;
Could the bear encounter single-handed;
Lift a horse above the loftiest fences,
And, as straw, compel strong men to bow down.
Now he stood, the stedfast Ojan Pavo,
Proud and vigorous at the nation's council.
In the court he stood among the people,
Like a lofty fir-tree amid brushwood,
And he raised his voice, and thus addressed them—

"If there be a man here born of woman
Who can, from the spot whereon I plant me,
Move me only for a single moment,
I to him will yield my farmise wealthy;
He shall win from me my silver treasure;
Of my numerous flocks he shall be master;
His I will become both soul and body."

To the people thus spoke Ojan Pavo.
But the country youth shrank back in terror;
To the proud man answered only silence;
None was found who would accept his challenge.
But with love and admiration gazed they,
All the maidens, on that youthful champion,
Standing there—the powerful Ojan Pavo—
Like a lofty fir-tree among brushwood,
His eyes flashing like the stars of heaven,
And his open forehead clear as daylight,
And his thick locks flowing to his shoulders,
Like a streamlet falling down in sunshine.

From the throng of women forth stepped Anna,
She the fairest of that country's maidens,
Lovely as the morning at its rising.
Forth she stepped in haste to Ojan Pavo,
Round his neck she flung her arms so tender,
Laid her throbbing heart against his bosom,
Pressed against his cheek her cheek so rosy;
Then she bade him break the bonds that held him.

But the youth stood moveless, and was vanquished.

Yielding thus, he spoke unto the maiden—

"Anna, Anna, I have lost my wager;
Thou must take from me my farm so wealthy
Thou hast won from me my silver treasure;
Thou of all my flocks art now possessor;
I am thine! thine am I soul and body!"

WHICH WAS THE GENTLEMAN?

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

The saloon was full. Unfortunately, the little steamer, which ploughed daily across the blue waters of the lake, possessed but a single sofa, and some two dozen cane-bottomed chairs. The earlier passengers had possessed themselves of these, and the others were standing or walking up and down the small apartment, when an old woman came on board, leading her little grandchild by the hand.

How tired they both looked! They must have walked very fast, for at that moment the boat started.

"Baby's tired; baby's very tired," moaned, in broken tones, the child, as he lifted his blue, beseeching eyes to the pale, wrinkled face, round which the bands of silver hair shone so sadly bright.

The old woman looked all round, and sighed. There was not a single unoccupied seat in the saloon. None of the passengers offered theirs. There was nothing about the old woman, except her age and infirmities, which warranted such courtesy. She was very poor. You could discern that, at once, from her faded black dress, and the coarse but clean freck of the child.

There were but two occupants of the sofa, for, like the boat, it was very small. One of these, a plain, coarsely-dressed man, with a sun-browned face, had drawn his straw hat over his eyes, and had snugly located himself for an hour's nap, which the easy motion of the boat was quite sure to produce. Wholly unlike him was his neighbor, who, with his heavy moustache, and his white, jewelled hands clasped over his cane, was giving each of the passengers the benefit of a fashionable stare.

"Here, sir, let that alone."

For full fifteen minutes had the weary old woman and the moaning child stood within two feet of the fashionable gentleman. At last, the elaborate workmanship on the top of the cane had attracted the little one's attention, and, leaving his grandmother's side, he came forward and laid his hand timidly on the cane. But the sharp words of its owner sent a shiver over the child's frame and a tremor to his lip. He ran to his grandmother, and, burying his face in her gown, sobbed as though

the harsh words were well nigh breaking his heart. The cries of the child aroused the sleeper, who, after smartly rubbing his eyes, stared around him. A moment later, and a heavy hand was laid on the old woman's shoulder, and a rough voice said—

"Here's a seat for you, ma'am; and, if little bub, here, 'll go out 'long o' me, I'll give him a good restin' place on deck."

"Will you go with him, sonny?" said the old woman; and the child lifted his eyes and looked earnestly into the honest face.

A child's instincts are unerring. The little hands were stretched out, and a moment later the child lay in the strong arms of the man, and the grateful old woman sank into the seat he had vacated.

"Do not refuse, miss, to honor me by occupying it."

The hat was uplifted, with courtly grace, to the elegant girl who had just wandered into the saloon, and her beautiful lips repaid the courtesy with a bewitching smile, as she sank upon the sofa.

But we thought upon the tired old woman, and the little helpless child, and the rough but kind-hearted man; and we turned away our eyes from the graceful stranger, and murmured to ourselves—

"Which was the gentleman? Won't you answer us, reader?"

New Haven, Conn.

THINK OF ME.

Go where the water glideth gently ever—

Glideth by meadows that the greenest be—

Go listen to our own beloved river,

And think of me.

Wander in forests, where the small flower layeth

Its fairy gem beside the giant tree;

List to the dim brook pining, while it playeth,

And think of me.

Watch when the sky is silver-pale at even,

And the wind grieveth in the lonely tree,

Go out beneath the solitary heaven,

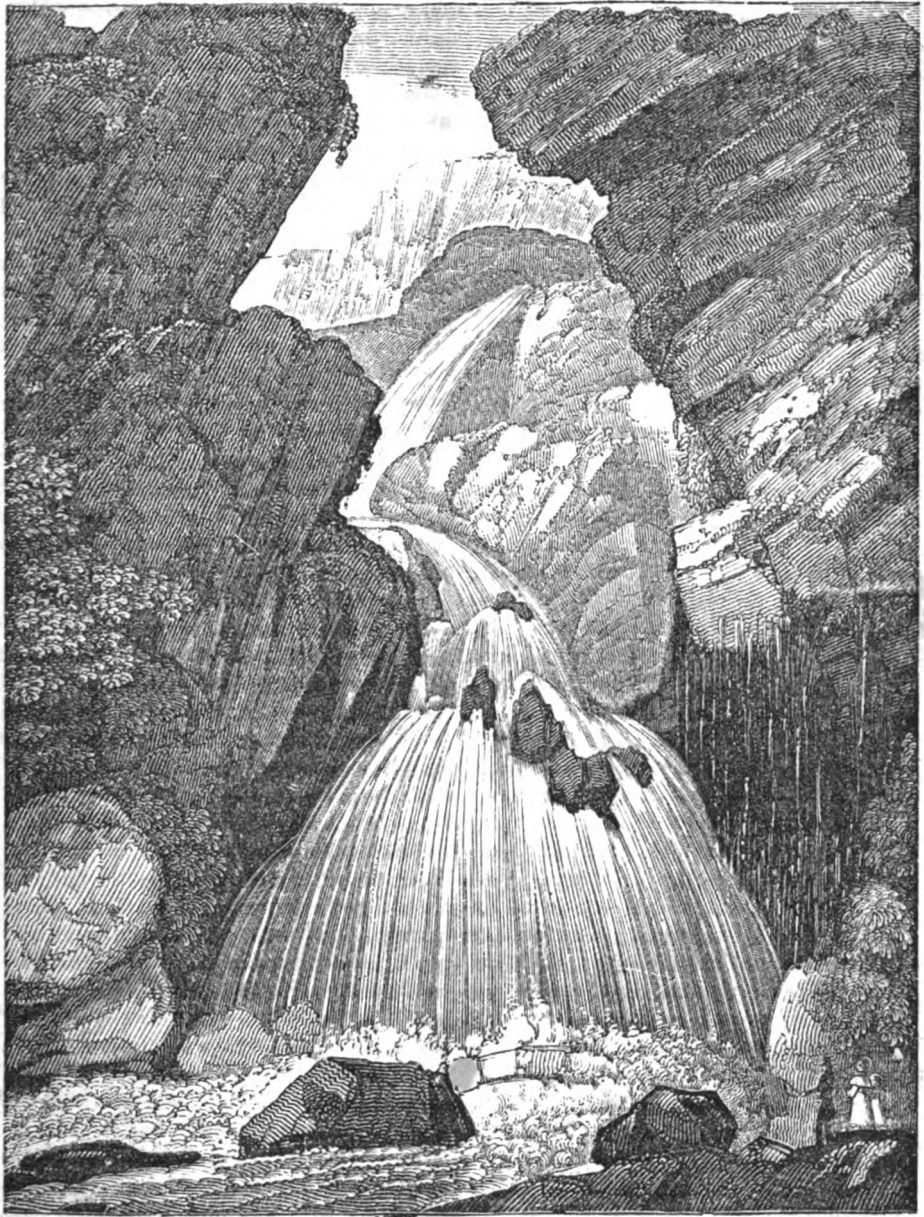
And think of me.

And when the moon riseth, as she was dreaming,

And treadeth with white feet the lulled sea;

Go, silent as a star beneath her beaming,

And think of me.—REYNOLDS.



GOREDALE—SOURCE OF THE RIVER AYR.

GOREDALE—SOURCE OF THE RIVER AYR.

The above engraving is a representation of one of the most extraordinary scenes of natural magnificence in England. Whitaker, in his History of the Deanery of Craven, informs us that Dr. Pococke, the late Bishop of Meath, the celebrated traveller, "who had seen all that was great and striking in the rocks of Arabia and India, declared that he had never seen anything comparable to this place." It lies in the West Riding of Yorkshire. The country for many miles around the spot is singularly wild. In the hollow formed by the meeting of two valleys, lies the village of Malham, (pronounced Maum,) forming part of the parish of Kirkby. The village is rural and sequestered, and except that there is but little wood, presents an aspect of cultivation and fertility, forming a contrast with the savage desolation in the midst of which it is placed. In the uplands, to the north of the village, lies a sheet of water of about a mile in circumference, called Malham Tarn; its banks a bleak waste, but celebrated for its excellent perch and trout. *Tarn* means a small lake, and, according to Wordsworth, is mostly applied to such as are high up in the mountains. At the further termination of the valley which stretches to the west of the village, is a noble natural monument, an immense unbroken barricade of limestone, stretching across the chasm, and rising into the air to the height of three hundred feet. The loftiness and long sweep of this prodigious rampart, make it impressive beyond all description. It is known by the name of Malham Cove. But the scene to which our present notice refers, lies about a mile east from this, at the extremity of the opposite valley. The proper source of the river Air, or Are, which flows in a line nearly parallel to the more celebrated stream of the Wharfe, from which it is divided by a mountainous range, till they both fall into the Humber, is Malham Tarn, already mentioned. The outlet, or one of the outlets of this lake, after flowing tranquilly for a short distance, encounters the stupendous rocky pile of the Goredale; and here its waters used to be detained, without power to make their way either through or over the barrier. It appears to be just about a century ago since the obstacle was first over-

come. In a very admirable plate of the cascade, engraved by J. Mason, from a drawing by T. Smith, and published in 1751, it is stated that "the water collected in a sudden thunder-shower, about eighteen years ago, burst a passage through the rock (where it first appears tumbling through a kind of an arch,) and rushed with such violence that it filled the valley below with vast pieces of broken rocks and stones for a quarter of a mile below." Gray, the poet, who visited the spot on the 13th of October, 1769, gives, in a letter to Dr. Warton, the following description of it: "From thence," (the village of Malham,) says Gray, "I was to walk a mile over very rough ground, a torrent rattling along on the left hand; on the cliffs above hung a few goats; one of them danced and scratched an ear with its hind foot, in a place where I would not have stood stock-still

'For all beneath the moon.'

As I advanced the crags seemed to close in, but discovered a narrow entrance turning to the left between them; I followed my guide a few paces, and the hills opened again into no large space; and then all further way is barred by a stream, that, at the height of about fifty feet, gushes from a hole in the rock, and spreading in large sheets over its broken front, dashes from steep to steep, and then ripples away in a torrent down the valley; the rock on the left rises perpendicular, with stubbed yew-trees and shrubs staring from its side, to the height of at least three hundred feet; but these are not the thing; it is the rock on the right, under which you stand to see the fall that forms the principal horror of the place. From its very base it begins to slope forwards over you in one block or solid mass, without any crevice in its surface, and overshadows half the area below with its dreadful canopy. When I stood at (I believe) four yards distance from its foot, the drops, which perpetually distil from its brow, fell on my head; and in one part of its top, more exposed to the weather, there are loose stones that hang in air, and threaten visibly some idle spectator with instant destruction. It is safer to shelter yourself close to its bottom, and trust to the mercy of that enormous mass which nothing but an earthquake can stir. I stayed there, not without shuddering, a quarter of an hour, and thought my trouble richly paid; for the impression will last for life."

HARD TIMES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Continued from page 208.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Mrs. Sparsit's nerves being slow to recover their tone, the worthy woman made a stay of some weeks in duration at Mr. Bounderby's retreat, where, notwithstanding her anchorite turn of mind based upon her becoming consciousness of her altered station, she resigned herself, with noble fortitude, to lodging, as one may say, in clover, and feeding on the fat of the land. During the whole term of this recess from the guardianship of the Bank, Mrs. Sparsit was a pattern of consistency; continuing to take such pity on Mr. Bounderby to his face, as is rarely taken on man, and to call his portrait a Noodle to *its* face, with the greatest acrimony and contempt.

Mr. Bounderby, having got into his explosive composition that Mrs. Sparsit was a highly superior woman to perceive that he had that general cross upon him in his deserts (for he had not yet settled what it was), and further that Louisa would have objected to her as a frequent visitor if it had comported with his greatness that she should object to anything he chose to do, resolved not to lose sight of Mrs. Sparsit easily. So, when her nerves were strung up to the pitch of again consuming sweetbreads in solitude, he said to her at the dinner-table, on the day before her departure, "I tell you what, ma'am; you shall come down here of a Saturday while the fine weather lasts, and stay till Monday." To which Mrs. Sparsit returned, in effect, though not of the Mahommedan persuasion: "To hear is to obey."

Now, Mrs. Sparsit was not a poetical woman; but she took an idea, in the nature of an allegorical fancy, into her head. Much watching of Louisa, and much consequent observation of her impenetrable demeanor, which keenly whetted and sharpened Mrs. Sparsit's edge, must have given her as it were a lift, in the way of inspiration. She created in her mind a mighty Staircase, with a dark pit of shame and ruin at the bottom; and down these stairs, from day to day and hour to hour, she saw Louisa coming.

It became the business of Mrs. Sparsit's life, to look up at the staircase, and to watch Louisa coming down. Sometimes slowly,

sometimes quickly, sometimes several steps at one bout, sometimes stopping, never turning back. If she had once turned back, it might have been the death of Mrs. Sparsit in spleen and grief.

She had been descending steadily, to the day and on the day, when Mr. Bounderby issued the weekly invitation recorded above. Mrs. Sparsit was in good spirits, and inclined to be conversational.

"And pray, sir," said she, "if I may venture to ask a question appertaining to any subject on which you show reserve—which is indeed hardy in me, for I well know you have a reason for everything you do—have you received intelligence respecting the robbery?"

"Why, ma'am, no; not yet. Under the circumstances, I didn't expect it yet. Rome wasn't built in a day, ma'am."

"Very true, sir," said Mrs. Sparsit, shaking her head.

"Nor yet in a week, ma'am."

"No, indeed, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, with an air melancholy.

"In a similar manner," said Bounderby, "I can wait, you know. If Romulus and Remus could wait, Josiah Bounderby can wait. They were better off in their youth than I was; however. They had a she-wolf for a nurse; I had only a she-wolf for a grandmother. She didn't give any milk, ma'am; she gave bruises. She was a regular Alderney at that."

"Ah!" Mrs. Sparsit sighed and shuddered.

"No, ma'am," continued Bounderby, "I have not heard anything more about it. It's in hand, though; and young Tom, who rather sticks to business at present—something new for him; he hadn't the schooling I had—is helping. My injunction is Keep it quiet, and let it seem to blow over. Do what you like under the rose, but don't give a sign of what you're about; or half a hundred of 'em will combine together and get this fellow who has bolted, out of reach for good. Keep it quiet, and the thieves will grow in confidence by little and little, and we shall have 'em."

"Very sagacious indeed, sir," said Mrs. Sparsit. "Very interesting. The old woman you mentioned, sir—"

"The old woman I mentioned, ma'am," said Bounderby, cutting the matter short, as it was nothing to boast about, "is not laid hold of; but, she may take her oath she will be, if that

is any satisfaction to her villainous old mind. In the meantime, ma'am, I am of opinion, if you ask me my opinion, that the less she is talked about, the better."

That same evening, Mrs. Sparsit, in her chamber window, resting from her packing operations, looked towards her great staircase and saw Louisa still descending.

She sat by Mr. Harthouse, in an alcove in the garden, talking very low. He stood leaning over her, as they whispered together, and his face almost touched her hair. "If not quite!" said Mrs. Sparsit, straining her hawk's eyes to the utmost. Mrs. Sparsit was too distant to hear a word of their discourse, or even to know that they were speaking softly, otherwise than from the expression of their figures; but what they said was this:

"You recollect the man, Mr. Harthouse?"

"Oh, perfectly!"

"His face, and his manner, and what he said?"

"Perfectly. And an infinitely dreary person he appeared to me to be. Lengthy and prosy in the extreme. It was very knowing to hold forth, in the humble-virtue school of eloquence; but, I assure you I thought at the time, 'My good fellow, you are over-doing this!'"

"It has been very difficult to me to think ill of that man."

"My dear Louisa—as Tom says." Which he never did say. "You know no good of the fellow?"

"No, certainly."

"Nor of any other such person?"

"How can I," she returned, with more of her first manner on her than he had lately seen, "when I know nothing of them, men or women?"

"My dear Mrs. Bounderby! Then consent to receive the submissive representation of your devoted friend, who knows something of several varieties of his excellent fellow-creatures—for excellent they are, I have no doubt, in spite of such little foibles as always helping themselves to what they can get hold of. This fellow talks. Well, every fellow talks. His professing morality only deserves a moment's consideration, as being a very suspicious circumstance. All sorts of humbugs profess morality, from the House of Commons to the

House of Correction, except our people; it really is that exception which makes our people quite reviving. You saw and heard the case. Here was a common man, pulled up extremely short by my esteemed friend Mr. Bounderby—who, as we know, is not possessed of that delicacy which would soften so tight a hand. The common man was injured, exasperated, left the house grumbling, met somebody who proposed to him to go in for some share in this Bank business, went in, put something in his pocket which had nothing in it before, and relieved his mind extremely. Really he would have been an uncommon, instead of a common man, if he had not availed himself of such an opportunity. Or he may have made it altogether, if he had the cleverness. Equally probable!"

"I almost feel as though it must be bad in me," returned Louisa, after sitting thoughtful awhile, to be so ready to agree with you, and to be so lightened in my heart by what you say."

"I only say what is reasonable; nothing worse. I have talked it over with my friend Tom more than once—of course I remain on terms of perfect confidence with Tom—and he is quite of my opinion, and I am quite of his. Will you walk?"

They strolled away, among the lanes beginning to be indistinct in the twilight—she leaning on his arm—and she little thought how she was going down, down, down, Mrs. Sparsit's staircase.

Night and day, Mrs. Sparsit kept it standing. When Louisa had arrived at the bottom and disappeared in the gulf, it might fall in upon her if it would; but, until then, there it was to be, a Building, before Mrs. Sparsit's eyes. And there Louisa always was, upon it. Always gliding down, down, down.

Mrs. Sparsit saw James Harthouse come and go; she heard of him here and there; she saw the changes of the face he had studied; she, too, remarked to a nicety how and when it clouded, how and when it cleared; she kept her black eyes wide open, with no touch of pity, with no touch of compunction, all absorbed in interest; but, in the interest of seeing her, ever drawing with no hand to stay her, nearer and nearer to the bottom of this new Giants' Staircase.

With all her deference for Mr. Bounderby,

as contradistinguished from his portrait, Mrs. Sparsit had not the smallest intention of interrupting the descent. Eager to see it accomplished, and yet patient, she waited for the last fall as for the ripeness and fulness of the harvest of her hopes. Hushed in expectancy she kept her wary gaze upon the stairs; and seldom so much as darkly shook her right mitten (with her fist in it), at the figure coming down.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The figure descended the great stairs steadily, steadily, always verging like a weight in deep water to the black gulf at the bottom.

Mr. Gradgrind, apprised of his wife's decease, made an expedition from London, and buried her in a business-like manner. He then returned with promptitude to the national cinder-heap, and resumed his sifting for the odds and ends he wanted, and his throwing of the dust about, into the eyes of other people who wanted other odds and ends—in fact, resumed his parliamentary duties.

In the meantime, Mrs. Sparsit kept unwinking watch and ward. Separated from her staircase all the week by the length of iron road dividing Coketown from the country-house, she yet maintained her cat-like observation of Louisa, through her husband, through her brother, through James Harthouse, through the outsides of letters and packets, through everything animate and inanimate that at any time went near the stairs. "Your foot on the last step, my lady," said Mrs. Sparsit, apostrophising the descending figure, with the aid of her threatening mitten, "and all your art shall not avail you."

Art or nature though, the original stock of Louisa's character, or the drift of circumstances, upon it, that curious reserve did baffle, while it stimulated one as sagacious as Mrs. Sparsit. There were times when Mr. James Harthouse was not sure of her. There were times when he could not read the face he had studied so long; and when this lonely girl was a greater mystery to him than any woman of the world, with a ring of satellites to help her.

So the time went on, until it happened that Mr. Bounderby was called away from home by business which required his presence elsewhere, perhaps for three or four days. It was

on a Friday that he intimated this to Mrs. Sparsit, at the Bank, adding—

"But you'll go down, to-morrow, ma'am, all the same. You'll go down just as if I was there. It will make no difference to you."

"Pray, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, reproachfully, "let me beg you not to say that. Your absence will make a vast difference to me, sir, as I think you very well know."

"Well, ma'am, then you must get on in my absence as well as you can," said Bounderby, not displeased.

"Mr. Bounderby," retorted Mrs. Sparsit, "your will is to me a law, sir; otherwise, it might be my inclination to dispute your kind commands, not feeling sure that it will be quite so agreeable to Miss Gradgrind to receive me, as it ever is to your own munificent hospitality. But you shall say no more, sir. I will go, upon your invitation."

"Why, when I invite you to my house, ma'am," said Bounderby, opening his eyes, "I should hope you want no other invitation."

"No, indeed, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, "I should hope not. Say no more, sir. I would, sir, I could see you gay again."

"What do you mean, ma'am?" blustered Bounderby.

"Sir," rejoined Mrs. Sparsit, "there was wont to be an elasticity in you which I sadly miss. Be buoyant, sir!"

Mr. Bounderby, under the influence of this difficult adjuration, backed up by her compassionate eye, could only scratch his head in a feeble and ridiculous manner, and afterwards assert himself at a distance, by being heard to bully the small fry of business all the morning.

"Bitzer," said Mrs. Sparsit, that afternoon, when her patron was gone on his journey, and the Bank was closing, "present my compliments to young Mr. Thomas, and ask him if he would step up and partake of a lamb chop and walnut ketchup, with a glass of India ale?"

Young Mr. Thomas being usually ready for anything in that way, returned a gracious answer, and followed on its heels himself.

"Mr. Thomas," said Mrs. Sparsit, "these plain viands being on table, I thought you might be tempted."

"Thankee, Mrs. Sparsit," said the whelp. And gloomily fell to.

"How is Mr. Harthouse, Mr. Tom?" asked Mrs. Sparsit.

"Oh! he is all right," said Tom.

"Where may he be at present?" Mrs. Sparsit asked, in a light, conversational manner, after mentally devoting the whelp to the Furies for being so uncommunicative.

"He is shooting in Yorkshire," said Tom. "Sent Loo a basket half as big as a church, yesterday."

"The kind of gentleman, now," said Mrs. Sparsit, sweetly, "whom one might wager to be a good shot!"

"Crack," said Tom.

He had long been a down-looking young fellow, but this characteristic had so increased of late that he never raised his eyes to any face for three seconds together. Mrs. Sparsit consequently had ample means of watching his looks if she were so inclined.

"Mr. Harthouse is a great favorite of mine," said Mrs. Sparsit, "as, indeed, he is of most people. May we expect to see him again shortly, Mr. Tom?"

"Why, I expect to see him to-morrow," returned the whelp.

"Good news!" cried Mrs. Sparsit.

"I have got an appointment with him to meet him, in the evening, at the station here," said Tom, "and I am going to dine with him afterwards, I believe. He is not coming down to Nickits', for a week or so, being due somewhere else. At least, he says so; but I shouldn't wonder if he was to stop here over Sunday, and stray that way."

"Which reminds me!" said Mrs. Sparsit. "Would you remember a message to your sister, Mr. Tom, if I was to charge you with one?"

"Well! I'll try," returned the reluctant whelp, "if it isn't a long un."

"It is merely my respectful compliments," said Mrs. Sparsit, "and I fear I may not trouble her with my society, this week, being still a little nervous and better perhaps by my poor self."

"Oh! If that's all," observed Tom, "it wouldn't matter much, even if I was to forget it, for Loo's not likely to think of you unless she sees you."

Having paid for his entertainment with this agreeable compliment, he relapsed into a hang-dog silence until there was no more India ale

left, when he said, "Well, Mrs. Sparsit, I must be off!" and went off.

Next day, Saturday, Mrs. Sparsit sat at her window all day long, looking at the customers coming in and out, watching the postmen, keeping an eye on the general traffic of the street, revolving many things in her mind, but, above all, keeping her attention on her staircase. The evening came; she put on her bonnet and shawl, and went quietly out: having her reasons for hovering in a furtive way about the station by which a passenger would arrive from Yorkshire, and for preferring to peep into it round pillars and corners, and out of ladies' waiting-room windows, to appearing in its precincts openly.

Tom was in attendance, and loitered about until the expected train came in. It brought no Mr. Harthouse. Tom waited until the crowd had dispersed, and the bustle was over, and then referred to a posted list of trains, and took counsel with porters. That done, he strolled away idly, stopping in the street and looking up it and down it, and lifting his hat off and putting it on again, and yawning, and stretching himself, and exhibiting all the symptoms of mortal weariness to be expected in one who had still to wait until the next train should come in, an hour and forty minutes hence.

"This is a device to keep him out of the way," said Mrs. Sparsit, starting from the dull office window whence she had watched him last. "Harthouse is with his sister now!"

It was the conception of an inspired moment, and she shot off with the utmost swiftness to work it out. The station for the country house was at the opposite end of the town, the time was short, the road not easy, but she was so quick in pouncing on a disengaged coach, so quick in darting out of it, producing her money, seizing her ticket, and diving into the train, that she was borne along the arches spanning the land of coal pits past and present, as if she had been caught up in a cloud, and whirled away.

All the journey; immovable in the air though never left behind; plain to the dark eyes of her mind as the electric wires which rufed a colossal strip of music-paper out of the evening sky, were plain to the dark eyes of her body; Mrs. Sparsit saw her staircase,

with the figure coming down. Very near the bottom now. Upon the brink of the abyss.

An overcast September evening just at nightfall saw beneath its drooping eyelid Mrs. Sparsit glide out of her carriage, pass down the wooden steps of the little station into a stony road, cross it into a green lane, and become hidden in a summer-growth of leaves and branches. One or two late birds sleepily chirping in their nests, and a bat heavily crossing and recrossing her, and the reek of her own tread in the thick dust that felt like velvet, were all that Mrs. Sparsit heard or saw until she very softly closed a gate.

She went up to the house, keeping within the shrubbery, and went round it, peeping between the leaves at the lower windows. Most of them were open, as they usually were in such warm weather, but there were no lights yet, and all was silent. She tried the garden with no better effect. She thought of the wood, and stole towards it, heedless of long grass and briars; of worms, snails, and slugs, and all the creeping things that be. With her dark eyes and her hook nose warily in advance of her, Mrs. Sparsit softly crushed her way through the thick undergrowth, so intent upon her object that she probably would have done no less, if the wood had been a wood of ad-ders.

Hark!

The smaller birds might have tumbled out of their nests, fascinated by the glittering of Mrs. Sparsit's eyes in the gloom, as she stopped and listened.

Low voices close at hand. His voice and hers. The appointment was a device to keep the brother away! There they were yonder, by the felled tree.

Bending low among the dewy grass, Mrs. Sparsit advanced closer to them. She drew herself up, and stood behind a tree, like Robinson Crusoe in his ambuscade against the savages—so near to them that at a spring, and that no great one, she could have touched them both. He was there secretly, and had not yet shown himself at the house. He had come on horseback, and must have passed through the neighboring fields, for his horse was tied to the meadow side of the fence, within a few paces.

"My dearest love," said he, "what could I do? Knowing you were alone, was it possible that I could stay away?"

"You may hang your head, to make yourself the more attractive. I don't know what they see in you when you hold it up," thought Mrs. Sparsit; "but you little think, my dearest love, whose eyes are on you!"

That she hung her head was certain. She urged him to go away, she commanded him to go away; but she neither turned her face to him nor raised it. Yet it was remarkable that she sat as still as ever the amiable woman in ambuscade had seen her sit at any period in her life. Her hands rested in one another, like the hands of a statue, and even her manner of speaking was not hurried.

"My dear child," said Harthouse; Mrs. Sparsit saw with delight that his arm embraced her; "will you not bear with my society for a little while?"

"Not here."

"Where, Louisa?"

"Not here."

"But we have so little time to make much of, and I have come so far, and am altogether so devoted, and distracted, and ill-used. There never was a slave at once so devoted and ill-used. To look for your sunny welcome that has warmed me into life, and to be received in your frozen manner, is heart-rending."

"Am I to say again, that I must be left to myself here?"

"But we must meet, my dear Louisa. Where shall we meet?"

They both started. The listener started, guiltily too, for she thought there was another listener among the trees. It was only rain, beginning to fall fast, in heavy drops.

"Shall I ride up to the house a few minutes hence (as you know I have often done before,) innocently supposing that its master is at home and will be charmed to receive me?"

"No."

"Your cruel commands are implicitly to be obeyed, though I am the most unfortunate fellow in the world, I believe, to have been insensible to all other women, and to have fallen prostrate at last under the foot of the most beautiful and the most engaging, and the most imperious. My dearest Louisa, I cannot go myself, or let you go, in this hard abuse of your power."

Mrs. Sparsit saw him detain her with his encircling arm, and heard him then and there, within her (Mrs. Sparsit's) greedy hearing, tell

her how he loved her, and how she was the stake for which he ardently desired to play away all that he had in life. The objects he had lately pursued turned worthless beside her: the success that was almost in his grasp, he flung away from him like the dirt it was, compared with her. Its pursuit, nevertheless, if it kept him near her, or its renunciation if it took from her, or flight if she shared it, or secrecy if she commanded it—or any fate, every fate, all was alike to him, so that she was true to him, the man who had seen how cast away she was, whom she had inspired at their first meeting with an admiration and interest, of which he had thought himself incapable, whom she had received in her confidence, who was devoted to her and adored her. All this, and more in his hurry, and in hers, in the whirl of her own gratified malice, in the dread of being discovered, in the rapidly increasing noise of heavy rain among the leaves, and a thunder-storm rolling up—Mrs. Sparsit received into her mind, set off with such an unavoidable halo of confusion and indistinctness that when at length he climbed the fence and led his horse away, she was not sure where they were to meet, or when, except that they had said it was to be that night.

But one of them yet remained in the darkness before her; and while she tracked that one she must be right.

"Oh, my dearest love," thought Mrs. Sparsit, "you little think how well attended you are."

Mrs. Sparsit saw her out of the wood, and saw her enter the house. What to do next? It rained now, in a sheet of water. Mrs. Sparsit's white stockings were of many colors, green predominating; prickly things were in her shoes; caterpillars slung themselves in hammocks of their own making, from various parts of her dress; rills ran from her bonnet and her Roman nose. In such condition Mrs. Sparsit stood hidden in the density of the shrubbery, considering what next?

Lo. Louisa coming out of the house! Hastily cloaked and muffled, and stealing away. She elopes! She falls from the lowermost stair, and is swallowed up in the gulf!

Indifferent to the rain, and moving with a quick determined step, she struck into a side-path parallel with the ride. Mrs. Sparsit followed in the shadow of the trees at but a short

distance; for it was not easy to keep a figure in view going quickly through the umbrageous darkness.

When she stopped to close the side-gate without noise, Mrs. Sparsit stopped. When she went on, Mrs. Sparsit went on. She went by the way Mrs. Sparsit had come, emerged from the green lane, crossed the stony road, and ascended the wooden steps to the railroad. A train for Coketown would come through presently, Mrs. Sparsit knew; so she understood Coketown to be her first place of destination.

In Mrs. Sparsit's limp and streaming state, no extensive precautions were necessary to change her usual appearance; but she stopped under the lee of the station wall, tumbled her shawl into a new shape, and put it on over her bonnet. So disguised, she had no fear of being recognized when she followed up the railroad steps, and paid her money in the small office.

Louisa sat waiting in a corner. Mrs. Sparsit sat waiting in another corner. Both listened to the thunder, which was loud, and to the rain, as it washed off the roof, and pattered on the parapets of the arches. Two or three lamps were rained and blown out; so both saw the lightning to advantage as it quivered and zig-zaged on the iron tracks.

The seizure of the station with a fit of trembling, gradually declining to a complaint of the heart, announced the train. Fire and steam, and smoke, and red light; a hiss, a crash, a bell, and a shriek; Louisa put into one carriage, Mrs. Sparsit put into another; and the little station a desert speck in the thunder-storm.

Though her teeth chattered in her head from wet and cold, Mrs. Sparsit exulted hugely. The figure had plunged down the precipice, and she felt herself, as it were, attending on the body. Could she, who had been so active in the getting up of the funeral triumph, do less than exult?

"She will be at Coketown long before him," thought Mrs. Sparsit, "though his horse is never so good. Where will she wait for him? And where will they go together? Patience. We shall see."

The tremendous rain occasioned infinite confusion when the train stopped at its destination. Gutters and pipes had burst, drains had

overflowed, and streets were under water. In the first instant of alighting, Mrs. Sparsit turned her distracted eyes towards the waiting coaches, which were in great request.

"She will get into one," she considered, "and will be away before I can follow. At all risks of being run over, I must see the number and hear the order given to the coachman."

But Mrs. Sparsit was wrong in her calculation. Louisa got into no coach, and was already gone. The black eyes kept upon the railroad carriage in which she had travelled settled upon it a moment too late. The door not being opened after several minutes, Mrs. Sparsit passed it and repassed it, saw nothing, looked in, and found it empty. Wet through and through; with her feet squelching and squashing in her shoes whenever she moved; with a rash of rain upon her classical visage; with a bonnet like an over-ripe fig; with all her damp clothes spoiled; with impressions of every button, string, and hook-and-eye she wore, printed off upon her highly-connected back; with a stagnant verdure on her general exterior, such as accumulates on an old park fence in a mouldy lane; Mrs. Sparsit had no resource but to burst into tears of bitterness and say, "I have lost h r!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The national dustmen, after entertaining one another with a great many noisy little fights among themselves, had dispersed for the present, and Mr. Gradgrind was at home for the vacation.

He sat writing in the room with the deadly-statistical clock, proving something no doubt -- perhaps in the main, that the Good Samaritan was a bad Economist. The noise of the rain did not disturb him much, but it attracted his attention sufficiently to make him raise his head sometimes, as if he were rather remonstrating with the elements. When it thundered very loudly, he glanced towards Coketown, having in his mind that some of the tall chimneys might be struck by lightning.

The thunder was rolling into distance, and the rain was pouring down like a deluge, when the door of his room opened. He looked round the lamp upon his table, and saw with amazement his eldest daughter.

"Louisa!"

"Father, I want to speak to you."

"What is the matter? How strange you look! And good Heaven," said Mr. Gradgrind! wondering more and more, "have you come here exposed to this storm?"

She put her hands to her dress as if she hardly knew.

"Yes."

Then she uncovered her head, and letting her cloak and hood fall where they might, stood looking at him; so colorless, so dishevelled, so defiant and despairing that he was afraid of her.

"What is it? I conjure you, Louisa, tell me what is the matter."

She dropped into a chair before him, and put her cold hand on his arm.

"Father, you have trained me from my cradle."

"Yes, Louisa."

"I curse the hour in which I was born to such a destiny."

He looked at her in doubt and dread, vacantly repeating, "Curse the hour? Curse the hour?"

"How could you give me life, and take from me all the inappreciable things that raise it from the state of conscious death? Where are the graces of my soul? Where are the sentiments of my heart? What have you done, oh, father, what have you done with the garden that should have bloomed once in this great wilderness here!"

She struck herself with both her hands upon her bosom.

"If it had ever been here, its ashes alone would save me from the void in which my whole life sinks. I did not mean to say this, but, father, you remember the last time we conversed in this room?"

He had been so wholly unprepared for what he heard now, that it was with some difficulty he answered, "Yes, Louisa."

"What has risen to my lips now would have risen to my lips then, if you had given me a moment's help. I don't reproach you, father. What you have never nurtured in me you have never nurtured in yourself; but oh! if you had but done so long ago, or had but neglected me, what a much better and much happier creature I should have been this day!"

On hearing this after all his care, he bowed his head upon his hand and groaned aloud.

"Father, if you had known, when we were

last together here, what even I feared while I strove against it—as it has been my task from infancy to strive against every natural prompting that has arisen in my heart; if you had known that there lingered in my breast, sensibilities, affections, weaknesses, capable of being cherished into strength, defying all the calculations ever made by man, and no more known to his arithmetic than his Creator is,—would you have given me to the husband whom that I am now sure that I hate?"

He said, "No. No, my poor child."

"Would you have doomed me, at any time, to the frost and blight that have hardened and spoiled me? Would you have robbed me—for no one's enrichment—only for the greater desolation of this world—of the immaterial part of my life, the spring and summer of my belief, my refuge from what is sordid and bad in the real things around me, my school in which I should have learned to be more humble and more trusting with them, and to hope in my little sphere to make them better?"

"Oh no, no. No, Louisa."

"Yet, father, if I had been stone blind; if I had groped my way by my sense of touch, and had been free, while I knew the shapes and surfaces of things to exercise my fancy somewhat, in regard to them; I should have been a million times wiser, happier, more loving, more contented, more innocent and human in all good respects, than I am with the eyes I have. Now, hear what I have come to say."

He moved, to support her with his arm. She rising as he did so, they stood close together; she with a hand upon his shoulder, looking fixedly in his face.

"With a hunger and thirst upon me, father, which have never been for a moment appeased; with an ardent impulse towards some region where rules and figures, and definitions were not quite absolute; I have grown up, battling every inch of my way."

"I never knew you were unhappy, my child."

"Father, I always knew it. In this strife I have almost repulsed and crushed my better angel into a demon. What I have learned has left me doubting, misbelieving, despising, regretting, what I have not learned; and my dismal resource has been to think that life would soon go by, and that nothing in it could be worth the pain and trouble of a contest."

"And you so young, Louisa!" he said with pity.

"And I so young. In this condition, father—for I show you now, without fear or favor, the ordinary deadened state of my mind as I know it—you proposed my husband to me, I took him. I never made a pretence to him or you that I loved him. I knew, and, father, you knew, and he knew that I never did. I was not wholly indifferent, for I had a hope of being pleasant and useful to Tom. I made that wild escape into something visionary, and have gradually found out how wild it was. But Tom had been the subject of all the little imaginative tenderness of my life; perhaps he became so because I knew so well how to pity him. It matters little now, except as it may dispose you to think more leniently of his errors."

As her father held her in his arm, she put her other hand upon his other shoulder, and still looking fixedly in his face, went on.

"When I was irrevocably married, there rose up into rebellion against the tie, the old strife, made fiercer by all those causes of disparity which arise out of our two individual natures, and no general laws shall ever rule or state for me, father, until they shall be able to direct the anatomist where to strike his knife into the secrets of my soul."

"Louisa!" he said, and said imploringly; for he well remembered what had passed between them in their former interview.

"I do not reproach you, father, I make no complaint. I am here with another object."

"What can I do, child? Ask me what you will."

"I am coming to it. Father, chance then threw it into my way a new acquaintance; a man such as I had had no experience of; used to the world; light, polished, easy; making no pretences; avowing the low estimate of everything, that I was half afraid to form in secret; conveying to me almost immediately, though I don't know how or by what degrees, that he understood me, and read my thoughts. I could not find that he was worse than I. There seemed to be a near affinity between us. I only wondered it should be worth his while, who cared for nothing else, to care so much for me."

"For you, Louisa!"

Her father might instinctively have loosened

his hold, but that he felt her strength departing from her, and he saw a wild dilating fire in the eyes steadfastly regarding him.

"I say nothing of his plea for claiming my confidence. It matters very little how he gained it. Father, he did gain it. What you know of the story of my marriage, he soon knew just as well."

Her father's face was ashy white, and he held her in both his arms.

"I have done no worse, I have not disgraced you. But if you ask me whether I have loved him, or do love him, I tell you plainly, father, that it may be so. I don't know!"

She took her hands suddenly from his shoulders, and pressed them both upon her side; while in her face, not like itself—and in her figure, drawn up, resolute to finish by a last effort what she had to say—the feelings long suppressed broke loose.

"This night, my husband being away, he has been with me, declaring himself my lover. This minute he expects me, for I could release myself of his presence by no other means. I do not know that I am sorry, I do not know that I am ashamed, I do not know that I am degraded in my own esteem. All that I know is, your philosophy and your teaching will not save me. Now, father, you have brought me to this. Save me by some other means.

He tightened his hold in time to prevent her sinking on the floor, but she cried out in a terrible voice, "I shall die if you hold me! Let me fall upon the ground!" And he laid her down there, and saw the pride of his heart and the triumph of his system, lying, an insensible heap, at his feet.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Louisa awoke from her torpor, and her eyes languidly opened on her old bed at home, and her old room. It seemed, at first, as if all that had happened since the days when these objects were familiar to her were the shadows of a dream; but gradually, as the objects became more real to her sight, the events became more real to her mind.

She could scarcely move her head for pain and heaviness, her eyes were strained and sore, and she was very weak. A curious passive inattention had such possession of her, that the presence of her little sister in the room did not attract her notice for some time. Even

when their eyes had met, and her sister had approached the bed, Louisa lay for minutes looking at her in silence, and suffering her timidly to hold her passive hand, before she asked:

"When was I brought to this room?"

"Last night, Louisa."

"Who brought me here?"

"Sissy, I believe."

"Why do you believe so?"

"Because I found her here this morning.

She didn't come to my bedside to wake me, as she always does; and I went to look for her. She was not in her own room either; and I went looking for her all over the house, until I found her here, taking care of you and cooling your head. Will you see father? Sissy said I was to tell him when you woke."

"What a beaming face you have, Jane!" said Louisa, as her young sister—timidly still—bent down to kiss her.

"Have I? I am very glad you think so. I am sure it must be Sissy's doing."

The arm Louisa had begun to twine about her neck, unbent itself.

"You can tell father, if you will." Then, staying her a moment, she said, "It was you who made my room so cheerful, and gave it this look of welcome?"

"Oh, no, Louisa, it was done before I came. It was——"

Louisa turned upon her pillow, and heard no more. When her sister had withdrawn, she turned her head back again, and lay with her face towards the door, until it opened and her father entered.

He had a jaded, anxious look upon him, and his hand, usually steady, trembled in hers. He sat down at the side of the bed, tenderly asking how she was, and dwelling on the necessity of her keeping very quiet after her agitation and exposure to the weather last night. He spoke in a subdued and troubled voice, very different from his usual dictatorial manner; and was often at a loss for words.

"My dear Louisa. My poor daughter."

He was so much at a loss at that place, that he stopped altogether. He tried again.

"My unfortunate child."

The place was so difficult to get over, that he tried again.

"It would be hopeless for me, Louisa, to endeavor to tell you how overwhelmed I have

been, and still am, by what broke upon me last night. The ground on which I stand has ceased to be solid under my feet. The only support on which I leaned, and the strength of which it seemed, and still does seem, impossible to question, has given way in an instant. I am stunned by these discoveries. I have no selfish meaning in what I say; but I find the shock of what broke upon me last night, to be very heavy indeed."

She could give him no comfort herein. She had suffered the wreck of her whole life upon the rock.

"I will not say, Louisa, that if you had by any happy chance undeceived me some time ago, it would have been better for us both; better for your peace, and better for mine. For I am sensible that it may not have been a part of my system to invite any confidence of that kind. I have proved my—my system to myself, and I have rigidly administered it; and I must bear the responsibility of its failures. I only entreat you to believe, my favorite child, that I have meant to do right."

He said it earnestly, and to do him justice he had. In gauging fathomless deeps with his little mean excise-rod, and in staggering over the universe with his rusty stiff-legged compasses, he had meant to do great things. Within the limits of his short tether he had tumbled about, annihilating the flowers of existence with greater singleness of purpose than many of the blatant personages whose company he kept.

"I am well assured of what you say, father. I know I have been your favorite child. I know you have intended to make me happy. I have never blamed you; and I never shall."

He took her outstretched hand, and retained it in his.

"My dear, I have remained all night at my table, pondering again and again on what has so painfully passed between us. When I consider your character; when I consider that what has been known to me for hours, has been concealed by you for years; when I consider under what immediate pressure it has been forced from you at last; I come to the conclusion that I cannot but mistrust myself."

He might have added more than all, when he saw the face now looking at him. He did add it in effect perhaps, as he softly moved her scattered hair from her forehead with his hand.

Such little actions, slight in another man, were very noticeable in him; and his daughter received them as if they had been words of contrition.

"But," said Mr. Gradgrind slowly, and with hesitation, as well as with a wretched sense of helplessness, "if I see reason to mistrust myself for the past, Louisa, I should also mistrust myself for the present and the future. To speak unreservedly to you, I do. I am far from feeling convinced now, however differently I might have felt only this time yesterday, that I am fit for the trust you repose in me; that I know how to respond to the appeal you have come home to make to me; that I have the right instinct—supposing it for the moment to be some quality of that nature—how to help you, and to set you right, my child."

She had turned upon her pillow, and lay with her face upon her arm, so that he could not see it. All her wildness and passion had subsided; but, though softened, she was not in tears. Her father was changed in nothing so much as in the respect that he would have been glad to see her in tears.

"Some persons hold," he pursued, still hesitating, "that there is a wisdom of the Head, and that there is a wisdom of the Heart. I have not supposed so; but, as I have said, I mistrust myself now. I have supposed the Head to be all-sufficient. It may not be all-sufficient; how can I venture this morning to say that it is! If that other kind of wisdom should be what I have neglected, and should be the instinct that is wanted, Louisa——"

He suggested it very doubtfully, as if he were half unwilling to admit it even now. She made him no answer; lying before him on her bed, still half-dressed, much as he had seen her lying on the floor of his room last night.

"Louisa," and his hand rested on her hair again, "I have been absent from here, my dear, a good deal of late; and though your sister's training has been pursued according to—the system," he appeared to come to that word with great reluctance always, "it has necessarily been modified by daily associations begun, in her case, at an early age. I ask you—ignorantly and humbly, my daughter—for the better, do you think?"

"Father," she replied, without stirring, "if any harmony has been awakened in her

young breast that was mute in mine until it turned to discord, let her thank Heaven for it, and go upon her happier way, taking it as her greatest blessing that she has avoided my way."

"Oh, my child, my child!" he said, in a forlorn manner, "I am an unhappy man to see you thus! What avails it to me that you do not reproach me, if I so bitterly reproach myself!" He bent his head, and spoke low to her. "Louisa, I have a misgiving that some change may have been slowly working about me in this house, by mere love and gratitude; that what the Head had left undone and could not do, the Heart may have been doing silently. Can it be so?"

She made him no reply.

"I am not too proud to believe it, Louisa. How could I be arrogant, and you before me! Can it be so? Is it so, my dear?"

He looked upon her, once more, lying cast away there: and without another word went out of the room. He had not been long gone, when she heard a light tread near the door, and knew that some one stood beside her.

She did not raise her head. A dull anger that she should be seen in her distress, and that the involuntary look she had so resented should come to this fulfilment, smouldered within her like an unwholesome fire. All closely imprisoned forces rend and destroy. The air that would be healthful to the earth, the water that would enrich it, the heat that would ripen it, tear it when caged up. So in her bosom even now; the strongest qualities she possessed, long turned upon themselves, became a heap of obduracy, that rose against a friend.

It was well that soft touch came upon her neck, and that she understood herself to be supposed to have fallen asleep. The sympathetic hand did not claim her resentment. Let it lie there, let it lie.

So it lay there, warming into life a crowd of gentler thoughts; and she lay still. As she softened with the quiet, and the consciousness of being so watched, some tears made their way into her eyes. The face touched hers, and she knew that there were tears upon it, too, and she the cause of them.

As Louisa feigned to rouse herself, and sat up, Sissy retired, so that she stood placidly near the bed-side.

"I hope I have not disturbed you. I have come to ask if you will let me stay with you."

"Why should you stay with me? My sister will miss you. You are everything to her."

"Am I?" returned Sissy, shaking her head. "I would be something to you if I might."

"What?" said Louisa, almost sternly.

"Whatever you want most, if I could be that. At all events, I would like to try to be as near it as I can. And however far off that may be, I will never tire of trying. Will you let me?"

"My father sent you to ask me."

"No, indeed," replied Sissy. "He told me that I might come in now, but he sent me away from the room this morning—or at least——"

She hesitated and stopped.

"At least, what?" said Louisa, with her searching eyes upon her.

"I thought it best myself that I should be sent away, for I felt very uncertain whether you would like to find me here."

"Have I always hated you so much?"

"I hope not, for I have always loved you, and have always wished that you should know it. But you changed to me a little, shortly before you left home. Not that I wondered at it. You knew so much, and I knew so little, and it was so natural in many ways, going as you were among other friends, that I had nothing to complain of, and was not at all hurt."

Her color rose as she said it modestly and hurriedly. Louisa understood the loving pretence, and her heart smote her.

"May I try?" said Sissy, emboldened to raise her hand to the neck that was insensibly drooping towards her.

Louisa, taking down the hand that would have embraced her in another moment, held it in one of hers, and answered—

"First, Sissy, do you know what I am? I am so proud and so hardened, so confused and troubled, so resentful and unjust to every one and to myself, that everything is stormy, dark, and wicked to me. Does not that repel you?"

"No!"

"I am so unhappy, and all that should have made me otherwise is so laid waste, that if I had been bereft of sense to this hour, and instead of being as learned as you think me, had

to begin to acquire the simplest truths, I could not want a guide to peace, contentment, honor, all the good of which I am quite devoid, more abjectly than I do. Does not that repel you?"

"No!"

In the innocence of her brave affection, and the brimming up of her old devoted spirit, the once deserted girl shone like a beautiful light upon the darkness of the other.

Louisa raised the hand that it might clasp her neck, and join its fellow there. She fell upon her knees, and clinging to this stroller's obdurate, looked up at her almost with veneration.

"Forgive me, pity me, help me! Have compassion on my great need, and let me lay this head of mine upon a loving heart!"

"Oh! lay it here!" cried Sissy. "Lay it here, my dear."

CHAPTER XXX.

Mr. James Harthouse passed a whole night and a day in a state of so much hurry, that the World, with its best glass in its eye, would scarcely have recognised him during that insane interval, as the brother Jem of the honorable and jocular member. He was positively agitated. He several times spoke with an emphasis, similar to the vulgar manner. He went in and went out in an unaccountable way, like a man with an object. He rode like a highwayman. In a word, he was so horribly bored by existing circumstances, that he forgot to go in for boredom in the manner prescribed by the authorities.

After putting his horse at Coketown through the storm, as if it were a leap, he waited up all night; from time to time ringing his bell with the greatest fury, charging the porter who kept watch with delinquency in withholding letters or messages that could not fail to have been entrusted to him, and demanding restitution on the spot. The dawn coming, the morning coming, and the day coming, and neither message nor letter coming with either, he went down to the country house. There, the report was, Mr. Bounderby away, and Mrs. Bounderby in town. Left for town, suddenly, last evening. Not even known to be gone until receipt of message, importing that her return was not to be expected for the present.

In these circumstances, he had nothing for

it but to follow her to town. He went to the house in town. Mrs. Bounderby not there. He looked in at the Bank. Mr. Bounderby away, and Mrs. Sparsit away. Mrs. Sparsit away? Who could have been reduced to sudden extremity for the company of that griffin!

"Well! I don't know," said Tom, who had his own reasons for being uneasy about it. "She was off somewhere, at daybreak, this morning. She's always full of mystery; I hate her. So I do that white chap; he's always got his blinking eyes upon a fellow."

"Where were you, last night, Tom?"

"Where was I, last night!" said Tom.

"Come! I like that. I was waiting for you, Mr. Harthouse, till it came down as I never saw it come down before. Where was I, too! Where were you, you mean?"

"I was prevented from coming—detained."

"Detained!" murmured Tom. "Two of us were detained. I was detained looking for you, till I lost every train but the mail. It would have been a pleasant job to go down by that on such a night, and have to walk home through a pond. I was obliged to sleep in town, after all."

"Where?"

"Where? Why, in my own bed, at Bounderby's."

"Did you see your sister?"

"How the deuce," returned Tom, staring, "could I see my sister when she was fifteen miles off?"

Cursing these quick retorts of the young gentleman to whom he was so true a friend, Mr. Harthouse disengaged himself of that interview with the smallest conceivable amount of ceremony, and debated for the hundredth time what all this could mean? He made only one thing clear. It was, that, whether she was in town or out of town, whether he had been premature with her who was so hard to comprehend, or she had lost courage, or they were discovered, or some mischance or mistake at present incomprehensible had occurred, he must remain to confront his fortune, whatever it was. The hotel where he was known to live when condemned to that region of blackness, was the stake to which he was tied. As to all the rest—What will be, will be.

"So, whether I am waiting for a hostile message, or an assignation, or a penitent re-

monstrance, or an impromptu wrestle with my friend Bounderby in the Lancashire manner—which would seem as likely as anything else in the present state of affairs—I'll dine," said Mr. James Harthouse. "Bounderby has the advantage in point of weight; and if anything of a British nature is to come off between us, it may be as well to be in training."

Therefore, he rang the bell, and, tossing himself negligently on a sofa, ordered "Some dinner at six—with a beefsteak in it," and got through the intervening time as well as he could. That was not particularly well; for he remained in the greatest perplexity, and as the hours went on, and no kind of explanation offered itself, his perplexity augmented at compound interest.

However, he took affairs as coolly as it was in human nature to do, and entertained himself with the facetious idea of the training more than once. "It wouldn't be bad," he yawned at one time, "to give the waiter five shillings, and throw him." At another time, it occurred to him, "Or a fellow of about thirteen or fourteen stone might be hired by the hour." But these jests did not tell materially on the afternoon, or his suspense; and, sooth to say, they both lagged fearfully.

It was impossible, even before dinner, to avoid often walking about in the pattern of the carpet, looking out of the window, listening at the door for footsteps, and occasionally becoming rather hot when any steps approached that room. But, after dinner, when the day turned to twilight, and the twilight turned to night, and still no communication was made to him, it began to be, as he expressed it, "like the Holy Office and slow torture." However, still true to his conviction that indifference was the genuine high-breeding (the only conviction he had), he seized this crisis as the opportunity for ordering candles and a newspaper.

He had been trying in vain, for half an hour, to read this newspaper, when the waiter appeared and said, at once mysteriously and apologetically—

"Beg your pardon, sir. You're wanted, sir, if you please."

A general recollection that this was the kind of thing the Police said to the swell mob, caused Mr. Harthouse to ask the waiter in re-

turn, with bristling indignation, what the Devil he meant by "wanted?"

"Beg your pardon, sir. Young lady outside, sir, wishes to see you."

"Outside? Where?"

"Outside this door, sir."

Giving the waiter to the personage before mentioned, as a blockhead duly qualified for that consignment, Mr. Harthouse hurried into the gallery. A young woman whom he had never seen stood there. Plainly dressed, very quiet, very pretty. As he conducted her into the room, and placed a chair for her, he observed, by the light of the candles, that she was even prettier than he had at first believed. Her face was innocent and youthful, and its expression remarkably pleasant. She was not afraid of him, or in any way disconcerted; she seemed to have her mind entirely pre-occupied with the occasion of her visit, and to have substituted that consideration for herself.

"I speak to Mr. Harthouse?" she said, when they were alone.

"To Mr. Harthouse." He added in his mind, "And you speak to him with the most confiding eyes I ever saw, and the most earnest voice (though so quiet) I ever heard."

"If I do not understand—and I do not, sir"—said Sissy, "what your honor as a gentleman binds you to, in other matters;" the blood really rose in his face as she began in these words; "I am sure I may rely upon it to keep my visit secret, and to keep secret what I am going to say. I will rely upon it, if you will tell me I may so far trust you."

"You may, I assure you."

"I am young, as you see. I am alone, as you see. In coming to you, sir, I have no advice or encouragement beyond my own hope."

He thought, "But that is very strong," as he followed the momentary upward glance of her eyes. He thought besides, "This is a very odd beginning. I don't see where we are going."

"I think," said Sissy, "you have already guessed whom I left just now?"

"I have been in the greatest concern and uneasiness during the last four-and-twenty hours (which have appeared as many years)," he returned, "on a lady's account. The hopes I have been encouraged to form that you come from that lady, do not deceive me, I trust."

"I left her within an hour."

"At——?"

"At her father's."

Mr. Harthouse's face lengthened in spite of his coolness, and his perplexity increased. "Then I certainly," he thought, "*do not* see where we are going."

"She hurried there last night. She arrived there in great agitation, and was insensible all through the night. I live at her father's, and was with her. You may be sure, sir, you will never see her again, as long as you live."

Mr. Harthouse drew a long breath; and, if ever man found himself in the position of not knowing what to say, made the discovery beyond all question that he was so circumstanced. The child-like ingenuousness with which his visitor spoke, her modest fearlessness, her truthfulness which put all artifice aside, her entire forgetfulness of herself in her earnest quiet holding to the object with which she had come; all this, together with her reliance on his easily-given promise—which in itself shamed him—presented something in which he was so inexperienced, and against which he knew any of his usual weapons would fall so powerless; that not a word could he rally to his relief.

At last, he said—

"So startling an announcement, so confidently made, and by such lips, is really disconcerting in the last degree. May I be permitted to inquire, if you are charged to convey that information to me in those hopeless words, by the lady of whom we speak?"

"I have no charge from her."

"The drowning man catches at the straw. With no disrespect for your judgment, and with no doubt of your sincerity, excuse my saying that I cling to the belief that there is yet hope that I am not condemned to perpetual exile from that lady's presence."

"There is not the least hope. The first object of my coming here, sir, is to assure you that you must believe that there is no more hope of your ever speaking with her again, than there would be if she had died when she came home last night."

"Must believe? But if I can't—or if I should, by infirmity of nature, be obstinate—and won't—"

"It is still true. There is no hope."

James Harthouse looked at her with an incredulous smile upon his lips; but her mind

looked over and beyond him, and the smile was quite thrown away.

He bit his lip, and took a little time for consideration.

"Well! If it should unhappily appear," he said, "after due pains and duty on my part, that I am brought to a position so desolate as this banishment, I shall not become the lady's persecutor. But you said you had no commission from her?"

"I have only the commission of my love for her, and her love for me. I have no other trust, than that I have been with her since she came home, and that she has given me her confidence. I have no further trust, than that I know something of her character and her marriage. Oh! Mr. Harthouse, I think you had that trust too!"

He was touched in the cavity where his heart should have been—in that nest of addled eggs, where the birds of heaven would have lived if they had not been whistled away—by the fervor of this reproach.

"I am not a moral sort of fellow," he said, "and I never make any pretensions to the character of a moral sort of fellow. I am as immoral as need be. At the same time, in bringing any distress upon the lady who is the subject of the present conversation, or in unfortunately compromising her in any way, or in committing myself by any expression of sentiments towards her, not perfectly reconcilable with—in fact with—the domestic hearth; or in taking any advantage of her father's being a machine, or her brother's being a whelp, or her husband's being a bear; I beg to be allowed to assure you that I have had no particularly evil intentions, but have glided on from one step to another, with a smoothness so perfectly irresistible, that I had not the slightest idea the catalogue was half so long until I began to turn it over. Whereas I find," said Mr. James Harthouse, in conclusion, "that it is really in several volumes."

Though he said all this in his frivolous way, the way seemed, for that once, a conscious polishing of but an ugly surface. He was silent for a moment; and then proceeded with a more self-possessed air, though with traces of vexation and disappointment that would not be polished out:

"After what has been just now represented to me, in a manner I find it impossible to

doubt—I know of hardly any other source from which I could have accepted it so readily—I feel bound to say to you, in whom the confidence you have mentioned has been reposed, that I cannot refuse to contemplate the possibility (however unexpectedly) of my seeing the lady no more. I am solely to blame for the thing having come to this—and—and, I cannot say,” he added, rather hard up for a general peroration, “that I have any sanguine expectation of ever becoming a moral sort of fellow, or that I have any belief in any moral sort of fellow whatever.”

Sissy’s face sufficiently showed that her appeal to him was not finished.

“You spoke,” he resumed, as she raised her eyes to him again, “of your first object. I may assume that there is a second to be mentioned?”

“Yes.”

“Will you oblige me by confiding it?”

“Mr. Harthouse,” returned Sissy, with a blending of gentleness and steadiness that quite defeated him, and with a simple confidence in his being bound to do what she required, that held him at a singular disadvantage, “the only reparation that remains with you, is to leave here immediately and finally. I am quite sure that you can mitigate in no other way the wrong and harm you have done. I am quite sure that it is the only compensation you have left it in your power to make. I do say that it is much, or that it is enough; but it is something, and it is necessary. Therefore, though without any other authority than I have given you, and even without the knowledge of any other person than yourself and myself, I ask you to depart from this place to-night, under an obligation never to return to it.”

If she had asserted any influence over him beyond her plain faith in the truth and right of what she said; if she had concealed the least doubt or irresolution, or had harbored for the best purpose any reserve or pretence; if she had shown, or felt the lightest trace of any sensitiveness to his ridicule or his astonishment, or any remonstrance he might offer; he would have carried it against her at this point. But he could as easily have changed a clear sky by looking at it in surprise, as affect her.

“But do you know,” he asked, quite at a loss, “the extent of what you ask? You pro-

bably are not aware that I am here on a public kind of business, preposterous enough in itself, but which I have gone in for, and sworn by, and am supposed to be devoted to in quite a desperate manner? You probably are not aware of that, but I assure you it’s the fact.”

It had no effect on Sissy, fact or no fact.

“Besides which,” said Mr. Harthouse, taking a turn or two across the room, dubiously, “it’s so alarmingly absurd. It would make a man so ridiculous, after going in for these fellows, to back out in such an incomprehensible way.”

“I am quite sure,” repeated Sissy, “that it is the only reparation in your power, sir. I am quite sure, or I would not have come here.”

He glanced at her face, and walked about again. “Upon my soul, I don’t know what to say. So immensely absurd!”

It fell to his lot, now, to stipulate, for secrecy.

“If I were to do such a very ridiculous thing,” he said, stopping again presently, and leaning against the chimney-piece, “it could only be in the most inviolable confidence.”

“I will trust to you; sir,” returned Sissy, “and you will trust to me.”

His leaning against the chimney-piece reminded him of the night with the whelp. It was the self-same chimney-piece, and somehow he felt as if he were the whelp to-night. He could make no way at all.

“I suppose a man never was placed in a more ridiculous position,” he said, after looking down, and looking up, and laughing, and frowning, and walking off and walking back again. “But I see no way out of it. What will be, will be. This will be, I suppose. I must take off myself, I imagine—in short, I engage to do it.”

Sissy rose. She was not surprised by the result, but she was happy in it, and her face beamed brightly.

“You will permit me to say,” continued Mr. James Harthouse, “that I doubt if any other ambassador, or ambassadress, could have addressed me with the same success. I must not only regard myself as being in a very ridiculous position, but as being vanquished at all points. Will you allow me the privilege of remembering my enemy’s name?”

“My name?” said the ambassadress.

"The only name I could possibly care to know, to-night."

"Sissy Jupe."

"Pardon my curiosity at parting. Related to the family?"

"I am only a poor girl," returned Sissy, "I was separated from my father—he was only a stroller—and taken pity on by Mr. Gradgrind. I have lived in the house ever since."

She was gone.

"It wanted this to complete the defeat," said Mr. James Harthouse, sinking with a resigned air, on the sofa, after standing transfixed a little while. "The defeat may now be considered perfectly accomplished. Only a poor girl—only a stroller—only James Harthouse made nothing of—only James Harthouse a Great Pyramid of failure."

The Great Pyramid put it into his head to go up the Nile. He took a pen upon the instant, and wrote the following note (in appropriate hieroglyphics) to his brother:

"Dear Jack. All up at Coketown. Bored out of the place, and going in for camels. Affectionately, Jem."

He rang the bell.

"Send my fellow here."

"Gone to bed, sir."

"Tell him to get up, and pack up."

He wrote two more notes. One, to Mr. Bounderby, announcing his retirement from that part of the country, and showing where he would be found for the next fortnight. The other, similar in effect, to Mr. Gradgrind. Almost as soon as the ink was dry upon their superscriptions, he had left the tall chimneys of Coketown behind, and was in a railway carriage, tearing and glaring over the dark landscape.

The moral sort of fellows might suppose that Mr. James Harthouse derived some comfortable reflections afterwards, from this prompt retreat, as one of his few actions that made any amends for anything, and as a token to himself that he had escaped the climax of a very bad business. But it was not so, at all. A secret sense of having failed and been ridiculous—a dread of what other fellows who went in for similar sorts of things, would say at his expense if they knew—so oppressed him, that what was about the very best passage in his life was the one of all others he would

not have owned to on any account, and the only one that made him ashamed of himself.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The indefatigable Mrs. Sparsit, with a violent cold upon her, her voice reduced to a whisper, and her stately frame so racked by continual sneezes that it seemed in danger of dismemberment, gave chase to her patron until she found him in the metropolis; and there, majestically sweeping in upon him at his hotel in St. James' street, exploded the combustibles with which she was charged, and blew up. Having executed her mission with infinite relish, this high-minded woman then fainted away on Mr. Bounderby's coat-collar.

Mr. Bounderby's first procedure was to shake Mrs. Sparsit off, and leave her to progress as she might through various stages of suffering on the floor. He next had recourse to the administration of potent restoratives, such as screwing the patient's thumbs, smiting her hands, abundantly watering her face, and inserting salt in her mouth. When these attentions had recovered her (which they speedily did), he hustled her into a fast train without offering any other refreshment, and carried her back to Coketown more dead than alive.

Regarded as a classical ruin, Mrs. Sparsit was an interesting spectacle on her arrival at her journey's end; but considered in any other light, the amount of damage she had by that time sustained was excessive, and impaired her claims to admiration. Utterly heedless of the wear and tear of her clothes and constitution, and adamant to her pathetic sneezes, Mr. Bounderby immediately crammed her into a coach, and bore her off to Stone Lodge.

"Now, Tom Gradgrind," said Bounderby, bursting into his father-in-law's room, late at night; "here's a lady here—Mrs. Sparsit—you know Mrs. Sparsit—who has something to say to you that will strike you dumb."

"You have missed my letter!" exclaimed Mr. Gradgrind, surprised by the apparition.

"Missed your letter, sir!" bawled Bounderby. "The present time is no time for letters. No man shall talk to Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown, about letters, with his mind in the state it's in now."

"Bounderby," said Mr. Gradgrind, in a tone of temperate remonstrance, "I speak of

a very special letter I have written to you, in reference to Louisa."

"Tom Gradgrind," replied Bounderby, knocking the flat of his hand several times with great vehemence on the table, "I speak of a very special messenger that has come to me, in reference to Louisa. Mrs. Sparsit, ma'am, stand forward!"

That unfortunate lady hereupon essaying to offer testimony, without any voice and with painful gestures expressive of an inflamed throat, became so aggravating and underwent so many facial contortions, that Mr. Bounderby, unable to bear it, seized her by the arm and shook her.

"If you can't get it out, ma'am," said Bounderby, "leave me to get it out. This is not a time for a lady, however highly connected, to be totally inaudible, and seemingly swallowing marbles. Tom Gradgrind, Mrs. Sparsit latterly found herself, by accident, in a situation to overhear a conversation out of doors between your daughter and your precious gentleman-friend, Mr. James Harthouse."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Gradgrind.

"Ah! indeed!" cried Bounderby. "And in that conversation—"

"It is not necessary to repeat its tenor, Bounderby. I know what passed."

"You do? Perhaps," said Bounderby, staring with all his might at his so quiet and assuasive father-in-law, "you know where your daughter is at the present time?"

"Undoubtedly. She is here."

"Here?"

"My dear Bounderby, let me beg you to restrain these loud outbreaks, on all accounts. Louisa is here. The moment she could detach herself from that interview with the person of whom you speak, and whom I deeply regret to have been the means of introducing to you, Louisa hurried here, for protection. I myself had not been at home many hours when I received her—here, in this room. She hurried by the train to town, she ran from town to this house through a raging storm, and presented herself before me in a state of distraction. Of course, she has remained here ever since. Let me entreat you, for your own sake and for hers, to be more quiet."

Mr. Bounderby silently gazed about him for some moments, in every direction except Mrs. Sparsit's direction; and then, abruptly turning

upon the niece of Lady Scadgers, said to that wretched woman—

"Now, ma'am! we shall be happy to hear any little apology you may think proper to offer, for going about the country, at express pace, with no other luggage than a Cock-and-a-Bull, ma'am!"

"Sir," whispered Mrs. Sparsit, "my nerves are at present too much shaken, and my health is at present too much impaired, in your service, to admit of my doing more than taking refuge in tears."

Which she did.

"Well, ma'am," said Bounderby, "without making any observation to you that may not be made with propriety to a woman of good family, what I have got to add to that, is, that there's something else in which it appears to me you may take refuge, namely, a coach. And the coach in which we came here, being at the door, you'll allow me to hand you down to it, and pack you home to the Bank; where the best course for you to pursue, will be to put your feet into the hottest water you can bear, and take a glass of scalding rum and butter after you get into bed."

With these words, Mr. Bounderby extended his right hand to the weeping lady, and escorted her to the conveyance in question, shedding many plaintive sneezes by the way. He soon returned alone.

"Now, as you showed me in your face, Tom Gradgrind, that you wanted to speak to me," he resumed, "here I am. But, I am not in a very agreeable state, I tell you plainly; not relishing this business even as it is, and not considering that I am at any time as dutifully and submissively treated by your daughter, as Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown, ought to be treated by his wife. You have your opinion, I dare say; and I have mine, I know. If you mean to say anything to me, to-night, that goes against this candid remark, you had better let it alone."

Mr. Gradgrind, it will be observed, being much softened, Mr. Bounderby took particular pains to harden himself at all points. It was his amiable nature.

"My dear Bounderby," Mr. Gradgrind began in reply.

"Now, you'll excuse me," said Bounderby, "but I don't want to be too dear. That, to start with. When I begin to be dear to a

man, I generally find that his intention is to come over me.' I am not speaking to you politely; but, as you are aware, I am *not* polite. If you like politeness, you know where to get it. You have your gentlemen friends, you know, and they'll serve you with as much of the article as you want. I don't keep it myself."

"Bounderby," urged Mr. Gradgrind, "we are all liable to mistakes—"

"I thought you couldn't make 'em," interrupted Bounderby.

"Perhaps, I thought so. But, I say we are all liable to mistakes, and I should feel sensible of your delicacy, and grateful for it, if you would spare me these references to Harthouse. I shall not associate him in our conversation with your intimacy and encouragement; pray, do not persist in connecting him with mine."

"I never mentioned his name!" said Bounderby.

"Well, well!" returned Mr. Gradgrind, with a patient, even a submissive, air. And he sat for a little while pondering. "Bounderby, I see reason to doubt whether we have ever quite understood Louisa."

"Who do you mean by We?"

"Let me say I, then," he returned, in answer to the coarsely blurted question; "I doubt whether I have understood Louisa. I doubt whether I have been quite right in the manner of her education."

"There you hit it," returned Bounderby. "There I agree with you. You have found it out, at last, have you? Education! I'll tell you what education is—To be tumbled out of doors, neck and crop, and put upon the shortest allowance of everything except blows. That's what I call education."

"I think your good sense will perceive," Mr. Gradgrind remonstrated in all humility, "that, whatever the merits of such a system may be, it would be difficult of general application to girls."

"I don't see it at all, sir," returned the obstinate Bounderby.

"Well," sighed Mr. Gradgrind, "we will not enter into the question. I assure you I have no desire to be controversial. I seek to repair what is amiss, if I possibly can; and I hope you will assist me in a good spirit, Bounderby, for I have been very much distressed."

"I don't understand you, yet," said Boun-

derby, with determined obstinacy, "and, therefore, I won't make any promises."

"In the course of a few hours, my dear Bounderby," Mr. Gradgrind proceeded, in the same depressed and propitiatory manner, "I appear to myself to have become better informed as to Louisa's character, than in previous years. The enlightenment has been painfully forced upon me, and the discovery is not mine. I think there are—Bounderby, you will be surprised to hear me say this—I think there are qualities in Louisa, which—which have been harshly neglected, and—a little perverted. And—and I would suggest to you, that—that if you would kindly meet me in a timely endeavor to leave her to her better nature for a while—and to encourage it to develop itself by tenderness and consideration—it—it would be the better for the happiness of all of us. Louisa," said Mr. Gradgrind, shading his face with his hand, "has always been my favorite child."

The blustrous Bounderby crimsoned and swelled to such an extent, on hearing these words, that he seemed to be, and probably was, on the brink of a fit. With his very ears a bright purple shot with crimson, he pent up his indignation, however, and said—

"You'd like to keep her here for a time?"

"I—I had intended to recommend, my dear Bounderby, that you should allow Louisa to remain here on a visit, and be attended by Sissy (I mean, of course, Cecilia Jupe), who understands her, and in whom she trusts."

"I gather from all this, Tom Gradgrind," said Bounderby, standing up with his hands in his pockets, "that you are of opinion that there's what people call some incompatibility between Loo Bounderby and myself."

"I fear there is at present a general incompatibility between Louisa and—and—almost all the relations in which I have placed her," was her father's sorrowful reply.

"Now, look you here, Tom Gradgrind," said Bounderby the flushed, confronting him with his legs wide apart, his hands deeper in his pockets, and his hair like a hay-field wherein his windy anger was boisterous. "You have said your say. I am going to say mine. I am a Coketown man. I am Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown. I know the bricks of this town, and I know the works of this town, and I know the chimneys of this town, and I

know the smoke of this town, and I know the Hands of this town. I know 'em all pretty well. They're real. When a man tells me anything about imaginative qualities, I always tell that man, whoever he is, that I know what he means. He means turtle-soup and venison, with a gold spoon, and that he wants to be set up with a coach and six. That's what your daughter wants. Since you are of opinion that she ought to have what she wants, I recommend you to provide it for her. Because, Tom Gradgrind, she will never have it from me."

"Bounderby," said Mr. Gradgrind, "I hoped, after my entreaty, you would have taken a different tone."

"Just wait a bit," retorted Bounderby; "you have said your say, I believe. I heard you out. Hear me out, if you please. Don't make yourself a spectacle of unfairness as well as inconsistency, because, although I am sorry to see Tom Gradgrind reduced to his present position, I should be doubly sorry to see him brought so low as that. Now, there's an incompatibility of some sort or another, I am given to understand by you, between your daughter and me. I'll give you to understand, in reply to that, that there unquestionably is an incompatibility of the first magnitude—to be summed up in this—that your daughter don't properly know her husband's merits, and is not impressed with such a sense as would become her, by George! of the honor of his alliance. That's plain speaking, I hope."

"Bounderby," urged Mr. Gradgrind, "this is unreasonable."

"Is it?" said Bounderby. "I am glad to hear you say so. Because, when Tom Gradgrind, with his new lights, tells me that what I say is unreasonable, I am convinced at once it must be devilish sensible. With your permission, I am going on. You know my origin; and you know that for a good many years of my life I didn't want a shoeing-horn, in consequence of not having a shoe. Yet you may believe or not, as you think proper, that there are ladies—born ladies—belonging to families—Families!—who next to worship the ground I walk on."

He discharged this, like a Rocket, at his father-in-law's head.

"Whereas, your daughter," proceeded Bounderby, "is far from being a born lady. That

you know, yourself. Not that I care a pinch of candle-snuff about such things, for you are very well aware I don't; but that such is the fact, and you, Tom Gradgrind, can't change it. Why do I say this?"

"Not, I fear," observed Mr. Gradgrind, in a low voice, "to spare me."

"Hear me out," said Bounderby, "and refrain from cutting in till your turn comes round. I say this, because highly connected females have been astonished to see the way in which your daughter has conducted herself, and to witness her insensibility. They have wondered how I have suffered it. And I wonder myself now, and I won't suffer it."

"Bounderby," returned Mr. Gradgrind, rising, "the less we say to-night the better, I think."

"On the contrary, Tom Gradgrind, the more we say to-night, the better, I think. That is," the consideration checked him, "till I have said all I mean to say, and then I don't care how soon we stop. I come to a question that may shorten the business. What do you mean by the proposal you made just now?"

"What do I mean, Bounderby?"

"By your visiting proposition," said Bounderby, with an inflexible jerk of the hay field.

"I mean that I hope you may be induced to arrange, in a friendly manner, for allowing Louisa a period of repose and reflection here, which may tend to a gradual alteration for the better in many respects."

"To a softening down of your ideas of the incompatibility?" said Bounderby.

"If you put it in those terms."

"What made you think of this?" said Bounderby.

"I have already said, I fear Louisa has not been understood. It is asking too much, Bounderby, that you, so far her elder, should aid in trying to set her right? You have accepted a great charge of her; for better for worse, for —"

Mr. Bounderby may have been annoyed by the repetition of his own words to Stephen Blackpool, but he cut the quotation short with an angry start.

"Come!" said he, "I don't want to be told about that. I know what I took her for, as well as you do. Never you mind what I took her for; that's my look-out."

"I was merely going on to remark, Bounder-

by, that we may all be more or less in the wrong, not even excepting you; and that some yielding on your part, remembering the trust you have accepted, may not only be an act of true kindness, but perhaps a debt incurred towards Louisa."

"I think differently," blustered Bounderby; "I am going to finish this business according to my own opinions. Now, I don't want to make a quarrel of it with you, Tom Gradgrind. To tell you the truth, I don't think it would be worthy of my reputation to quarrel on such a subject. As to your gentleman-friend, he may take himself off, wherever he likes best. If he falls in my way, I shall tell him my mind; if he don't fall in my way, I shan't, for it won't be worth my while to do it. As to your daughter, whom I made Loo Bounderby, and might have done better by leaving Loo Gradgrind, if she don't come home to-morrow, by twelve o'clock at noon, I shall understand that she prefers to stay away, and I shall send her wearing apparel and so forth over here, and you'll take charge of her for the future. What I shall say to people in general, of the incompatibility that led to my so laying down the law, will be this. I am Josiah Bounderby, and I had my bringing-up; she's the daughter of Tom Gradgrind, and she had her bringing-up; and the two horses wouldn't pull together. I am pretty well known to be rather an uncommon man, I believe; and most people will understand fast enough that it must be a woman rather out of the common also, who in the long run would come up to my mark."

"Let me seriously entreat you to reconsider this, Bounderby," urged Mr. Gradgrind, "before you commit yourself to such a decision."

"I always come to a decision," said Bounderby, tossing his hat on; "and whatever I do, I do at once. I should be surprised at Tom Gradgrind's addressing such a remark to Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown, knowing what he knows of him, if I could be surprised by anything Tom Gradgrind did, after his making himself a party to sentimental humbug. I have given you my decision, and I have got no more to say. Good night!"

So, Mr. Bounderby went home to his town-house to bed. At five minutes past twelve o'clock next day, he directed Mrs. Bounderby's property to be carefully packed up and sent to Tom Gradgrind's; advertised his country re-

treat for sale by private contract; and resumed a bachelor life.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The robbery at the bank had not languished before, and not cease to occupy a front place in the attention of the principal of that establishment now. In boastful proof of his promptitude and activity, as a remarkable man, and a self-made man, and a commercial wonder more admirable than Venus, who had risen out of the mud instead of the sea, he liked to show how little his domestic affairs abated his business ardor. Consequently, in the first few weeks of his resumed bachelorhood, he even advanced upon his usual display of bustle, and every day made such a rout in renewing his investigations into the robbery, that the officers who had it in hand almost wished it had never been committed.

They were at fault too, and off the scent. Although they had been so quiet since the first outbreak of the matter, that most people really did suppose it to have been abandoned as hopeless, nothing new occurred. No implicated man or woman took untimely courage, or made a self-betraying step. More remarkable yet, Stephen Blackpool could not be heard of, and the mysterious old woman remained a mystery.

Things having come to this pass, and showing no latent signs of stirring beyond it, the upshot of Mr. Bounderby's investigations was, that he resolved to hazard a bold burst. He drew up a placard, offering Twenty Pounds reward for the apprehension of Stephen Blackpool, suspected of complicity in the robbery of the Coketown Bank on such a night; he described the said Stephen Blackpool by dress, complexion, estimated height, and manner, as minutely as he could; he recited how he had left the town, and in what direction he had been last seen going; he had the whole printed in great black letters on a staring broad sheet; and he caused the walls to be posted with it in the dead of night, so that it should strike upon the sight of the whole population at one blow.

The factory-bells had need to ring their loudest that morning to disperse the groups of workers who stood in the tardy daybreak, collected round the placards, devouring them with eager eyes. Not the least eager of the eyes assembled, were the eyes of those who could not read. These people, as they listened to the

friendly voice that read aloud—there was always some such ready to help them—stared at the characters which meant so much with a vague awe and respect that would have been half ludicrous, if any aspect of public ignorance could ever be otherwise than threatening and full of evil. Many ears and eyes were busy with a vision of the matter of these placards, among turning spindles, rattling looms, and whirring wheels, for hours afterwards; and when the Hands cleared out again into the streets, there were still as many readers as before.

Slackbridge, the delegate, had to address his audience too that night; and Slackbridge had obtained a clean bill from the printer, and had brought it in his pocket. Oh, my friends and fellow-countrymen, the down-trodden operatives of Coketown, oh, my fellow-brothers and fellow-workmen and fellow-citizens and fellow-men, what a to-do was there, when Slackbridge unfolded what he called “that damning document,” and held it up to the gaze, and for the execration of the working-man community! “Oh, my fellow-men, behold of what a traitor in the camp of those great spirits who are enrolled upon the holy scroll of Justice and of Union, is appropriately capable! Oh, my prostrate friends, with the galling yoke of tyrants on your necks and the iron foot of despotism treading down your fallen forms into the dust of the earth, upon which right glad would your oppressors be to see you creeping on your bellies all the days of your lives, like the serpent in the garden—oh, my brothers, and shall I as a man not add my sisters too, what do you say, *now*, of Stephen Blackpool, with a slight stoop in his shoulders and about five foot seven in height, as set forth in this degrading and disgusting document, this blighting bill, this pernicious placard, this abominable advertisement; and with what majesty of denouncement will you crush the viper, who would bring this stain and shame upon the Godlike race that happily has cast him out for ever! Yes, my compatriots, happily cast him out and sent him forth! For you remember how he stood here before you on this platform; you remember how, face to face and foot to foot, I pursued him through all his intricate windings; you remember how he sneaked, and slunk, and sidled, and splitted of straws, until, with not an inch of ground to which to cling, I

hurled him out from amongst us; an object for the undying finger of scorn to point at, and for the avenging fire of every free and thinking mind, to scorch and sear! And now my friends—my laboring friends, for I rejoice and triumph in that stigma—my friends whose hard but honest beds are made in toil, and whose scanty but independent pots are boiled in hardship; and, now I say, my friends, what appellation has that dastard craven taken to himself, when, with the mask torn from his features, he stands before us in all his native deformity, a What? A thief! A plunderer! A proscribed fugitive, with a price upon his head; a fester and a wound upon the noble character of the Coketown operative! Therefore, my band of brothers in a sacred bond, to which your children and your children’s children yet unborn have set their infant hands and seals, I propose to you on the part of the United Aggregate Tribunal, ever watchful for your welfare, ever zealous for your benefit, that this meeting does Resolve, That Stephen Blackpool, weaver, referred to in this placard, having been already solemnly disowned by the community of Coketown Hands, the same are free from the shame of his misdeeds, and cannot as a class be reproached with his dishonest actions!”

Thus Slackbridge; gnashing and perspiring after a prodigious sort. A few stern voices called out “No!” and a score or two hailed, with assenting cries of “Hear hear!” the caution from one man, “Slackbridge, y’or over hetter int; y’or a goen too fast!”

But these were pigmies against an army; the general assemblage subscribed to the gospel according to Slackbridge, and gave three cheers for him, as he sat demonstratively panting at them.

These men and women were yet in the streets, passing quietly to their homes, when Sissy, who had been called away from Louisa some minutes before, returned.

“Who is it?” asked Louisa.

“It is Mr. Bounderby,” said Sissy, timid of the name, “and your brother, Mr. Tom, and a young woman who says her name is Rachael, and that you know her.”

“What do they want, Sissy, dear?”

“They want to see you. Rachael has been crying, and seems angry.”

“Father,” said Louisa, for he was present, “I cannot refuse to see them, for a reason

that will explain itself. Shall they come in here?"

As he answered in the affirmative, Sissy went away to bring them. She re-appeared with them directly. Tom was last; and remained standing in the obscurest part of the room near the door.

"Mrs. Bounderby," said her husband, entering with a cool nod, "I don't disturb you, I hope. This is an unseasonable hour, but here is a young woman who has been making statements which render my visit necessary. Tom Gradgrind, as your son, young Tom, refuses for some abstinate reason or other to say anything at all about those statements, good or bad, I am obliged to confront her with your daughter."

"You have seen me once before, young lady," said Rachael, standing in front of Louisa.

Tom coughed.

"You have seen me, young lady," repeated Rachael, as she did not answer, "once before."

Tom coughed again.

"I have."

Rachael cast her eyes proudly towards Mr. Bounderby, and said, "Will you make it known, young lady, where, and who was there?"

"I went to the house where Stephen Blackpool lodged, on the night of his charge from his work, and I saw you there. He was there too; and an old woman who did not speak, and whom I could scarcely see, stood in a dark corner. My brother was with me."

"Why couldn't you say so, young Tom?" demanded Bounderby.

"I promised my sister I wouldn't." Which Louisa hastily confirmed. "And besides," said the whelp bitterly, "she tells her own story so precious well—and so full—that what business had I to take it out of her mouth!"

"Say, young lady, if you please," pursued Rachael, "why, in an evil hour, you ever come to Stephen's that night."

"I felt compassion for him," said Louisa, her color deepening, "and I wished to know what he was going to do, and wished to offer him assistance."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Bounderby. "Much flattered and obliged."

"Did you offer him," asked Rachael, "a bank note?"

"Yes; but he refused it, and would only take two pounds in gold."

Rachael cast her eyes towards Mr. Bounderby again.

"Oh, certainly!" said Bounderby. "If you put the question whether your ridiculous and improbable account was true or not, I am bound to say it's confirmed."

"Young lady," said Rachael, "Stephen Blackpool is now named as a thief in public print all over this town, and where else! There have been a meeting to-night, where he have been spoken of in the same shameful way. Stephen! The honestest lad, the truest lad, the best!"

Her indignation failed her, and she broke off, sobbing.

"I am very, very sorry," said Louisa.

"Oh! young lady, young lady," returned Rachael, "I hope you may be, but I don't know! I can't say what you may ha' done! The like of you don't know us, don't care for us, don't belong to us. I am not sure why you may ha' come that night. I can't tell but what you may ha' come wi' some aim of your own, not mindin to what trouble you brought such as the poor lad. I said then, Bless you for coming; and I said it of my heart, you seemed to take so pitifully to him; but I don't know now, I don't know!"

Louisa could not reproach her for her unjust suspicions; she was so faithful to her idea of the man, and so afflicted.

"And when I think," said Rachael through her sobs, "that the poor lad was so grateful, thinkin you so good to him—when I mind that he put his hand over his hard-worken face to hide the tears that you brought up there—oh, I hope you may be sorry, and ha' no bad cause to be it; but I don't know, I don't know!"

"You're a pretty article," growled the whelp, moving uneasily in his dark corner, "to come here with these precious imputations! You ought to be bundled out for not knowing how to behave yourself, and you would be by rights."

She said nothing in reply; and her low weeping was the only sound that was heard, until Mr. Bounderby spoke.

"Come!" said he, "you know what you have engaged to do. You had better give your mind to that; not this."

"'Deed, I am loath," returned Rachael, dry-

ing her eyes, "that any here should see me like this: but I won't be seen so again. Young lady, when I had read what's put in print of Stephen—and what has just as much truth in it as if it had been put in print of you—I went straight to the Bank to say I knew where Stephen was, and to give a sure and certain promise that he should be here in two days. I couldn't meet wi' Mr. Bounderby then, and your brother sent me away, and I tried to find you, but you was not to be found, and I went back to work. Soon as I come out of the Mill to-night, I hastened to hear what was said of Stephen—for I know wi' pride he will come back to shame it!—and then I went again to seek Mr. Bounderby, and I found him, and I told him every word I knew; and he believed no word I said, and brought me here."

"So far, that's true enough," assented Mr. Bounderby, with his hands in his pockets and his hat on. "But I have known you people before to-day, you'll observe, and I know you never die for want of talking. Now, I recommend you not so much to mind talking just now, as doing. You have undertaken to do something; all I remark upon that at present is, do it!"

"I have written to Stephen by the post that went out this afternoon, as I have written to him once before sin' he went away," said Rachael; "and he will be here, at furthest, in two days."

"Then I'll tell you something. You are not aware, perhaps," retorted Mr. Bounderby, "that you yourself have been looked after now and then, not being considered quite free from suspicion in this business, on account of most people being judged according to the company they keep. The post-office hasn't been forgotten either. What I'll tell you is, that no letter to Stephen Blackpool has ever got into it. Therefore, what has become of yours, I leave you to guess. Perhaps you're mistaken, and never wrote any."

"He hadn't been gone from here, young lady," said Rachael, turning appealingly to Louisa, "as much as a week, when he sent me the only letter I have had from him, saying that he was forced to seek work in another name."

"Oh, by George!" cried Bounderby, shaking his head, with a whistle, "he changes his name, does he! That's rather unlucky, too,

for such an immaculate chap. It's considered a little suspicious in Courts of Justice, I believe when an Innocent happens to have many names."

"What," said Rachael, with tears in her eyes again, "what, young lady, in the name of Mercy, was left the poor lad to do! The masters against him on one hand, the men against him on the other, he only wantin to work hard in peace, and do what he felt right. Can a man have no soul of his own, no mind of his own? Must he go wrong all through wi' this side, or must he go wrong all through wi' that, or else be hunted like a hare?"

"Indeed, indeed, I pity him from my heart," returned Louisa; "and I hope that he will clear himself."

"You need have no fear of that, young lady. He is sure!"

"All the surer, I suppose," said Mr. Bounderby, "for your refusing to tell where he is? Eh?"

"He shall not, through any act of mine, come back wi' the unmerited reproach of being brought back. He shall come back of his own accord to clear himself, and put all those that have injured his good character, and he not here for its defence, to shame. I have told him what has been done against him," said Rachael, throwing off all distrust as a rock throws off the sea, "and he will be here, at furthest, in two days."

"Notwithstanding which," added Mr. Bounderby, "if he can be laid hold of any sooner he shall have an earlier opportunity of clearing himself. As to you, I have nothing against you; what you came and told me turns out to be true, and I have given you the means of proving it to be true, and there's an end of it. I wish you Good night all! I must be off to look a little further into this."

Tom came out of his corner when Mr. Bounderby moved, moved with him, kept close to him, and went away with him. The only parting salutation of which he delivered himself was a sulky "Good night, father!" With that brief speech, and a scowl at his sister, he left the house.

Since his sheet-anchor had come home, Mr. Gradgrind had been sparing of speech. He still sat silent, when Louisa mildly said:

"Rachael, you will not distrust me one day, when you know me better."

"It goes against me," Rachael answered, in a gentle manner, "to mistrust any one; but when I am so mistrusted—when we all are—I cannot keep such things quite out of my mind. I ask your pardon for having done you an injury. I don't think what I said, now. Yet I might come to think it again, wi' the poor lad so wronged."

"Did you tell him in your letter," inquired Sissy, "that suspicion seemed to have fallen upon him, because he had been seen about the Bank at night? He would then know what he would have to explain on coming back, and would be ready."

"Yes, dear," she returned; "but I can't guess what can have ever taken him there. He never used to go there. It was never in his way. His way was the same as mine, and not near it."

Sissy had already been at her side asking her where she lived, and whether she might come to-morrow night, to inquire if there were news of him.

"I doubt," said Rachael, "if he can be here till the next day."

"Then I will come next night, too," said Sissy.

When Rachael, assenting to this, was gone, Mr. Gradgrind lifted up his head, and said to his daughter:

"Louisa, my dear, I have never, that I know of, seen this man. Do you believe him to be implicated?"

"I think I have believed it, father, though with great difficulty. I do not believe it now."

"That is to say, you once persuaded yourself to believe it, from knowing him to be suspected. His appearance and manner; are they so honest?"

"Very honest."

"And her confidence not to be shaken! I ask myself," said Mr. Gradgrind, musing; "does the real culprit know of these accusations? Where is he? Who is he?"

His hair had lately begun to change its color. As he leaned upon his hand again, looking gray and old, Louisa, with a face of fear and pity, hurriedly went over to him, and sat close at his side. Her eyes by accident met Sissy's at the moment. Sissy flushed and started, and Louisa put her finger on her lip.

Next night, when Sissy returned home and told Louisa that Stephen was not come, she

told it in a whisper. Next night again, when she came home with the same account, and added that he had not been heard of, she spoke in the same low frightened tone. From the moment of that interchange of looks, they never uttered his name, or any reference to him, aloud; nor ever pursued the subject of the robbery, when Mr. Gradgrind spoke of it.

The two appointed days ran out, three days and nights ran out, and Stephen Blackpool was not come, and remained unheard of. On the fourth day, Rachael, with unabated confidence, but considering her despatch to have miscarried, went up to the Bank, and showed her letter from him with his address, at a working colony, one of many, not upon the main road, sixty miles away. Messengers were sent to that place, and the whole town looked for Stephen to be brought in next day.

During this whole time the whelp moved about with Mr. Bounderby like his shadow, assisting in all the proceedings. He was greatly excited, horribly fevered, bit his nails down to the quick, spoke in a hard rattling voice, and with lips that were black and burnt up. At the hour when the suspected man was looked for, the whelp was at the station; offering to wager that he had made off before the arrival of those who were sent in quest of him, and that he would not appear.

The whelp was right. The messengers returned alone. Rachael's letter had gone, Rachael's letter had been delivered, Stephen Blackpool had decamped in that same hour; and no soul knew more of him. The only doubt in Coketown was, whether Rachael had written in good faith, believing that he really would come back, or warning him to fly. On this point opinion was divided.

Six days, seven days, far on into another week. The wretched whelp plucked up a ghastly courage, and began to grow defiant. "Was the suspected fellow the thief? A pretty question! If not, where was the man, and why did he not come back?"

Where was the man, and why did he not come back? In the dead of night the echoes of his own words, which had rolled Heaven knows how far away in the daytime, came back instead, and abided by him until morning.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Day and night again, day and night again. No Stephen Blackpool. Where was the man, and why did he not come back?

Every night, Sissy went to Rachael's lodging, and sat with her in her small neat room. All day, Rachael toiled as such people must toil, whatever their anxieties. The smoke-serpents were indifferent who was lost or found, who turned out bad or good; the melancholy mad elephants, like the Hard Fact men, abated nothing of their set routine, whatever happened. Day and night again, day and night again. The monotony was unbroken. Even Stephen Blackpool's disappearance was falling into the general way, and becoming as monotonous a wonder as any piece of machinery in Coketown.

"I misdoubt," said Rachael, "if there is as many as twenty left in all this place, who have any trust in the poor dear lad now."

She said it to Sissy as they sat in her lodging, lighted only by the lamp at the street corner. Sissy had come there when it was already dark, to await her return from work; and they had since sat at the window where Rachael had found her, wanting no brighter light to shine on their sorrowful talk.

"If it hadn't been mercifully brought about that I was to have you to speak to," pursued Rachael, "times are when I think my mind would not have kept right. But I get hope and strength through you; and you believe that though appearances may rise against him, he will be proved clear."

"I do believe so," returned Sissy. "with my whole heart. I feel so certain, Rachael, that the confidence you hold in yours against all discouragement, is not like to be wrong. that I have no more doubt of him than if I had known him through as many years of trial as you have."

"And I, my dear," said Rachael, with a tremble in her voice, "have known him through them all, to be, according to his quiet ways, so faithful to everything honest and good, that if he was never to be heard of more, and I was to live to be a hundred years old, I could say with my last breath, God knows my heart, I have never once left trusting Stephen Blackpool!"

"We all believe, up at the Lodge, Rachael,

that he will be freed from suspicion, sooner or later."

"The better I know it to be so believed there, my dear," said Rachael, "and the kinder I feel it that you come away from there, purposely to comfort me, and keep me company, and be seen wi' me when I am not yet free from all suspicion myself, the more grieved I am that I should ever have spoken those mistrusting words to the young lady. And yet——"

"You don't mistrust her now, Rachael?"

"Now that you have brought us more together, no. But I can't at all times keep out of my mind——"

Her voice so sunk into a low and slow communing with herself, that Sissy, sitting by her side, was obliged to listen with attention.

"I can't at all times keep out of my mind, mistrustings of some one. I can't think who 'tis, I can't think how or why it may be done, but I mistrust that some one has put Stephen out of the way. I mistrust that by his coming back of his own accord, and showing himself innocent before them all, some one would be confounded, who—to prevent that—has stopped him, and put him out of the way."

"That is a dreadful thought," said Sissy, turning pale.

"It is a dreadful thought to think he may be murdered."

Sissy shuddered, and turned paler yet.

"When it makes its way into my mind, dear," said Rachael, "and it will come sometimes, though I do all I can to keep it out, wi' counting on to high numbers as I work, and saying over and over again pieces that I knew when I were a child—I fall into such a wild, hot hurry, that, however tired I am, I want to walk fast, miles and miles. I must get the better of this before bed-time. I'll walk home wi' you."

"He might fall ill upon the journey back," said Sissy, faintly offering a worn-out scrap of hope; "and in such a case, there are many places on the road where he might stop."

"But he is in none of them. He has been sought for in all, and he's not there."

"True," was Sissy's reluctant admission.

"He'd walk the journey in two days. If he was footsore and couldn't walk, I sent him, in the letter he got, the money to ride, lest he should have none of his own to spare."

"Let us hope that to-morrow will bring something better, Rachael. Come into the air!"

Her gentle hand adjusted Rachael's shawl upon her shining black hair in the usual manner of her wearing it, and they went out. The night being fine, little knots of Hands were here and there lingering at street corners; but it was supper-time with the greater part of them, and there were but few people in the streets.

"You are not so hurried now, Rachael, and your hand is cooler."

"I get better dear, if I can only walk, and breathe a little fresh air. 'Times when I can't, I turn weak and confused."

"But you must not begin to fail, Rachael, for you may be wanted at any time to stand by Stephen. To-morrow is Saturday. If no news comes to-morrow, let us walk in the country on Sunday morning, and strengthen you for another week. Will you go?"

"Yes, dear."

They were by this time in the street where Mr. Bounderby's house stood. The way to Sissy's destination led them past the door, and they were going straight towards it. Some train had newly arrived in Coketown, which had put a number of vehicles in motion, and scattered a considered bustle about the town. Several coaches were rattling before them and behind them as they approached Mr. Bounderby's, and one of the latter drew up with such briskness as they were in the act of passing the house, that they looked round involuntarily. The bright gas light over Mr. Bounderby's steps showed them Mrs. Sparsit in the coach, in an ecstasy of excitement, struggling to open the door; Mrs. Sparsit seeing them at the same moment, called to them to stop.

"It's a coincidence," exclaimed Mrs. Sparsit, as she was released by the coachman. "It's a Providence! Come out, ma'am!" then said Mrs. Sparsit, to some one inside, "come out, or we'll have you dragged out!"

Hereupon, no other than the mysterious old woman descended, whom Mrs. Sparsit inconspicuously collared.

"Leave here alone, everybody!" cried Mrs. Sparsit, with great energy. "Let nobody touch her. She belongs to me. Come in, ma'am!" then said Mrs. Sparsit, reversing her former word of command. "Come in, ma'am, or we'll have you dragged in!"

The spectacle of a matron of classical deportment, seizing an ancient woman by the throat, and hauling her into a dwelling-house, would have been, under any circumstances, sufficient temptation to all true English stragglers so blest as to witness it, to force a way into that dwelling-house and see the matter out. But when the phenomenon was enhanced by the notoriety and mystery by this time associated all over the town, with the Bank robbery, it would have lured the stragglers in, with an irresistible attraction, though the roof had been expected to fall upon their heads. Accordingly, the chance witnesses on the ground, consisting of the busiest of the neighbors to the number of some five-and-twenty, closed in after Sissy and Rachael, as they closed in after Mrs. Sparsit and her prize; and the whole body made a disorderly irruption into Mr. Bounderby's dining room, where the people behind lost not a moment's time in mounting on the chairs, to get the better of the people in front.

"Fetch Mr. Bounderby down!" cried Mrs. Sparsit. "Rachael, young woman; you know who this is?"

"It's Mrs. Pegler," said Rachael.

"I should think it is!" cried Mrs. Sparsit, exulting. "Fetch Mr. Bounderby. Stand away, everybody!"

Here old Mrs. Pegler, muffling herself up, and shrinking from observation, whispered a word of entreaty.

"Don't tell me," said Mrs. Sparsit, aloud, "I have told you twenty times, coming along, that I will *not* leave you till I have handed you over to him myself."

Mr. Bounderby now appeared, accompanied by Mr. Gradgrind and the whelp, with whom he had been holding conference up stairs. Mr. Bounderby looked more astonished than hospitable, at sight of this uninvited party in his dining-room.

"Why, what's the matter now!" said he. "Mrs. Sparsit, ma'am?"

"Sir," explained that worthy woman, "I trust it is my good fortune to produce a person you have much desired to find. Stimulated by my wish to relieve your mind, sir, and connecting together such imperfect clues to the part of the country in which that person might be supposed to reside, as have been afforded by the young woman Rachael, fortunately now

present to identify, I have had the happiness to succeed, and to bring that person with me—I need not say most unwillingly on her part. It has not been, sir, without some trouble that I have effected this; but trouble in your service is to me a pleasure, and hunger, thirst, and cold, a real gratification.”

Here Mrs. Sparsit ceased; for Mr. Bounderby's visage exhibited an extraordinary combination of all possible colors and expressions of discomfiture, as old Mrs. Pegler was disclosed to his view.

“Why, what do you mean by this!” was his highly unexpected demand, in great wrath. “I ask you, what do you mean by this, Mrs. Sparsit, ma'am?”

“Sir!” exclaimed Mrs. Sparsit, faintly.

“Why don't you mind your own business, ma'am?” roared Bounderby. “How dare you go and poke your officious nose into my family affairs?”

This allusion to her favorite feature overpowered Mrs. Sparsit. She sat down stiffly in a chair, as if she were frozen; and, with a fixed stare at Mr. Bounderby, slowly grated her mittens against one another, as if they were frozen too.

“My dear Josiah!” cried Mrs. Pegler, trembling. “My darling boy! I am not to blame. It's not my fault, Josiah. I told this lady over and over again, that I knew she was doing what would not be agreeable to you, but she would do it.”

“What did you let her bring you for? Couldn't you knock her cap off, or her tooth out, or scratch her, or do something or other to her?” asked Bounderby.

“My own boy! She threatened me that if I resisted her, I should be brought by constables, and it was better to come quietly than make that stir in such a——” Mrs. Pegler glanced timidly but proudly round the walls—“such a fine house as this. Indeed, indeed, it is not my fault! My dear, noble, stately boy! I have always lived quiet and secret, Josiah, my dear. I have never broken the condition once. I have never said I was your mother. I have admired you at a distance; and if I have come to town sometimes, with long times between, to take a proud peep at you, I have done it unbeknown, my love, and gone away again.”

Mr. Bounderby, with his hands in his pockets, walked in impatient mortification up and

down at the side of the long dining-table, while the spectators greedily took in every syllable of Mrs. Pegler's appeal, and at each succeeding syllable became more and more round-eyed. Mr. Bounderby still walking up and down when Mrs. Pegler had done, Mr. Gradgrind addressed that maligned old lady:

“I am surprised, madam,” he observed with severity, “that in your old age you have the face to claim Mr. Bounderby for your son, after your unnatural and inhuman treatment of him.”

Me unnatural!” cried poor old Mrs. Pegler. *Me inhuman! To my dear boy?”*

“Dear!” repeated Mr. Gradgrind. “Yes; dear in his self made prosperity, madam, I dare say. Not very dear, however, when you deserted him in his infancy, and left him to the brutality of a drunken grandmother.”

“I deserted my Josiah!” cried Mrs. Pegler, clasping her hands. “Now, Lord forgive you, sir, for your wicked imaginations, and for your scandal against the memory of my poor mother, who died in my arms before Josiah was born. May you repent of it, sir, and live to know better!”

She was so very earnest and injured, that Mr. Gradgrind, shocked by the possibility which dawned upon him, said in a gentler tone,

“Do you deny, then, madam, that you left your son to—to be brought up in the gutter?”

“Josiah in the gutter!” exclaimed Mrs. Pegler. “No such a thing, sir. Never! For shame on you! My dear boy knows, and will give you to know, that though he come of humble parents, he come of parents that loved him as dear as the best could, and never thought it hardship on themselves to pinch a bit that he might write and cypher beautiful, and I've his books at home to show it! Aye, have I!” said Mrs. Pegler, with indignant pride. “And my dear boy knows, and will give you to know, sir, that after his beloved father died when he was eight year old, his mother, too, could pinch a bit, as it was her duty and her pleasure and her pride to do it, to help him out in life, and put him 'prentice. And a steady lad he was, and a kind master he had to lend him a hand, and well he worked his own way forward to be rich and

thriving. And I'll give you to know, sir—for this my dear boy won't—that though his mother kept but a little village shop, he never forgot her, but pensioned me on thirty pound a-year—more than I want, for I put by out of it—only making the condition that I was to keep down in my own part, and make no boasts about him, and not trouble him. And I never have, except with looking at him once a year, when he has never knowned it. And it's right," said poor old Mrs. Pegler, in affectionate championship, "that I *should* keep down in my own part, and I have no doubts that if I was here I should do a many unbecoming things, and I am well contented, and I can keep my pride in my Josiah to myself, and I can love for love's own sake! And I am ashamed of you, sir," said Mrs. Pegler, lastly, "for your slanders and suspicions. And I never stood here before, nor never wanted to stand here when my dear son said no. And I shouldn't be here now, if it hadn't been for being brought here. And for shame upon you, oh! for shame, to accuse me of being a bad mother to my son, with my son standing here to tell you so different!"

The bystanders, on and off the dining-room chairs, raised a murmur of sympathy with Mrs. Pegler; and Mr. Gradgrind felt himself innocently placed in a very distressing predicament, when Mr. Bounderby, who had never ceased walking up and down, and had every moment swelled larger and larger, and grown redder and redder, stopped short.

"I don't exactly know," said Mr. Bounderby, "how I come to be favored with the attendance of the present company, but I don't inquire. When they're quite satisfied, perhaps they'll be so good as to disperse; whether they're satisfied or not, perhaps they'll be so good as to disperse. I'm not bound to deliver a lecture on my family affairs; I have not undertaken to do it, and I'm not a going to do it. Therefore, those who expect any explanation whatever upon that branch of the subject, will be disappointed—particularly Tom Gradgrind, and he can't know it too soon. In reference to the Bank robbery, there has been a mistake made concerning my mother. If there hadn't been over-officiousness it wouldn't have been made, and I hate over-officiousness at all times, whether or no. Good evening!"

Although Mr. Bounderby carried it off in

these terms, holding the door open for the company to depart, there was a blustering sheepishness upon him, at once extremely crestfallen and superlatively absurd. Detected as the Bully of humility, who had built his windy reputation upon lies, and in his boastfulness had put the honest truth as far away from him as if he had advanced the mean claim (there is no meaner) to tack himself on to a pedigree, he cut a most ridiculous figure. With the people filing off at the door he held, who he knew would carry what had passed to the whole town, to be given to the four winds, he could not have looked a Bully more shorn and forlorn, if he had had his ears cropped. Even that unlucky female, Mrs. Sparsit, fallen from her pinnacle of exaltation into the Slough of Despond, was not in so bad a plight as that remarkable man and self-made Humbug, Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown.

Rachael and Sissy, leaving Mrs. Pegler to occupy a bed at her son's, for that night, walked together to the gate of Stone Lodge, and there parted. Mr. Gradgrind joined them before they had gone very far, and spoke with much interest of Stephen Blackpool; for whom he thought this signal failure of the suspicions against Mrs. Pegler was likely to work well.

As to the whelp. Throughout this scene, as on all other late occasions, he had stuck close to Bounderby. He seemed to feel that as long as Bounderby could make no discovery without his knowledge, he was so far safe. He never visited his sister, and had only seen her once since she went home: that is to say, on the night when he still stuck close to Bounderby, as already related.

There was one dim unformed fear lingering about his sister's mind, to which she never gave utterance, which surrounded the graceless and ungrateful boy with a dreadful mystery. The same dark possibility had presented itself in the same shapeless guise, this very day, to Sissy, when Rachael spoke of some one who would be confounded by Stephen's return, having put him out of the way. Louisa had never spoken of harboring any suspicion of her brother, in connexion with the robbery; she and Sissy had held no confidence on the subject, save in that one interchange of looks when the unconscious father rested his gray head on his hand; but it was understood be-

tween them, and they both knew it. This other fear was so awful, that it hovered about each of them like a ghostly shadow; neither daring to think of its being near herself, far less of its being near the other.

And still the forced spirit which the whelp had plucked up, threw with him. If Stephen Blackpool was not the thief, let him show himself. Why didn't he?

Another night. Another day and night. No Stephen Blackpool. Where was the man, and why did he not come back?

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The Sunday was a bright Sunday in autumn, clear and cool, when, early in the morning, Sissy and Rachael met, to walk in the country.

As Coketown cast ashes not only on its own head, but on the neighborhood's, too—after the manner of those pious persons who do penance for their own sins by putting other people into sackcloth—it was customary for those who now and then thirsted for a draught of pure air, which is not absolutely the most wicked among the vanities of life, to get a few miles away by the railroad, and then begin their walk, or their lounge in the fields. Sissy and Rachael helped themselves out of the smoke by the usual means, and were put down at a station about midway between the town and Mr. Bounderby's retreat.

Though the green landscape was blotted here and there with heaps of coal, it was green elsewhere, and there were trees to see, and there were larks singing (though it was Sunday), and there were pleasant scents in the air, and all was overarched by a bright blue sky. In the distance one way, Coketown showed as a black mist; in another distance, hills began to rise; in a third, there was a faint change in the light of the horizon, where it shone upon the far-off sea. Under their feet, the grass was fresh; beautiful shadows of branches flickered upon it, and speckled it; hedgerows were luxuriant; everything was at peace. Engines at pits' mouths, and lean old horses that had worn the circle of their daily labor into the ground, were alike quiet; wheels had ceased for a short space to turn; and the great wheel of earth seemed to revolve without the shocks and noises of another time.

They walked on, across the fields and down

the shady lanes, sometimes getting over a fragment of a fence so rotten that it dropped at a touch of the foot, sometimes passing near a wreck of bricks and beams overgrown with grass, marking the site of deserted works. They followed paths and tracks, however slight. Mounds where the grass was rank and high, and where brambles, dockweed, and such-like vegetation, were confusedly heaped together, they always avoided; for dismal stories were told in that country of the old pits hidden beneath such indications.

The sun was high when they sat down to rest. They had seen no one, near or distant, for a long time; and the solitude remained unbroken.

"It is so still here, Rachael, and the way is so untrodden, that I think we must be the first who have been here all the summer."

As Sissy said it, her eyes were attracted by another of those rotten fragments of fence upon the ground. She got up to look at it.

"And yet I don't know. This has not been broken very long. The wood is quite fresh where it gave way. Here are footsteps, too. Oh! Rachael!"

She ran back, and caught her round the neck. Rachael had already started up.

"What is the matter?"

"I don't know. There is a hat lying in the grass."

They went forward together. Rachael took it up, shaking from head to foot. She broke into a passion of tears and lamentations. Stephen Blackpool was written in his own hand on the inside.

"Oh! the poor lad, the poor lad! He has been made away with. He is lying murdered here!"

"Is there—has the hat any blood upon it?" Sissy faltered.

They were afraid to look; but they did examine it, and found no mark of violence, inside or out. It had been lying there some days, for rain and dew had stained it, and the mark of its shape was on the grass where it had fallen. They looked fearfully about them, without moving, but could see nothing more.

"Rachael," Sissy whispered, "I will go on a little by myself."

She had unclasped her hand, and was in the act of stepping forward, when Rachael caught her in both arms with a scream that re-

sounded over the wide landscape. Before them, at their very feet, was the brink of a black, ragged chasm, hidden by the thick grass. They sprang back, and fell upon their knees, each hiding her face upon the other's neck.

"Oh! my good God! He's down there! Down there!"

At first, this, and her terrific screams, were all that could be got from Rachael, by any tears, by any prayers, by any representations, by any means. It was impossible to hush her; and it was deadly necessary to hold her, or she would have flung herself down the shaft.

"Rachael, dear Rachael, good Rachael, for the love of Heaven, not these dreadful cries! Think of Stephen, think of Stephen, think of Stephen!"

By an earnest repetition of this entreaty, poured out in all the agony of such a moment, Sissy at last brought her to be silent, and to look at her with a tearless face of stone.

"Rachael, Stephen may be living. You wouldn't leave him lying maimed at the bottom of this dreadful place, a moment, if you could bring help to him?"

"No, no, no!"

"Don't stir from here, for his sake! Let me go and listen."

She shuddered to approach the pit; but she crept towards it on her hands and knees, and called to him as loud as she could call. She listened, but no sound replied. She called again and listened; still no answering sound. She did this, twenty, thirty, times. She took a clod of earth from the broken ground where he had stumbled, and threw it in. She could not hear it fall.

The wide prospect, so beautiful in its stillness, but a few minutes ago, almost carried despair to her brave heart, as she rose and looked all round her, seeing no help.

"Rachael, we must lose not a moment. We must go in different directions, seeking aid. You shall go by the way we have come, and I will go forward by the path. Tell any one you see, and every one, what has happened. Think of Stephen, think of Stephen!"

She knew by Rachael's face that she might trust her now. After standing for a moment to see her running, wringing her hands as she ran, she turned and went upon her own search. She stopped at the hedge to tie her

shawl there as a guide to the place, then threw her bonnet aside, and ran as she had never run before.

"Run, Sissy, run, in Heaven's name! Don't stop for breath. Run, run!"

Quickening herself by carrying such entreaties in her thoughts, she ran from field to field, and lane to lane, and place to place, as she had never run before, until she came to a shed by an engine-house, where two men lay in the shade, asleep on straw.

First to wake them, and next to tell them, all so wild and breathless as she was, what had brought her there, were difficulties; but they no sooner understood her than their spirits were on fire like hers. One of the men was in a drunken slumber, but on his comrade's shouting to him that a man had fallen down the Old Hell Shaft, he started out to a pool of dirty water, put his head in it, and came back sober.

With these two men she ran to another half a-mile further, and with that one to another, while they ran elsewhere. Then a horse was found; and she got another man to ride for life or death to the railroad, and send a message to Louisa, which she wrote and gave him. By this time a whole village was up; and windlasses, ropes, poles, buckets, candles, lanterns, all things necessary, were fast collecting and being brought into one place, to be carried to the Old Hell Shaft.

It seemed now hours and hours since she had left the lost man lying in the grave where he had been buried alive. She could not bear to remain away from it any longer—it was like deserting him—and she hurried swiftly back, accompanied by half-a-dozen laborers, including the drunken man whom the news had sobered, and who was the best man of all. When they came to the Old Hell Shaft, they found it as lonely as she had left it. The men called and listened as she had done, and examined the edge of the chasm, and settled how it had happened, and then sat down to wait until the implements they wanted should come up.

Every sound of insects in the air, every stirring of the leaves, every whisper among these men, made Sissy tremble, for she thought it was a cry at the bottom of the pit. But the wind blew idly over it, and no sound arose to the surface, and they sat upon the grass,

waiting and waiting. After they had waited some time, straggling people who had heard of the accident began to come up; then the real help of implements began to arrive. In the midst of this, Rachael returned; and with her party there was a surgeon, who brought some wine and medicines. But the expectation among the people that the man would be found alive, was very slight indeed.

There being now people enough present, to impede the work, the sobered man put himself at the head of the rest, or was put there by the general consent, and made a large ring round the Old Hell Shaft, and appointed men to keep it. Besides such volunteers as were accepted to work, only Sissy and Rachael were at first permitted within this ring; but later in the day, when the message brought an express from Coketown, Mr. Gradgrind and Louisa, and Mr. Bunderby and the whelp, were also there.

The sun was four hours lower than when Sissy and Rachael had first sat down upon the grass, before a means of enabling two men to descend securely was rigged with poles and ropes. Difficulties had arisen in the construction of this machine, simple as it was; requisites had been found wanting, and messages had to go and return. It was five o'clock in the afternoon of the bright autumnal Sunday, before a candle was sent down to try the air, while three or four rough faces stood crowded close together, attentively watching it; the men at the windlass lowering as they were told. The candle was brought up again, feebly burning, and then some water was cast in. Then the bucket was hooked on; and the sobered man and another got in with lights, giving the word "Lower away!"

As the rope went out, tight and strained, and the windlass creaked, there was not a breath among the one or two hundred men and women looking on, that came as it was wont to come. The signal was given and the windlass stopped, with abundant rope to spare. Apparently so long an interval ensued with the men at the windlass standing idle, that some women shrieked that another accident had happened! But the surgeon who held the watch, declared five minutes not to have elapsed yet, and sternly admonished them to keep silence. He had not well done speaking, when the windlass was reversed and worked again.

Practised eyes knew that it did not go as heavily as if it would if both workmen had been coming up, and that only one was returning.

The rope came in tight and strained; and ring after ring was coiled upon the barrel of the windlass, and all eyes were fastened upon the pit. The sobered man was brought up, and leaped out briskly on the grass. There was an universal cry of "Alive or dead?" and then, a deep, profound hush.

When he said "Alive!" a great shout arose, and many eyes had tears in them.

"But he's hurt very bad," he added, as soon as he could make himself heard again. "Where's doctor? He's hurt so very bad, sir, that we donno how to get him up."

They all consulted together, and looked anxiously at the surgeon as he asked some questions, and shook his head on receiving the replies. The sun was setting now: and the red light in the evening sky touched every face there, and caused it to be distinctly seen in all its wrapt suspense.

The consultation ended in the men returning to the windlass, and the pitman going down again, carrying the wine and some other small matters with him. Then the other man came up. In the meantime, under the surgeon's directions, some men brought a hurdle, on which others made a thick bed of spare clothes covered with loose straw, while he himself contrived some bandages and slings from shawls and handkerchiefs. As these were made they were hung upon an arm of the pitman who had last come up, with instructions how to use them; and as he stood, shown by the light he carried, leaning his powerful loose hand upon one of the poles, and sometimes glancing down the pit, and sometimes glancing round upon the people, he was not the least conspicuous figure in the scene. It was dark now, and torches were kindled.

It appeared from the little this man said to those about him, which was quickly repeated all over the circle, that the lost man had fallen upon a mass of crumbled rubbish with which the pit was half choked up, and that his fall had been further broken by some jagged earth at the side. He lay upon his back, with one arm doubled under him, and according to his own belief had hardly stirred since he fell, except that he had moved his free hand to a side

pocket, in which he remembered to have some bread and meat (of which he had swallowed crumbs), and had likewise scooped up a little water in it now and then. He had come straight away from his work, on being written to, and had walked the whole journey; and was on his way to Mr. Bounderby's country-house after dark, when he fell. He was crossing that dangerous country at such a dangerous time, because he was innocent of what was laid to his charge, and couldn't rest from coming the nearest way to deliver himself up. The Old Hell Shaft, the pitman said, with a curse upon it, was worthy of its bad name to the last; for though Stephen could speak now, he believed it would soon be found to have mangled the life out of him.

When all was ready, this man, still taking his last hurried charges from his comrades and the surgeon after the windlass had begun to lower him, disappeared into the pit. The rope went out as before, the signal was made as before, and the windlass stopped. No man removed his hand from it now. Every one waited with his grasp set, and his body bent down to the work, ready to reverse and wind in. At length the signal was given, and all the ring leaned forward.

For, now the rope came in, tightened and strained to its utmost as it appeared, and the men turned heavily, and the windlass complained. It was scarcely endurable to look at the rope, and think of its giving way. But ring after ring was coiled upon the barrel of the windlass safely, and the connecting chains appeared, and finally the bucket with the two men holding on at the sides—a sight to make the head swim, and oppress the heart—and tenderly supporting between them, slung and tied within, the figure of a poor, crushed, human creature.

A low murmur of pity went round the throng, and the women wept aloud, as this form, almost without form, was moved very slowly from its iron deliverance, and laid upon the bed of straw. At first none but the surgeon went close to it. He did what he could in its adjustment on the couch, but the best that he could do was to cover it. That gently done, he called to him Rachael and Sissy. And at that time the pale, worn, patient face, was seen looking up at the sky, with the broken right hand lying bare on the outside of

the covering garments, as if waiting to be taken by another hand.

They gave him drink, moistened his face with water, and administered some drops of cordial and wine. Though he lay quite motionless looking up at the sky, he smiled and said, "Rachael."

She stooped down on the grass at his side, and bent over him until her eyes were between him and the sky, for he could not so much as turn them to look at her.

"Rachael, my dear."

She took his hand. He smiled again and said, "Don't let 't go."

"Thou'rt in great pain, my own dear Stephen?"

"I ha' been, but not now. I ha' been—dreadful, and dree, and long, my dear—but 'tis ower now. Ah, Rachael, aw a muddle! Fro' first to last, a muddle!"

The spectre of his old look seemed to pass as he said the word.

"I ha' fell into th' pit, my dear, as have cost wi' in the knowledge o' old fok now livin hundreds and hundreds o' men's lives—fathers, sons, brothers, dear to thousands an thousands, an keepin 'em fro want and hunger. I ha' fell into a pit that ha' been wi' th' fire-damp crueller than battle. I ha' read on't in the public petition, as onny one may read, fro' the men that works in pits, in which they ha' pray'n and pray'n the law-makers for Christ's sake not to let their work be murder to 'em, but to spare 'em for th' wives and children that they loves as well as gentlefolk loves theirs. When it were in work, it killed wi'out need: when 'tis let alone, it kills wi'out need. See how we die, an no need, one way an another—in a muddle—every day!"

He faintly said it, without any anger against any one. Merely as the truth.

"Thy little sister, Rachael, thou hast not forgot her. Thou'rt not like to forget her now, and me so nigh her. Thou know'st—poor, patient, sufferin dear—how thou did'st work for her, seet'n all day long in her little chair at thy winder, and she died, young and misshapen, awlung o' sickly air as had'n no need to be, an awlung o' working people's miserable homes. A muddle! Aw a muddle!"

Louisa approached him; but he could not see her, lying with his face turned up to the night sky.

"If aw th' things that tooches us, my dear, was not so muddled, I should'n ha had'n need to coom heer. If we was not in a muddle among ourseln, I shouldn ha' been by my own fellow-weavers and workin brothers, so mistook. If Mr. Bounderby had ever knowd me right—if he'd ever know'd me at aw—he would'n na' took'n offence wi' me. He would'n' ha' suspect'n' me. But look up yonder, Rachael! Look abooove!"

Following his eyes, she saw that he was gazing at a star.

"It ha' shined upon me," he said reverently, "in my pain and trouble down below. It ha' shined into my mind. I ha' look at 't an thowt o' thee, Rachel, till the muddle in my mind have cleared awa' above a bit, I hope. If soom ha' been wantin in unnerstanin me better, I, too, ha' been wantin' in unnerstanin them better. When I got thy letter, I easily believe that what the young lady sen an done to me, an what her brother sen an done to me was one, an that there were a wicked plot betwixt 'em. When I fell, I were in anger wi' her, an hurryin on t' be as onjust to her as others was t' me. But in our judgments, like as in our doins, we mun bear and forbear. In my pain an trouble lookin up yonder,—wi' it shinin on me—I ha' seen more clear, and ha' made it my dyin prayer that aw th' world may on'y come toogether more, and get a better unnerstanin o' one another, than when I were in 't my own weak seln."

Louisa hearing what he said, bent over him on the opposite side to Rachael, so that he could see her.

"You ha' heard?" he said after a few moments' silence. "I ha' not forgot yo, ledy."

"Yes, Stephen, I have heard you. And your prayer is mine."

"You ha' a father. Will yo tak a message to him?"

"He is here," said Louisa, with dread. "Shall I bring him to you?"

"If yo please."

Louisa returned with her father. Standing hand-in-hand, they both looked down upon the solemn countenance.

"Sir, yo will clear me an mak my name good wi' aw men. This I leave to yo."

Mr. Gradgrind was troubled and asked how?

"Sir," was the reply; "yor son will tell yo

how. Ask him. I mak no charges; I leave none abint me: not a single word. I ha' seen an spok'n wi' yor son, one night. I ask no more o' yo than that yo clear me—an I trust to yo to do't."

The bearers being now ready to carry him away, and the surgeon being anxious for his removal, those who had torches or lanterns, prepared to go in front of the litter. Before it was raised, and while they were arranging how to go, he said to Rachael, looking upward at the star:

"Often as I coom to myseln, and found it shinin on me down there in my trouble, I thowt it were the star as guided to Our Saviour's home. I awmust think it be the very star!"

They lifted him up, and he was overjoyed to find that they were about to take him in the direction whither the star seemed to him to lead.

"Rachael, beloved lass! Don't let go my hand. We may walk toogether t'-night, my dear!"

"I will hold thy hand, and keep beside thee, Stephen, all the way."

"Bless thee! Will soombody be pleased to coover my face!"

They carried him very gently along the fields, and down the lanes, and over the wide landscape; Rachael always holding the hand in hers. Very few whispers broke the mournful silence. It was soon a funeral procession. The star had shown him where to find the God of the poor; and through humility, and sorrow, and forgiveness, he had gone to his Redeemer's rest.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Before the ring formed round the Old Hell Shaft was broken, one figure had disappeared from within it. Mr. Bounderby and his shadow had not stood near Louisa, who held her father's arm, but in a retired place by themselves. When Mr. Gradgrind was summoned to the couch, Sissy, attentive to all that happened, slipped behind that wicked shadow—a sight in the horror of his face, if there had been eyes there for any sight but one—and whispered in his ear. Without turning his head, he conferred with her a few moments, and vanished. Thus the whelp had gone out of the circle before the people moved.

When the father reached home he sent a message to Mr. Bounderby's, desiring his son to come to him directly. The reply was, that Mr. Bounderby having missed him in the crowd, and seen nothing of him since, had supposed him to be at Stone Lodge.

"I believe, father," said Louisa, "he will not come back to town to-night." Mr. Gradgrind turned away and said no more.

In the morning, he went down to the Bank himself as soon as it was opened, and seeing his son's place empty (he had not the courage to look in at first) went back along the street to meet Mr. Bounderby on his way there. To whom he said that, for reasons he would soon explain, but entreated not then to be asked for, he had found it necessary to employ his son at a distance for a little while. Also, that he was charged with the duty of vindicating Stephen Blackpool's memory, and declaring the thief. Mr. Bounderby, quite confounded, stood stock still in the street after his father-in-law had left him, swelling like an immense soap-bubble, without its beauty.

Mr. Gradgrind went home, locked himself in his room, and kept it all that day. When Sissy and Louisa tapped at his door, he said, without opening it, "Not now, my dears; in the evening." On their return in the evening, he said; "I am not able yet—to-morrow." He ate nothing all day, and had no candle after dark; and they heard him walking to and fro late at night.

But, in the morning he appeared at breakfast at the usual hour, and took his usual place at the table. Aged and bent he looked, and quite bowed down; and yet he looked a wiser man, and a better man, than in the days when in this life he wanted nothing but Facts. Before he left the room, he appointed a time for them to come to him; and so, with his gray head drooping, went away.

"Dear father," said Louisa, when they kept their appointment, "you have three young children left. They will be different, I will be different yet, with Heaven's help."

She gave her hand to Sissy, as if she meant with her help too.

"Your wretched brother," said Mr. Gradgrind. "Do you think he had planned this robbery, when he went with you to the lodging?"

"I fear so, father. I know he had wanted

money very much, and had spent a great deal."

"The poor man being about to leave the town, it came into his evil brain to cast suspicion on him?"

"I think it must have flashed upon him while he sat there, father. For, I asked him to go there with me. The visit did not originate with him."

"He had some conversation with the poor man. Did he take him aside?"

"He took him out of the room. I asked him afterwards why he had done so, and he made a plausible excuse; but, since last night, father, and when I remember the circumstances by its light, I am afraid I can imagine too truly what passed between them."

"Let me know," said her father, "if your thoughts present your guilty brother in the same dark view as mine."

"I fear, father," hesitated Louisa, "that he must have made some representation to Stephen Blackpool—perhaps in my name, perhaps in his own—which induced him to do in good faith and honesty, what he had never done before, and to wait about the Bank those two or three nights before he left the town."

"Too plain!" returned the father. "Too plain!"

He shaded his face, and remained silent for some moments. Recovering himself, he said:

"And now, how is he to be found? How is he to be saved from justice? In the few hours that I can possibly allow to elapse before I publish the truth, how is he to be found by us, and only by us? Ten thousand-pounds could not effect it."

"Sissy has effected it, father."

He raised his eyes to where she stood, like a good fairy in his house, and said in a tone of softened gratitude and grateful kindness, "It is always you, my child!"

"We had our fears," Sissy explained, glancing at Louisa, "before yesterday; and when I saw you brought to the side of the litter last night, and heard what passed (being close to Rachael all the time), I went to him when no one saw, and said to him, 'Don't look at me. See where your father is. Escape at once for his sake and your own!'" He was in a tremble before I whispered to him, and he started and trembled more then, and said, 'Where can I go? I have very little money,

and I don't know who will hide me!' I thought of father's old circus. I have not forgotten where Mr. Sleary goes at this time of year, and I read of him in a paper only the other day. I told him to hurry there, and tell his name, and ask Mr. Sleary to hide him till I came. 'I'll get to him before the morning,' he said. And I saw him shrink away among the people."

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed his father. "He may be got abroad yet."

It was the more hopeful, as the town to which Sissy had directed him was within three hours' journey of Liverpool, whence he could be swiftly dispatched to any part of the world. But, caution being necessary in communicating with him—for there was a greater danger every moment of his being suspected now, and nobody could be sure at heart but that Mr. Bounderby himself, in a bullying vein of public zeal, might play a Roman part—it was consented that Sissy and Louisa should repair to the place in question, by a circuitous course, alone; and that the unhappy father, setting forth in an opposite direction, should get round to the same bourne by another and wider route. It was further agreed that he should not present himself to Mr. Sleary, lest his intentions should be mistrusted, or the intelligence of his arrival should cause his son to take flight anew; but, that the communication should be left to Sissy and Louisa to open; and that they should inform the cause of so much misery and disgrace, of his father's being at hand, and of the purpose for which they had come. When these arrangements had been well considered and were fully understood by all three, it was time to begin to carry them into execution. Early in the afternoon, Mr. Gradgrind walked direct from his own house into the country, to be taken up on the line by which he was to travel; and at night the remaining two set forth upon their different course, encouraged by not seeing any face they knew.

The two travelled all night, except when they were left, for odd numbers of minutes, at branch-places up illimitable flights of steps, or down wells—which was the only variety of those branches—and, early in the morning, were turned out on a swamp, a mile or two from the town they sought. From this dismal spot they were rescued by a savage old postil-

ion, who happened to be up early, kicking a horse in a fly; and so were smuggled into the town by all the back lanes where the pigs lived; which, although not a magnificent or even savory approach, was, as is usual in such cases, the legitimate highway.

The first thing they saw on entering the town was the skeleton of Sleary's Circus. The company had departed for another town more than twenty miles off, and had opened there last night. The connection between the two places was by a hilly turnpike-road, and the travelling on that road was very slow. Though they took but a hasty breakfast, and no rest (which it would have been in vain to seek under such anxious circumstances), it was noon before they began to find the bills of Sleary's Horseriding on barns, and walls, and one o'clock when they stopped in the market-place.

A Grand Morning Performance by the Riders, commencing at that very hour, was in course of announcement by the bellman as they set their feet upon the stones of the street. Sissy recommended that, to avoid making inquiries and attracting attention in the town, they should present themselves to pay at the door. If Mr. Sleary were taking the money, he would be sure to know her, and would proceed with discretion. If he were not, he would be sure to see them inside; and, knowing what he had done with the fugitive, would proceed with discretion still.

Therefore they repaired with fluttering hearts to the well remembered booth. The flag with the inscription SLEARY'S HORSE-LIDING, was there; and the Gothic niche was there; but Mr. Sleary was not there. Master Kidderminster, grown too maturely turfy to be received by the wildest credulity as Cupid any more, had yielded to the invincible force of circumstances (and his beard), and, in the capacity of a man who made himself generally useful, presided on this occasion over the exchequer—having also a drum in reserve, on which to expend his leisure moments and superfluous forces. In the extreme sharpness of his look-out for base coin, Mr. Kidderminster, as at present situated, never saw anything but money; so Sissy passed him unrecognized, and they went in.

The Emperor of Japan, on a steady old white horse stencilled with black spots, was twirling five wash-basin basins at once, as it

is the favorite recreation of that monarch to do. Sissy, though well acquainted with his Royal line, had no personal knowledge of the present Emperor, and his reign was peaceful. Miss Josephine Sleary in her celebrated graceful Equestrian Tyrolean Flower-Act, was then announced by a new clown (who humorously said Cauliflower Act), and Mr. Sleary appeared leading her in.

Mr. Sleary had only made one cut at the Clown with his long whip-lash, and the Clown had only said, "If you do it again, I'll throw the horse at you!" when Sissy was recognized both by father and daughter. But they got through the Act with great self-possession; and Mr. Sleary, saving for the first instant, conveyed no more expression into his locomotive eye than into his fixed one. The performance seemed a little long to Sissy and Louisa, particularly when it stopped to afford the Clown an opportunity of telling Mr. Sleary (who said "Indeed, sir!" to all his observations in the calmest way, and with his eye on the house), about two legs sitting on three legs looking at one leg, when in came four legs and laid hold of one leg, and up got two legs, caught hold of three legs, and threw them at four legs, who ran away with one leg. For, although an ingenious Allegory relating to a butcher, a three-legged stool, a dog, and a leg of mutton, this narrative consumed time, and they were in great suspense. At last, however, little fair-haired Josephine made her curtsy amid great applause; and the Clown, left in the ring, had just warmed himself, alone and said, "Now I'll have a turn!" when Sissy was touched on the shoulder, and beckoned out.

She took Louisa with her; and they were received by Mr. Sleary in a very little private apartment, with canvas sides, a grass floor, and a wooden ceiling all aslant, on which the box company stamped their approbation as if they were coming through. "Thethilia," said Mr. Sleary, who had brandy and water at hand, "it doth me good to thee you. You wath alwayth a favorite with uth, and you've done uth credit thinh the old timth I'm thure. You mutht thee our people, my dear, afore we thpeak of bithnith, or they'll break their hearth—ethpethially the women. Here'th Jothphine hath been and got married to E. W. B. Childerth, and thee hath got a boy, and

though he'th only three yearth old, he thicketh on to any pony you can bring againht him. He'th named the Little Wonder of Theolathic Equitation; and if you don't hear of that boy at Athley'th, you'll hear of him at Parith. And you recollect Kidderminther, that wath thought to be rather tweet upon yourthelf? Well. He'th married too. Married a widder. Old enough to be hith mother. Thee wath Tight-rope, thee wath, and now thee'th nothing—on account of fat. They've got two children, tho we're throng in the Fairy bithnith and the Nurthery dodge. If you wath to thee our Children in the Wood, with their father and mother both a dyin' on a horthe—their uncle a rethieving of 'em ath bith wardth, upon a horthe—themethelvtth both a goin' a black-berryin' on a horthe—and the Robinth a coming in to cover 'em with leavth, upon a horthe—you'd thay it wath the completeth thing ath ever you thet your eyeth on! And you remember Emma Gordon, my dear, ath wath a'mout a mother to you? Of courthe you do; I needn't athk. Well! Emma, thee loht her huthband. He wath throw'd a heavy back-fall off a Elephant in a thort of a Pagoda thing ath the Thultan of the Indieth, and he never got the better of it; and thee married a thecond time—married a Cheethemonger ath fell in love with her from the front—and he'th a Overtheer and makin' a fortun!"

These various changes, Mr. Sleary, very short of breath now, related with great heartiness, and with a wonderful kind of innocence, considering what a bleary and brandy-and-watery old veteran he was. Afterwards he brought in Josephine, and E. W. B. Childers (rather deeply lined in the jaws by daylight), and the Little Wonder of Scholastic Equitation, and, in a word, all the company. Amazing creatures they were in Louisa's eyes, so white and pink of complexion, so scant of dress, and so demonstrative of leg; but it was very agreeable to see them crowding about Sissy, and very natural in Sissy to be unable to refrain from tears.

"There! Now Thethilia hath kitthd all the children, and huggd all the women, and thaken handth all round with all the men, clear every one of you, and ring in the band for the thecond part!" said Sleary.

As soon as they were gone, he continued in a low tone. "Now, Thithilia, I don't athk to

know any thecreth, but I thuppothe I may conthider thith to be Mith Thquire?"

"This is his sister. Yes."

"And t'other one'th daughter. That'h what I mean. Hope I thee you well, mith. And I hope the Thquire'th well?"

"My father will be here soon," said Louisa, anxious to bring him to the point. "Is my brother safe?"

"Thafe and thound!" he replied. "I want you juth to take a peep at the Ring, mith, through here. Thethilia, you know the dodgeth; find a thpy-hole for yourthelf."

They each looked through a chink in the boards.

"That'h Jack the Giant Killer—piethe of comic infant bithnith," said Sleary. "There'th a property-houthe, you thes, for Jack to hide in; there'th my Clown with a thauthepan-lid and a thpit, for Jack'th thervant; there'th little Jack himthelf in a thplen-did thoot of armor; there'th two comic black thervanth twithe ath big ath the houthe, to thand by it, and to bring it in and clear it; and the Giant (a very expentive bathket one) he an't on yet. Now, do you thes 'em all?"

"Yes," they both said.

"Look at 'em again," said Sleary, "look at 'em well. You thes 'em all? Very good. Now, mith;" he put a form for them to sit on; "I have my opinionth, and the Thquire, your father, hath hith. I don't want to know what your brother'th been up to; ith better for me not to know. All I thay ith, the Thquire hath ththood by Thethilia, and I'll ththand by the Thquire. Your brother ith one o' them black thervanth."

Louisa uttered an exclamation, partly of distress, partly of satisfaction.

"Ith a fact," said Sleary, "and even knowin it, you couldn't put your finger on him. Let the Thquire come. I thall keep your brother here after the performanth. I thant undreth him, nor yeth wath hith paint off. Let the Thquire come here after the performanth, or come here yourthelf after the performanth, and you thall find your brother, and have the whole plathe to talk to him in. Never mind the lookth 'of him, ath long ath he'th well hid."

Louisa with many thanks and with a lightened load, detained Mr. Sleary no longer then. She left her love for her brother, with her eyes

full of tears, and she and Sissy went away until late in the afternoon.

Mr. Gradgrind arrived within an hour afterwards. He too had encountered no one whom he knew; and was now sanguine, with Sleary's assistance, of getting his disgraced son to Liverpool in the night. As neither of the three could be his companion without almost identifying him under any disguise, he prepared a letter to a correspondent whom he could trust, beseeching him to ship the bearer off, at any cost, to North or South America, or any distant part of the world to which he could be the most speedily and privately dispatched. This done, they walked about, waiting for the Circus to be quite vacated; not only by the audience, but by the company and by the horses. After watching it a long time, they saw Mr. Sleary bring out a chair and sit down by the side-door, smoking; as if that were his signal that they might approach.

"Your thervant, Thquire," was his cautious salutation as they passed in. "If you want me you'll find me here. You muthn't mind your thon having a comic livery on."

They all three went in; and Mr. Gradgrind sat down, forlorn, on the Clown's performing chair in the middle of the ring. On one of the back benches, remote in the subdued light and the strangeness of the place, sat the villainous whelp, sulky to the last, whom he had the misery to call his son.

In a preposterous coat, like a beadle's, with cuffs and flaps exaggerated to an unspeakable extent; in an immense waistcoat, knee-breeches, buckled shoes, and a mad cocked hat; with nothing fitting him, and everything of coarse material, moth-eaten, and full of holes; with seams in his black face, where fear and heat had started through the greasy composition daubed all over it; anything so grimly, detestably, ridiculously shameful as the whelp in his comic livery, Mr. Gradgrind never could by any other means have believed in, weighable and measurable fact though it was. And one of his model children had come to this!

At first the whelp would not draw any nearer, but persisted in remaining up there by himself. Yielding at length, if any concession so sullenly made can be called yielding, to the entreaties of Sissy—for Louisa he disowned altogether—he came down, bench by bench, until he stood in the sawdust, on the verge of the

circle, as far as possible, within its limits from where his father sat.

"How was this done?" asked the father.

"How was what done?" moodily answered the son.

"This robbery," said the father, raising his voice upon the word.

"I forced the safe myself over night, and shut it up ajar before I went away. I had had the key that was found, made long before. I dropped it that morning, that it might be supposed to have been used. I didn't take the money all at once. I pretended to put my balance away every night, but I didn't. Now you know all about it."

"If a thunderbolt had fallen on me," said the father, "it would have shocked me less than this!"

"I don't see why," grumbled the son. "So many people are employed in situations of trust: so many people, out of so many, will be dishonest. I have heard you talk, a hundred times, of its being a law. How can I help laws? You have comforted others with such things, father. Comfort yourself!"

The father buried his face in his hands, and the son stood in his disgraceful grotesqueness, biting straw; his hands, with the black partly worn away inside, looking like the hands of a monkey. The evening was fast closing in; and, from time to time, he turned the whites of his eyes restlessly and impatiently towards his father. They were the only parts of his face that showed any life or expression, the pigment upon it was so thick.

"You must be got to Liverpool, and sent abroad."

"I suppose I must. I can't me more miserable anywhere," whimpered the whelp, "than I have been here, ever since I can remember. That's one thing."

Mr. Gradgrind went to the door, and returned with Sleary, to whom he submitted the question, How to get this deplorable object away?

"Why, I've been thinking of it, Thquire. There'th not muth time to lothe, tho you mutht thay yeth or no. Ith over twenty mileth to the rail. Thereth a coath in half an hour, that goeth to the rail, purpothe to cath the mail train. That train will take him right to Liverpool."

"But look at him," groaned Mr. Gradgrind. "Will any coach—"

"I don't mean that he should go in the comic livery," said Sleary. "Thay the word, and I'll make a Jothkin of him, out of the wardrobe, in five minutes."

"I don't understand," said Mr. Gradgrind.

"A Jothkin—a Carter. Make up your mind quick, Thquire. There'll be beer to feth. I've never met with nothing but beer ath'll ever clean a comic blackamoor."

Mr. Gradgrind rapidly assented; Mr. Sleary rapidly turned out from a box, a smock frock, a felt hat, and other essentials; the whelp rapidly changed clothes behind a screen of baize; Mr. Sleary rapidly brought beer, and washed him white again.

"Now," said Sleary, "come along to the coath, and jump up behind; I'll go with you there, and they'll thuppothe you one of my people. Thay farewell to your family, and tharp'th the word!"

With which he delicately retired.

"Here is your letter," said Mr. Gradgrind. "All necessary means will be provided for you. Atone, by repentance and better conduct, for the shocking action you have committed, and the dreadful consequences to which it has led. Give me your hand, my poor boy, and may God forgive you as I do!"

The culprit was moved to a few abject tears by these words and their pathetic tone. But, when Louisia opened her arms, he repulsed her afresh.

"Not you. I don't want to have anything to say to you!"

"Oh, Tom, Tom, do we end so, after all my love?"

"After all your love!" he returned, obdurately. "Pretty love! Leaving old Bounderby to himself, and packing my best friend Mr. Harthouse off, and going home, just when I was in the greatest danger. Pretty love that! Coming out with every word about our having gone to that place, when you saw the net was gathering round me. Pretty love that! You have regularly given me up. You never cared for me."

"Tharp'th the word!" said Sleary, at the door.

They all confusedly went out; Louisa crying to him that she forgave him, and loved him still, and that he would one day be sorry to

have left her so, and glad to think of these her last words, far away; when some one ran against them.

Mr. Gradgrind and Sissy, who were both before him, while his sister yet clung to his shoulder, stopped and recoiled.

For, there was Bitzer, out of breath, his thin lips parted, his thin nostrils distended, his white eyelashes quivering, his colorless face more colorless than ever, as if he ran himself into a white heat, when other people ran themselves into a glow. There he stood, panting and heaving, as if he had never stopped since the night, now along ago, when he had run them down before.

"I'm sorry to interfere with your plans," said Bitzer, shaking his head, "but I can't allow myself to be done by horseriders. I must have young Mr. Tom; he mustn't be got away by horseriders; here he is in a smock frock, and I must have him!"

By the collar, too, it seemed. For, so he took possession of him.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

They went back into the booth, Sleary shutting the door to keep intruders out. Bitzer, still holding the paralysed culprit by the collar, stood in the Ring, blinking at his old patron through the darkness of the twilight.

"Bitzer," said Mr. Gradgrind, broken down and miserably submissive to him, "have you a heart?"

"The circulation, sir," returned Bitzer, smiling at the oddity of the question, "couldn't be carried on without one. No man, sir, acquainted with the facts established by Harvey relating to the circulation of the blood, can doubt that I have a heart."

"Is it accessible," cried Mr. Gradgrind, "to any compassionate influence?"

"It is accessible to Reason, sir," returned the excellent young man. "And to nothing else."

They stood looking at each other; Mr. Gradgrind's face as white as the pursuer's.

"What motive—even what motive in reason—can you have for preventing the escape of this wretched youth," said Mr. Gradgrind, "and crushing his miserable father? See his sister here. Pity us!"

"Sir," returned Bitzer, in a very business-like and logical manner, "since you ask me

what motive I have in reason, for taking young Mr. Tom back to Coketown, it is only reasonable to let you know. I have suspected young Mr. Tom of this bank robbery from the first. I had had my eye upon him before that time, for I knew his ways. I have kept my observations to myself, but I have made them; and I have got ample proofs against him now, besides his running away, and besides his own confession, which I was just in time to overhear. I had the pleasure of watching your house yesterday morning, and following you here. I am going to take young Mr. Tom back to Coketown, in order to deliver him over to Mr. Bounderby. Sir, I have no doubt whatever that Mr. Bounderby will then promote me to young Mr. Tom's situation. And I wish to have his situation, sir, for it will be a rise to me and will do me good."

"If this is solely a question of self-interest with you——" Mr. Gradgrind began.

"I beg your pardon for interrupting you, sir," returned Bitzer; "but I am sure you know that the whole social system is a question of self-interest. What you must always appeal to, is a person's self-interest. It's your only hold. We are so constituted. I was brought up in that catechism when I was very young, sir, as you are aware."

"What sum of money," said Mr. Gradgrind, "will you set against your expected promotion?"

"Thank you, sir," returned Bitzer, "for hinting at the proposal; but I will not set any sum against it. Knowing that your clear head propose that alternative, I have gone over the calculations in my mind; and I find that to compound a felony, even on very high terms indeed, would not be as safe and good for me as my improved prospects in the Bank."

"Bitzer," said Mr. Gradgrind, stretching out his hands as though he would have said, See how miserable I am! "Bitzer, I have but one chance left to soften you. You were many years at my school. If, in remembrance of the pains bestowed upon you there, you can persuade yourself in any degree to disregard your present interest and release my son, I entreat and pray you to give him the benefit of that remembrance."

"I really wonder, sir," rejoined the old pupil in an argumentative manner, "to find you taking a position so untenable. My school-

ing was paid for: it was a bargain; and when I came away, the bargain ended."

It was a fundamental principle of the Gradgrind philosophy, that everything was to be paid for. Nobody was ever on any account to give anybody anything, or render anybody help without purchase. Gratitude was to be abolished, and the virtues springing from it were not to be. Every inch of the whole existence of mankind, from birth to death, was to be a bargain across a counter. And if we didn't get to Heaven that way, it was not a politico-economical place, and we had no business there.

"I don't deny," added Bitzer, "that my schooling was cheap. But that comes right, sir. I was made in the cheapest market, and have to dispose of myself in the dearest." •

He was a little troubled here, by Louisa and Sissy crying.

"Pray don't do that," said he, "it's of no use doing that; it only worries. You seem to think that I have some animosity against young Mr. Tom; whereas I have none at all. I am only going on the reasonable grounds I have mentioned, to take him back to Coketown. If he was to resist, I should set up the cry of Scop Thief! But, he won't resist, you may depend upon it."

Mr. Sleary, who, with his mouth open and his rolling eye as immovably jammed in his head as his fixed one, had listened to these doctrines with profound attention, here stepped forward.

"Thquire, you know perfectly well, and your daughter knowth perfectly well (better than you, becaushe I thed it to her,) that I didn't know what your thon had done, and that I didn't want to know—I thed it wath better not, though I only thought, then, it wath thome thkylarking. However, thith young man having made it known to be a robbery of a bank, why, that'h a theriouth thing; muth too theriouth a thing for me to compound, ath thith young man hath very properly called it. Conthequently, Thquire, you muth'nt quarrel with me if I take thith young man'th thide, and thay he'th right and there'th no help for it. But I tell you what I'll do, Thquire, I'll drive your thon and thith young man over to the rail, and prevent expothure bere. I can't content to do more, but I'll do that."

Fresh lamentations from Louisa, and deeper

affliction on Mr. Gradgrind's part, followed this desertion of them by their last friend. But, Sissy glanced at him with great attention: nor did she in her own breast misunderstand him. As they were all going out again, he favored her with one slight roll of his movable eye, desiring her to linger behind. As he locked the door, he said excitedly:

"The Thquire thtood by you, Thethilia, and I'll thtand by the Thquire. More than that, thith ith a prethiouth rathecal and belongth to that bluthtering Cove that my people nearly pitht out o' winder. It'll be a dark night; I've got a horthie that'll do anything but thpeak; I've got a pony that'll go fifteen mile an hour with Childreth driving of him; I've got a dog that'll keep a man to one plathe four-and-twenty houthr. Get a word with the young Thquire. Tell him, when he theeth our horthie begin to danthe, not to be afraid of being thpilt, but to look out for a pony-gig coming up. Tell him when he theeth that gig clothe by, to jump down, and it'll take him off at a rattling pathe. If my dog leth thith young man thtir a peg on foot, I give him leave to go. And if my horthie ever ththirth from that thpot where he beginth a danthing, till the morning—I don't know him! Tharp'th the word!"

The word was so sharp, that in ten minutes Mr. Childers, sauntering about the market place in a pair of slippers, had his cue, and Mr. Sleary's equipage was ready. It was a fine sight, to behold the learned dog barking round it, and Mr. Sleary instructing him, with his one practicable eye, that Bitzer was the object of his particular attention. Soon after dark they all three got in and started; the learned dog (a formidable creature) already pinning Bitzer with his eye, and sticking close to the wheel on his side, that he might be ready for him in the event of his showing the slightest disposition to alight.

The other three sat up at the inn all night in great suspense. At eight o'clock in the morning Mr. Sleary and the dog re-appeared: both in high spirits.

"All right, Thquire!" said Mr. Sleary, "your thon may be aboard-a-thip by thith time. Childreth took him off an hour and a half after we left here, latht night. The horthie danthed the Polka till he wath dead beat (he would have walthed, if he hadn't been in har-neth,) and then I gave him the word and he

went to thleep comfortable. When that prethiouth young Rathcal thed he'd go for'ard afoot, the dog hung on to hith neckhankercher with all four legth in the air and pulled him down and rolled him over. Tho he come back into the drag, and there he that, 'till I turned the hortheth head, at half-patht thixth thith morning."

Mr. Gradgrind overwhelmed him with thanks, of course; and hinted, as delicately as he could, at a handsome remuneration in money.

"I don't want money mythelf, Thquire; but Childerth ith a family man, and if you wath to like to offer him a five-pound note, it mightn't be unactheptable. Likewithe, if you wath to thtand a collar for the dog, or a thet of belth for the hortheth, I should be very glad to take 'em. Brandy and water I alwayth take." He had already called for a glass, and now called for another. "If you wouldn't think it going too far, Thquire, to make a little thhread for the company at about three and thixth ahead, not reckoning Luth, it would make 'em happy."

All these little tokens of his gratitude, Mr. Gradgrind very willingly undertook to render. Though he thought them far too slight, he said, for such a service.

"Very well, Thquire; then, if you'll only give a Hortheth-riding a bethpeath, whenever you can, you'll more than balantheth the account. Now, Thquire, if your daughter will ethcutheth me, I should like one parting word with you."

Louisa and Sissy withdrew into an adjoining room. Mr. Sleary, stirring and drinking his brandy and water as he stood, went on—

"Thquire, you don't need to be told that dogth ith wonderful animalth."

"Their instinct," said Mr. Gradgrind, "is surprising."

"Whatever you call it—and I'm bletht if I know what to call it"—said Sleary, "it ith athtonithing. The way in with a dog'll find you—the diththanthe he'll come!"

"His scent," said Mr. Gradgrind, "being so fine."

"I'm bletht if I know what to call it," repeated Sleary, shaking his head, "but I have had dogth find me, Thquire, in a way that made me think whether that dog hadn't gone to another dog, and thed, 'You don't happen to

know a perthon of the name of Thleary, do you? Perthon of the name of Thleary, in the Hortheth-Riding way—thtout mau—game eye?' And whether that dog mightn't have thed, 'Well, I can't thay that I know him mythelf, but I know a dog that I think would be likely to be acquainted with him.' And whether that dog mightn't have thought it over, and thed, 'Thleary, Thleary! Oh! yeth, to be thure! A friend of mine menthioned him to me at one time. I can get you hith addreth directly.' In conthequenth of my being afore the public, and going about the muth, you thee, there mutht be a number of dogth acquainted with me, Thquire, that I don't know!"

Mr. Gradgrind seemed to be quite confounded by this speculation.

"Any way," said Sleary, after putting his lips to his brandy and water, "ith fourteen month ago, Thquire, thinthe we wath at Chethter. We wath getting up our Children in the Wood, one morning, when there cometh into our Ring, by the thtgate door, a dog. He had travelled a long way, he wath in very bad condition, he wath lame, and pretty well blind. He went round to our children, one after another, as if he wath a theeking for a child he know'd; and then he come to me, and throwd hithelf up behind, and thtood on hith two fore-legs, weak ath he wath, and then he wagged hith tail and died. Thquire, that dog wath Merrylegth."

"Sissy's father's dog!"

"Thethilia'th father'th old dog. Now, Thquire, I can take my oath, from my knowledge of that dog, that that man wath dead—and buried—afore that dog come back to me. Joth'phine and Childerth and me talked it over a long time, whether I should write or not. But we agreed, 'No. There'th nothing comfortable to tell; why unthettle her mind, and make her unhappy?' Tho, whether her father bathely detherted her; or whether he broke hith own heart alone, rather than pull her down along with him, never will be known, now, Thquire, till—no, not till we know how the dogth findth uth out!"

"She keeps the bottle that he sent her for, to this hour; and she will believe in his affection to the last moment of her life," said Mr. Gradgrind.

"It theemth to prethent two thingth to a

perthon, don't it, Thquire?" said Mr. Sleary, musing as he looked down into the depths of his brandy and water: "one, that there ith a love in the world, not all Thelf-interetht after all, but thomething very different; t'other, that it hath a way of ith own of calculating or not calculating, whith thomehow or another ith at leatht ath hard to give a name to, ath the wayth of the dogth ith!"

Mr. Gradgrind looked out of the window, and made no reply. Mr. Sleary emptied his glass and recalled the ladies.

"Thethilia, my dear, kith me and good bye! Mith Thquire, to thee you treating of her like a thithter, and a thithter that you trutht and honor with all your heart and more, ith a very pretty thight to me. I hope your brother may live to be better detherving of you, and a greater comfort to you. Thquire, thake handth, firht and lath! Don't be croth with uth poor vagabondth. People mutht be amuthed. They can't be alwayth a learning, nor yet they can't be alwayth a working; they ain't made for it. You *mutht* have uth, Thquire. Do the withe thing and the kind thing, too, and make the betht of uth; not the wurth!

"And I never thought before," said Mr. Sleary, putting his head in at the door again to say it, "that I wath the muth of a Cackler!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

It is a dangerous thing to see anything in the sphere of a vain blusterer, before the vain blusterer sees it himself. Mr. Bounderby felt that Mrs. Sparsit had audaciously anticipated him, and presumed to be wiser than he. Inappeasably indignant with her for her triumphant discovery of Mrs. Pegler, he turned this presumption, on the part of a woman in her dependent position, over and over in his mind, until it accumulated with turning like a great snowball. At last, he made the discovery that to discharge this highly-connected female—to have it in his power to say, "She was a woman of family, and wanted to stick to me, but I wouldn't have it, and got rid of her"—would be to get the utmost possible amount of crowning glory out of the connection, and at the same time to punish Mrs. Sparsit according to her deserts.

Filled fuller than ever, with this great idea,

Mr. Bounderby came in to lunch, and sat himself down in the dining-room of former days, where his portrait was. Mrs. Sparsit sat by the fire, with her foot in her cotton stirrup, little thinking whither she was posting.

Since the Pegler affair, this gentlewoman had covered her pity for Mr. Bounderby with a veil of quiet melancholy and contrition. In virtue thereof, it had become her habit to assume a woful look; which woful look she now bestowed upon her patron.

"What's the matter, now, ma'am?" said Mr. Bounderby, in a very short, rough way.

"Pray, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, "do not bite my nose off."

"Bite your nose off, ma'am!" repeated Mr. Bounderby. "*Your* nose!" meaning, as Mrs. Sparsit conceived, that it was too developed a nose for the purpose. After which offensive implication, he cut himself a crust of bread, and threw the knife down with a noise.

Mrs. Sparsit took her foot out of her stirrup, and said—

"Mr. Bounderby, sir!"

"Well, ma'am?" retorted Mr. Bounderby.

"What are you staring at?"

"May I ask, sir," said Mrs. Sparsit, "have you been ruffled this morning?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"May I inquire, sir," pursued the injured woman, "whether I am the unfortunate cause of your having lost your temper?"

"Now, I'll tell you what, ma'am," said Bounderby, "I am not come here to be bullied. A female may be highly connected, but she can't be permitted to bother and badger a man in my position, and I am not going to put up with it." (Mr. Bounderby felt it necessary to get on; foreseeing that if he allowed of details, he would be beaten.)

Mrs. Sparsit first elevated, then knitted, her Coriolanian eyebrows; gathered up her work into its proper basket; and rose.

"Sir," said she, majestically. "It is apparent to me that I am in your way at present. I will retire to my own apartment."

"Allow me to open the door, ma'am."

"Thank you, sir; I can do it for myself."

"You had better allow me, ma'am," said Bounderby, passing her, and getting his hand upon the lock; "because I can take the opportunity of saying a word to you, before you go. Mrs. Sparsit, ma'am, I rather think you are

cramped here, do you know? It appears to me, that, under my humble roof, there's hardly opening enough for a lady of your genius in other people's affairs."

Mrs. Sparsit gave him a look of the darkest scorn, and said with great politeness—

"Really, sir?"

"I have been thinking it over, you see, since the late affairs have happened, ma'am," said Bounderby; "and it appears to my poor judgment—"

"Oh! Pray, sir," Mrs. Sparsit interposed, with sprightly cheerfulness, "don't disparage your judgment. Everybody knows how unerring Mr. Bounderby's judgment is. Everybody has had proofs of it. It must be the theme of general conversation. Disparage anything in yourself but your judgment, sir," said Mrs. Sparsit, laughing.

Mr. Bounderby, very red and uncomfortable, resumed—

"It appears to me, ma'am, I say, that a different sort of establishment altogether would bring out a lady of *your* powers. Such an establishment as your relation, Lady Scadgers', now. Don't you think you might find some affairs there, ma'am, to interfere with?"

"It never occurred to me before, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit; "but now you mention it, I should think it highly probable."

"Then, suppose you try, ma'am," said Bounderby, laying an envelope, with a cheque in it, in her little basket. "You can take your own time for going, ma'am; but, perhaps, in the meanwhile, it will be more agreeable to a lady of your powers of mind to eat her meals by herself, and not to be intruded upon. I really ought to apologise to you—being only Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown—for having stood in your light so long."

"Pray, don't name it, sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit. "If that portrait could speak, sir,—but it has the advantage over the original of not possessing the power of committing itself and disgusting others,—it would testify, that a long period has elapsed since I first habitually addressed it as the picture of a Noodle. Nothing that a Noodle does, can awaken surprise or indignation; the proceedings of a Noodle can only inspire contempt."

Thus saying, Mrs. Sparsit, with her Roman features like a medal struck to commemorate her scorn of Mr. Bounderby, surveyed him

fixedly from head to foot, swept disdainfully past him, and ascended the staircase. Mr. Bounderby closed the door, and stood before the fire; projecting himself after his old explosive manner into his portrait—and into futurity.

Into how much of futurity? He saw Mrs. Sparsit fighting out a daily fight, at the points of all the weapons in the female armory, with the grudging, smarting, peevish, tormenting, Lady Scadgers, still laid up in bed with her mysterious leg, and gobbling her insufficient income down by about the middle of every quarter, in a mean, little, airless, lodging, a mere closet for one, a mere crib for two; but did he see more? Did he catch any glimpse of himself making a show of Bitzer to strangers, as the rising young man, so devoted to his master's great merits, who had won young Tom's place, and had almost captured young Tom himself, in the times when by various rascals he was spirited away? Did he see any faint reflection of his own image making a vain-glorious will, whereby five-and-twenty Humbugs past five-and-fifty years of age, each taking upon himself the name, Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown, should for ever dine in Bounderby Hall, for ever lodge in Bounderby Buildings, for ever attend a Bounderby chapel, for ever go to sleep under a Bounderby chaplain, for ever be supported out of a Bounderby estate, and for ever nauseate all healthy stomachs with a vast amount of Bounderby balderdash and bluster? Had he any prescience of the day, five years to come, when Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown, was to die of a fit in the Coketown street, and this same precious will was to begin its long career of quibble, plunder, false pretences, vile example, little service, and much law? Probably not. Yet the portrait was to see it all out.

Here was Mr. Gradgrind on the same day, and in the same hour, sitting thoughtful in his own room. How much of futurity did *he* see? Did he see himself, a white-haired, decrepid man, bending his hitherto inflexible theories to appointed circumstances; making his facts and figures subservient to Faith, Hope, and Charity; and no longer trying to grind that Heavenly trio in his dusty little mills? Did he catch sight of himself, therefore much despised by his late political associates? Did he see them, in the era of its being quite settled that

the national dustmen have only to do with one another, and owe no duty to an abstraction called a People, "taunting the honorable gentleman" with this and with that and with what not, five nights a-week, until the small hours of the morning? Probably, he had that much fore-knowledge, knowing his men.

Here was Louisa, on the night of the same day, watching the fire as in days of yore, though with a gentler and a humbler face. How much of the future might arise before her vision? Broadsides in the streets, signed with her father's name, exonerating the late Stephen Blackpool, weaver, from misplaced suspicion, and publishing the guilt of his own son, with such extenuation as his years and temptation (he could not bring himself to add, his education) might beseech; were of the Present. So, Stephen Blackpool's tombstone, with her father's record of his death, was almost of the Present, for she knew it was to be. These things she could plainly see. But, how much of the Future?

A working woman, christened Rachael, after a long illness, once again appearing at the ringing of the Factory bell, and passing to and fro at the set hours, among the Coketown Hands; a woman of a pensive beauty, always dressed in black, but sweet-tempered and serene, and even cheerful; who, of all the people in the place, alone appeared to have compassion on a degraded, drunken wretch of her own sex, who was sometimes seen in the town secretly begging of her, and crying to her; a woman working, ever working, but content to do it, and preferring to do it as her natural lot, until she should be too old to labor any more? Did Louisa see this? Such a thing was to be.

A lonely brother, many thousands of miles away, writing, on paper blotted with tears, that her words had too soon come true, and that all the treasures in the world would be cheaply bartered for a sight of her dear face? At length, this brother coming nearer home, with hope of seeing her, and being delayed by illness; and then a letter, in a strange hand, saying, "he died in hospital, of fever, such a day, and died in penitence and love of you: his last word being your name?" Did Louisa see these things? Such things were to be.

Herself again a wife—a mother—lovingly watchful of her children, ever careful that they should have a childhood of the mind no

less than a childhood of the body, as knowing it to be even a more beautiful thing, and a possession, any hoarded scrap of which is a blessing and happiness to the wisest? Did Louisa see this? Such a thing was never to be.

But, happy Sissy's happy children loving her; all children loving her; she grown learned in childish lore; thinking no innocent and pretty fancy ever to be despised; trying hard to know her humbler fellow creatures, and to beautify their lives of machinery and reality, with those imaginative graces and delights, without which the heart of infancy will wither up, the sturdiest physical manhood will be morally stark death, and the plainest national prosperity figures can show, will be the Writing on the Wall—she holding this course as part of no fantastic vow, or bond, or brotherhood, or sisterhood, or pledge, or covenant, or fancy dress or fancy fair; but, simply as a duty to be done—did Louisa see these things of herself? These things were to be.

Dear reader! It rests with you and me, whether, in our two fields of action, similar things shall be or not! Let them be! We shall sit with lighter bosoms on the hearth, to see the ashes of our fires turn gray and cold.

THE END.

FORGOTTEN BLESSINGS.

BY W. CALVERT.

Where are stars—the stars that shone

All through the summer night?

Where are they and their pale queen gone,

As if they feared to be looked upon

By the gaze of the bold daylight?

Gone they are not. In the far blue skies

Their silent ranks they keep;

Unseen by our sun-dazzled eyes,

They wait till the breath of the night wind
sighs,

They come and watch our sleep.

Thus oft it is—the lights that cheer

The night of our distress,

When brighter, gladder hours appear,

Forgotten with our grief and fear,

Wake not our thankfulness.

Yet still, unmindful though we be,

Those lamps of love remain;

And when life's shadows close, and we

Look up some ray of hope to see,

Shall glad our hearts again.

SPEAK THE TRUTH.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Oh! ne'er let falsehood stain thy tongue,
 Nor let thy lips betray
 Thy better reason into wrong,
 But truth's great law obey!
 The way to fortune all inquire,
 But truth's a nobler prize;
 For truth—immortal as its sire—
 Still lives—when fortune dies!
 Then ne'er let falsehood stain thy tongue,
 Nor let thy lips betray
 Thy better reason into wrong,
 But truth's great law obey!
 'Tis truth that bids the bosom glow
 With independent worth;
 It is a joy that angels know,
 And maketh heaven on earth.
 Who first one step from honor took,
 Took one step to disgrace;
 Who keeps the truth—though poor—may
 look
 The whole world in the face!
 Then ne'er let falsehood stain thy tongue,
 Nor let thy lips betray
 Thy better reason into wrong,
 But truth's great law obey!

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF
A NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL TEACHER.

BY EMMA LINLEY.

NO. VII.

Monday, June 6th, 1836.

To-day has been one of pleasure and of trial: pleasure, for I was at home this morning, and father brought me here. How very much I enjoyed the ride! I was too happy to talk much, and father was very quiet—I wonder if he was thinking of his business all the way. Mother says there is some kind of trouble about the C — Bank, which makes him fear that he shall lose considerable money. I am thankful I am not a man—I do not believe they can be very happy, for they seem to have so little time to think of anything except business.

I found the scholars all bright and happy. I had just time to arrange the fresh, sweet flowers which came in from all quarters, before story time. The forenoon passed delightfully, but the afternoon was not very pleasant.

I did not reach the school-house till time to ring the bell. Instead of taking their seats, as usual, Willie Wright and Dolly Arnold came

directly to me, and both together commenced complaining of each other. They were both very angry, and I had need of all my firmness to make Willie wait till Dolly had told her story. She said he had struck her before she did anything to vex him, and would have added a multitude of offensive epithets, if I had not checked her. Willie, I suppose, saw that hard names would not be permitted at the end of his account, for he commenced in a very violent manner. I stopped him, and at length he told his grievances properly. It was impossible to tell which was most blame-worthy, but it was very evident that both were naughty. I talked to them some time, trying very earnestly to arouse their good feelings. I saw the necessity of proceeding with ordinary school exercises—as I felt that these two had no right to my undivided attention—so I told them I would settle the affair after school.

"My father never allows anybody to keep me after school," said Willie.

"Then I shall go home with you," I replied, as I called the first class for the afternoon.

I was somewhat disturbed by Willie's angry face; Dolly was looking ashamed of her part in the quarrel, and I was sure would ask his pardon when I should request her to do so. I thought that Willie would be much more easily led to right feeling when none of his playmates should be there to see him yield. Notwithstanding his declaration of his father's interference in the matter, I did not suppose he would refuse to stay.

At recess I was surprised by his requesting to be excused for the day.

"Of course not, Willie," I replied, "you have a difficulty to settle with Dolly, you recollect."

"My mother told me to get dismissed, and if you don't let me go till school is done, I shan't stay a minute after the other scholars, for my father told me never to do that thing."

It struck me as a little singular that Willie should be growing so very obedient, when I had known of his repeatedly disregarding parental authority. I allowed him to go home, telling him that I should follow soon after school. I went through the remaining exercises mechanically. I so disliked to go to Mr. Wright's. Mr. Dean said yesterday that Mr. Wright is a man of violent temper, and has had trouble with every teacher since Willie was old enough to attend school. Unfortunately

for the boy he is an only child, and is indulged unreasonably most of the time, while an occasional severe beating from the hands of an angry father, does him far more harm than good.

When school finished, I was glad I had some copies to write, that I might not have the children's company during my long walk, for I needed to be alone. I talked with Dolly long enough to assure myself of her right feelings, then wrote the copies, and started for Mr. Wright's. The sun was scorching hot, I was very tired when I reached the long, shady lane which led to Mr. W——'s door. How my heart blessed those noble trees! I rested a moment under the first one; then walked slowly to the front door, and knocked. I saw company at the windows, but felt no disposition to enter at a side door, though, a moment after, when I was ushered through that roomful of ladies, among whom I recognised Mrs. C—— and Miss O——, from W——, I heartily wished I had done so. Conscious of blushing scarlet, I seated myself in the room where I might expect a private interview with Mr. and Mrs. Wright. They came in. It seemed to me we were preparing for a funeral, they walked across the room so quietly. How much some common sound would have re-assured me, but I could hear nothing save my own throbbing heart, could see nothing save Mr. Wright's stern, almost savage, face, which seemed to say, in every lineament—"Did such an insignificant being as you *dare* to tell my Willie to stay after school?"

Neither offered to speak. I believed he enjoyed my embarrassment, and she pitied me. I must say something. His very sternness helped me to command my feelings, and I said—

"Mr. Wright, I came here, to-night, because your little boy said you would not allow him to stay after school."

I did not quail before his stern glance, as he replied—

"Willie was right. I have told him never to stay after school, for any teacher. I now tell you never to ask him to stay again, and I advise you not to keep any other scholar."

My prayers for strength were answered, or I could never have continued the conversation in

the perfectly self-possessed tone in which I said—

"Pray, Mr. Wright, do you think a teacher should yield her right, and her duty, too, of governing her school to any one?"

The advantage was all on my side now; my embarrassment was gone. Mr. Wright had met me, scorning my youth and inexperience. He had thought to frighten me by his sternness; and, as his eye met mine, he read more of self-reliance than he could account for. I could almost read his thoughts in his altered appearance. He was half angry, at first. I saw his brow flush, but I was not frightened. I calmly waited for his answer. Mrs. Wright's look of pity had vanished, but she said nothing. The silence had begun to grow awkward, when Mr. Wright continued the conversation.

"I certainly do not wish to tell you what you must do or must not. I merely *advise* you not to keep other scholars, as other parents may feel as strongly on the subject as I do. If Willie does wrong, I am willing you should punish him as much as he deserves, before the school; but I never was willing that a teacher should keep my child to punish him, more than she dared before others, and *I never shall be.*"

The longer Mr. Wright talked the louder his voice sounded; but loud words were no more alarming to me than stern looks; though, by the look of gentle intreaty on Mrs. Wright's face, I saw that she feared her husband would lose his self-control. I calmly replied—

"I never thought of that side of the subject before, but I think, when you know me better, you will not fear my punishing your boy unjustly."

We talked longer—I was very much in earnest, and perfectly self-possessed. I told them I had already detained several children after school, and no parent had objected. I had supposed that all felt that, if I was willing to give up my time to their children, I was, at least, trying to do my duty. I assured Mr. W—— that I wish to show all due regard to the opinions of each parent, as connected with my treatment of his children. I told him I should not insist upon detaining Willie at all; but I feared I should be obliged to punish him corporeally, while I was very sure I should not,

if I could talk to him alone. I believe Mr. Wright realized that I could more easily make Willie yield by talking to him, than by whipping him before his playmates, but he was too proud to say so. He had said that he never should be willing to have his boy stay, and he would not allow me to suppose that I had influenced him. We spoke of Willie's trouble with Dolly Arnold, and I saw that both parents thought it a very trifling affair, which it would have been as well to have allowed to pass with as little notice as possible. Mrs. Wright would have spoken of Dolly's disagreeable qualities, but I had the assurance to check her. I know as well as she does that Dolly is as awkward a girl as I ever saw, and so unfeminine as to be really disagreeable, but I am unwilling to have the failings of my pupils noted in my presence. I assured Mr. and Mrs. Wright that I should require Willie to apologize to Dolly, unless they wished to take the matter out of my hands. "Do just as you think best," said Mr. Wright, "you need fear no further interference from us."

When I rose to go, Mrs. Wright cordially invited me to lay aside my bonnet and shawl, and remain to tea. When I had politely, but firmly declined the invitation, she asked if I would come home with her if she would visit school soon; I assured her that it would give me pleasure to do so. Mr. Wright shook hands kindly at parting, and said, "I hope our boy will not give you any trouble—he is a little headstrong, sometimes."

I really enjoyed my walk home, so many pleasant thoughts came to make me forget the heat and the dust. I found Susie Cole had been awaiting my return some time. I was nearly as much surprised as delighted to see her, and we had a pleasant chat. Susie wonders what could have induced me to consent to spend a whole season in this out of the way place. She says she is half angry with every one of the girls, who have taken schools this Summer, since we have left the village so dull. I told her she must take advantage of our holiday Saturdays, and get up a pic-nic for one of them. She entered into the plan with spirit, and if we do not have a nice time one of these weeks, I am mistaken. Sue says one grand feature of our pic-nic shall be that every one of us, who are teaching, shall tell our experience

in the business. Susie will stay with her cousin, Mrs. Moore, till day after to-morrow, and she wants I should come there to-morrow night. It is quite time for me seek Mrs. Moore's acquaintance, and I may as well commence the calls I am resolved to make this week, there, as at a greater distance. My call at Mr. Wright's was quite impromptu; but I flatter myself that I never need fear other than a cordial reception from the worthy couple. I am glad I went there; I know I shall get along nicely with Willie in the morning, for I have found a story, which seems written for the occasion, and he is rather easily influenced.

Saturday, June 11th—4 o'clock, morn.

How rapidly this week has glided away! I am glad it has, for it is my first double week. I cannot forget that I am not going home to-night, but I am happy as—yes, ten times happier than a queen.

What a gad-about I have been this week, but it is my duty to be running at large over the whole district. I have not been at Mr. Dean's, except for short calls at noon, since Wednesday morning. Now, I am in Mrs. Mortimer's spare chamber. How Alice and I have disarranged it! I do think, however, that great feather bed looks as well on the floor as any where, such weather as this.

Tuesday night, immediately after tea, I went to Mrs. Moore's. She is a little, pale, quiet woman, with a very large, fat baby, which looks too big for her to lift. She appeared weary and careworn, not a particle like that bright ideal of my pet Fanny's mother, which I had cherished in my mind. There must be a deal of prose about such a monstrous babe—I am thankful that mother always had such little, lively ones, that it never was anything but a pleasure to take the baby at our house. Fanny is a sad trial to her mother's patience, but she is improving. She has not been tardy at school for nearly a fortnight, and has been to school bare-headed, because she had no bonnet to put on, only once during the past week. She has four bonnets to wear to school. Occasionally she can find her nice, new cape bonnet, though it has lain out of doors through two rainy nights, already this season. As a last resort, she has a most comical looking little hood, which she has entirely outgrown. I

laughed heartily the first time she made her appearance in it, exclaiming, as she ran,

"Miss Howard, wouldn't you sooner look like a fright than be tardy?"

She has not found out yet how very pretty she is. Susie says her father makes a complete pet of her—I do not think it at all surprising—I am sure I should do the same thing, if I had not so many other children, and such a horror of partiality. I did not enjoy my call quite so much as I had anticipated, but I had a very pleasant walk with Sue that night, and then she slept with me and we talked half the night.

Wednesday morning Dolly Arnold came to Mr. Dean's, before school, to invite me to drink tea and spend the night with her mother. I found Mrs. Arnold inclined to claim me as a relative. She apologized for not having visited school or invited me there before, and said she knew she ought to have paid me more attention, since she was second cousin to my aunt Julia's first husband. She was somewhat disappointed because I could not tell her the particulars of his last illness; I knew nothing of him, as he died and aunt Julia married a second time, several years before I was born.

The very strangeness of everything at Mrs. Arnold's, made me enjoy my visit there. Another family live in the same house, so that Mrs. A. had very little room. She lamented that fact exceedingly, as she is totally unaccustomed to getting along without a "square room." She had done her best towards supplying the deficiency, by decorating the only room she has below stairs, in fine style, for that afternoon. She had tacked fashion plates, from old magazines, and all kinds of gay colored little pictures all about upon the walls, and filled a broken pitcher with asparagus and lilacs, to grace the bureau. She had dressed herself in a dark calico, which she told me she got for half price, because it was damaged, trimmed with white cotton edging. She was so perfectly satisfied with everything that I could not avoid telling her, I inferred she had a great deal of taste, from the pleasure her flowers and pictures gave her. I do think she has a great deal of her droll kind of taste, for it shows itself all about her house and garden. She has more poppies and double yellow marigolds in her flower bed, than anything else. She said that I must visit her again, when

they should be in blossom, and she would gather me a "proper nice bokwett." A bouquet of poppies and marigolds! What should I do with it?

Mrs. Arnold did not expect me to talk much, except to answer her questions. She catechised me pretty closely as to the price of everything I had about me, and was somewhat surprised I did not know the cost of my pencil, because it was a present.

She who considers herself a pattern for her daughter, so far as etiquette is concerned, would probably have been still more surprised had she known that I consider it very ill-mannered to ask the price of anything, unless of a very intimate friend or a vender of the article in question. She thought my pin was extravagantly dear, for she has one four times as large, which did not cost half so much.

When the matters of dress and taste had been discussed, it was quite time to get supper; this she did in a style very creditable to her housekeeping. She certainly is an excellent cook, and ought to have had a half dozen or more hearty men to have done justice to the ample supper, which she provided for herself, Dolly and me. She said her husband and sons were at work for Mr. Mortimer, and would not be at home till sunset.

After tea she talked of Dolly, who mortifies her very much by her ill-manners. She seems to think that the perfection of good breeding in a child, is to sit still and say yes, sir, or ma'am—no, sir, or ma'am, and thank you. Poor Dolly! she cannot sit still, it isn't in her nature, and she is constantly making mistakes as to the gender of those she addresses. If her mother would occasionally allow her to run naturally, I do believe she would not be so wild out of her sight. She is naturally almost as heedless as Fanny Moore, and has none of her pretty looks or winning ways. After Mrs. Arnold had told me of Dolly's capabilities in the housekeeping line, and her trials in preventing the girl's romping like a great boy, she talked of other things. She chatted as fast as possible, changing her subject frequently, till I was half tired of that which at first seemed very amusing.

When her husband came in, she introduced me quite pompously as "Miss Howard, my dear cousin William's neice." He seemed as much stiller than ordinary people, as she is

more talkative. Fortunately, for my credit, it was so nearly dark, when her three promising sons came in, that my face was not exposed.

"*Miss school'marm*, these are our Joe, Pete and Bill," said she, adding, in the same breath, "Now, all three on you go and clean your feet." Oh, how I wanted to laugh as the three backed out. They did not make their appearance again till the next morning at breakfast time.

During the morning Mrs. Arnold told me a multitude of things about housekeeping, by which, I presume, I shall profit when I stay at home to help mother, next fall. When I left her, she said she would visit school soon, and, true to her promise, she came the next day, bringing me a fine large bouquet of the gaudiest flowers she could obtain, with no green leaves to relieve their bright coloring.

Thursday night I went from school to Mr. Carter's. The more I see of Mrs. Carter, the better I like her. It is indeed a lovely family—I wish they lived nearer the school-house. I enjoyed every moment of the time I spent at their house—the evening was particularly pleasant, as Mr. Carter joined us, and we talked of authors and books. I was surprised to find them so well read, but well they may be, since some one of the family reads aloud an hour and a half every Winter evening, and a half hour each Summer evening, unless prevented by some unusual circumstance. Interruptions are much more rare than they would be in the village. I requested that my presence might be no hindrance to the greatest pleasure of the evening. Without foolishly waiting to be teased, Mr. Carter took the book and read a pleasant, humorous sketch from Irving's pen; then we talked awhile, after which Mr. Carter requested me to favor them. I found pleasure in so doing, and by the time our next chat was concluded, it was time to retire.

Mrs. Arnold considers herself a much more notable housekeeper than Mrs. Carter, yet I could not avoid mentally comparing the two as I walked slowly to school yesterday morning. At Mr. Carter's there was no stir or bustle about the work, everything seemed done and well done, while Mrs. Carter did not appear worried or fretted at all. Household cares were not all she thought of, that was evident; she did not offer me any recipes, or tell me that she knew just the best way for pickling and

preserving. Her food was good, wholesome, and plentiful, but not foolishly abundant.

When I passed Mr. Mortimer's, Mrs. M—— came out and wished me to promise to come here to tea, as she would send a boy for me, and the ride would be no more tiresome than a walk to Mr. Dean's. Accordingly, I came here, and spent the evening very pleasantly. Mrs. Mortimer asks my advice concerning Alice, as though I were her senior. I believe I do grow old fast here. Never mind, I shall go home, next week, and have a good game of romps with the children; I guess that will rejuvenate me.

It is quite time for me to join the family, as I must not forget that I am company here.

Saturday eve—9½ o'clock.

Immediately after school finished, to-night, I wrote little letters, in true letter shape, to each of the children at home; and was so fortunate as to see Mr. A—— going directly to W——, so they will receive them to-night. Wouldn't I like to see them caper, when they get them? I expect they will be glad that I stay over Sunday, to-night, but I should not be surprised if they should miss me when they wish to get ready for church, in the morning.

As soon as supper was over, I went to Mr. Barnard's, to see Miss Sophy and Nellie. It was pleasant to see the sisters together, after their first lengthy separation. There was no fawning attention on the part of either, yet the whole air and tone of each told of the deep love they feel for each other. I half feared I should be an intruder, at first, but was soon put at my ease on that score. Nellie said they had just been speaking of me, and she heard me open the gate at the very instant she was expressing a wish to see me.

"I feel already acquainted," she continued, "for Sophy has mentioned you so frequently, in her late letters, that I cannot meet you as a stranger."

I intended to make a short call; but time glided away unheeded, and twilight found me lingering at Mr. Barnard's gate. Then Nellie came almost home with me, while Sophy was attending to the evening's household duties, and we parted with a mutual promise to send notes to each other, in Sophy's letters. I was not disappointed in Nellie. Now I wish, even more than before, that she had remained at home this summer. However, we shall get

nically acquainted, if we are not already, for we shall write as earnestly as we should talk, and she is coming home twice more this summer. I shall be more with Sophy than I should have been had Nellie been here all the while, and I presume she will influence me more, for good, than Nellie could do. I do love to go and sit and talk with her, while we both work as busily as bees. Nellie says she should like to stay at home, but she thinks it is better for her to be away awhile. She has a much smaller school than I. She has to "board round," though she has a place to call home very near the school-house. It is not much like home, she thinks. Mrs. Joy, the mistress of the family, has been so long an invalid that she probably would not know how to act as if well, if she felt so. Nellie says she has not seen her once this summer, when she has felt any better. Her constant reply, when any one inquires after her health, is—"I don't feel quite so well as I did yesterday;" after which comes an enumeration of the new aches and pains which have assailed her during the last twenty-four hours. A very uninteresting companion she must be; but Nellie says she pities more than blames her, and doubtless I should do the same were I acquainted with her. I am sure I pity the poor children, who are hardly allowed to speak a loud word, because "Ma is so nervous." One certainly has an opportunity to see both examples and warnings, by teaching school. I would try to be like Miss Sophy, if any aim, lower than my ideal of perfect womanhood, would satisfy me. I can certainly avoid Mrs. Dean's discontented spirit, aunt Bekky's sarcasm, Mrs. Arnold's self-sufficiency, and Mrs. Joy's want of energy, from having noticed those faults in others. I hope I may never be a more lenient judge of my own actions than of those of others.

Would you be exempt from uneasiness? do nothing you know or suspect to be wrong; and if you wish to enjoy the purest pleasure, do everything in your power that you are convinced is right.

Love one human being purely and warmly, and you will love all. The heart in this heaven, like the wandering Jew, sees nothing, from the dew drop to the ocean, but a mirror which warms and fills.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

High hopes that burn'd like stars sublime,
Go down i' the hearens of Freedom;
And true hearts perish in the time
We bitterliest need 'em!

But never sit we down and say
There's nothing left but sorrow;
We walk the wild wilderness to-day,
The Promised Land to-morrow.

Our birds of song are silent now,
There are no flowers blooming!
Yet life beats in the frozen bough,
And Freedom's spring is coming!
And Freedom's tide come up alway,
Though we may strand in sorrow;
And our good bark a-ground to-day,
Shall float again to-morrow.

Through all the long dark night of years
The people's cry ascendeth,
And earth is wet with blood and tears:
But our meek sufferance endeth!
The few shall not for ever sway,
The many moil in sorrow:
The powers of hell are strong to-day,
But Christ shall rise to-morrow.

Though hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes
With smiling futures glisten!
For lo! our day bursts up the skies:
Lean out your souls and listen!
The world rolls Freedom's radiant way,
And ripens with her sorrow;
Keep heart! who bear the cross to-day,
Shall wear the crown to-morrow.

Oh, youth! flame earnest, still aspire,
With energies immortal
To many a heaven of desire,
Our yearning opes a portall
And though age wearies by the way,
And hearts break in the furrow,
We'll sow the golden grain to-day—
The harvest comes to-morrow.

Build up heroic lives, and all
Be like a sheathen sabre,
Ready to flash out at God's call,
Oh chivalry of labor!
Triumph and Toil are twins; and aye
Joy suns the cloud of Sorrow;
And 'tis the martyrdom to-day,
Brings victory to-morrow.

AFRICAN SCENERY.

In the six hundred miles I traversed, whilst absent from the coast, my memory, after twenty-six years, leads me, from beginning to end, through an almost continuous forest-path. We struck a trail when we started, and we left it when we came home. It was rare, indeed, to encounter a cross road, except when it led to neighboring villages, water, or cultivated fields. So dense was the forest foliage, that we often walked for hours in shade without a glimpse of the sun. The emerald light that penetrated the wood bathed everything it touched with mellow refreshment. But we were repaid for this partial bliss by intense suffering when we came forth from the sanctuary into the bare valleys, the arid barrancas, and marshy savannas of an open region. There, the red eye of the African sun glared with merciless fervor. Everything reflected its rays. They struck us like lances from above, from below, from the sides, from the rocks, from the fields, from the stunted herbage, from the bushes. All was glare! Our eyes seemed to simmer in their sockets. Whenever the path followed the channel of a brook, whose dried torrents left bare the scorched and broken rocks, our feet fled from the ravine as from heated iron. Frequently, we entered extensive prairies, covered with blades of sword-grass, tall as our heads, whose jagged edges tore us like saws, though we protected our faces with masks of wattled willows. And yet, after all these discomforts, how often are my dreams haunted by charming pictures of natural scenery that have fastened themselves for ever in my memory!

As the traveller along the coast turns the prow of his canoe through the surf, and crosses the angry bar that guards the mouth of an African river, he suddenly finds himself moving calmly onward between sedgy shores, buried in mangroves. Presently, the scene expands in the unruffled mirror of a deep, majestic stream. Its lofty banks are covered by innumerable varieties of the tallest forest trees, from whose summits a trailing net-work of vines and flowers floats down and sweeps the passing current. A stranger who beholds this scenery for the first time is struck by the immense size, the prolific abundance, and gorgeous verdure of everything. Leaves, large

enough for garments, lie piled and motionless in the lazy air. The bamboo and cane shake their slender spears and pennant leaves as the stream ripples among their roots. Beneath the massive trunks of forest trees, the country opens; and, in vistas through the wood, the traveller sees innumerable fields lying fallow in grass, or waving with harvests of rice and cassava, broken by golden clusters of Indian corn. Anon, groups of oranges, lemons, coffee-trees, plantains, and bananas, are crossed by the tall stems of cocoas, and arched by the broad and drooping coronals of royal palm. Beyond this, capping the summit of a hill, may be seen the conical huts of natives, bordered by fresh pastures dotted with flocks of sheep and goats, or covered by numbers of the sleekest cattle. As you leave the coast, and shoot round the river-curves of this fragrant wilderness teeming with flowers, vocal with birds, and gay with their radiant plumage, you plunge into the interior, where the rising country slowly expands into hills and mountains.

The forest is varied. Sometimes it is a matted pile of tree, vine, and bramble, obscuring everything, and impervious save with knife and hatchet. At others, it is a Gothic temple. The sward spreads openly for miles on every side, while, from its even surface, the trunks of straight and massive trees rise to a prodigious height, clear from every obstruction, till their gigantic limbs, like the capitals of columns, mingle their foliage in a roof of perpetual verdure.

At length, the hills are reached, and the lowland heat is tempered by mountain freshness. The scene that may be beheld from almost any elevation, is always beautiful, and sometimes grand. Forest, of course, prevails; yet, with a glass, and often by the unaided eye, gentle hills, swelling from the wooded landscape, may be seen covered with native huts, whose neighborhood is checkered with patches of sward and cultivation, and inclosed by massive belts of primeval wildness. Such is commonly the westward view; but north and east, as far as vision extends, noble outlines of hill and mountain may be traced against the sky, lapping each other with their mighty folds until they fade away in the azure horizon.

When a view like this is beheld, at morning, in the neighborhood of rivers, a dense mist

will be observed lying beneath the spectator in a solid stratum, refracting the light now breaking from the east. Here and there, in this lake of vapor, the tops of hills peer up like green islands in a golden sea. But, ere you have time to let fancy run riot, the "cloud compelling" orb lifts its disc over the mountains, and the fogs of the valley, like ghosts at cock crow, flit from the dells they have haunted since nightfall. Presently, the sun is out in his terrible splendor. Africa unveils to her master, and the blue sky and green forest blaze and quiver with his beams.—*Captain Canot.*

TOMBSTONE POETRY.

There are some singular epitaphs to be found scattered over the multitudinous tombstones of English graveyards. Rural bards, who attempted in vain to immortalize themselves by a dignified occupation of the "Poet's Corner," in *Village Magazine* or *Country Chronicle*, have at length attained the summit of their ambition, by having their verses recorded on enduring stone. Incognito to the rest of the world, but the pride of their own family, and the wonder of a small circle of ignorant admirers, they exult in their local renown, and regard with supreme scorn any daring critic who should seek to quench the fire of their genius.

St. Phillip's churchyard, Birmingham, contains the following happy specimen of what may be termed the Hibernian sentimental:

Oh! cruel death, how could you be so unkind
To take him before, and leave me behind?
You should have taken both of us, if either,
Which would have been more pleasing to the survivor!

One Ann Collins had the misfortune to fall into a cask of beer in the neighborhood of the village of King Stanley, and the coroner's jury having brought in a verdict of found drowned, the village poet—some despairing lover, perhaps—thus records upon her tomb the sad story of her fate:—

'Twas as she tripped from cask to cask,
In at a bung-hole quickly fell;
Suffocation was her task,—
"She had no time to say farewell."

There are two points in this painfully pathetic epitaph, which strike us as apocryphal. First, that the unhappy lady should have fallen through a bung-hole, and secondly, that she should have made it "*her task*" to suffocate

when we should have thought it her duty to scramble out. The falling through the bung-hole may possibly have been true—we say "possibly," because the story is rather hard of credence, but as we recollect having once seen written upon a goodly cask exposed in front of a store, the words, "For sail," and underneath in a different hand, "For freight and passage enquire at the bung-hole," it was quite as possible for Ann Collins to fall through the bung-hole, and get drowned as for an individual to respond from a bung-hole, in answer to some anxious emigrants enquiring for freight and passage. It is a question for the casuists, and to them we leave it.

The following, which is still to be found in Braunston churchyard, is a rare example of the anti-orthographical—the semi-cynical, the apologetical and the pious. William Borrows thus confesses himself to posterity:—

'Tis true I led a single life,
I nare was married in my life;
For of that sex I nare had none—
It is the Lord; His will be done.

As a counterpart to the above, Stepney churchyard contains the coarse effusion of a man who certainly *had* been married. Whether his deceased spouse had been the "cream" of one "Tartar," and the "salt" of another, is now unknown to the world, but the widower expresses himself as if greatly relieved. Whatever she may have been, her epitaph stamps him an irreligious brute. But here it is:—

My wife she's dead, and here she lies;
Nobody laughs, and nobody cries;
Where she's gone, and how she fares,
Nobody knows, and nobody cares.

Our next is one which was formerly to be found in Ashburton churchyard. But the bitter sarcasm it flung in the face of the vicar and the gentry, has led to its removal:—

Here I lie at the chancel door;
Here I lie, *because I am poor*;
The farther in the more you pay!
Here lie I as warm as they.

Diogenes might have written that. It is wholly in his cynical and sarcastic vein.

To the next we lift our beaver with reverence, and with it we appropriately close this article. It may yet be found in Portsea cemetery:—

What was she?
What every good woman ought to be,
That was she.

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

CANON OF CRITICISM.—The Cardinal de Retz asked Menage, one day, to give him some idea of poetry, that he might be able to form a sort of judgment of the mass that was brought to him.

"Sir," said Menage, "this is a matter that would occupy more time than you could spare; but I'll tell you what you may do. Whenever they read any of their poems to you, say, at a venture, 'That's very bad'—you'll seldom be wrong."

REDEEMING TIME.—Dean Swift, when he claimed, at the usual time, the degree of A. B., was so deficient as to obtain it only by "special favor," a term used to denote want of merit. Of this disgrace he was so ashamed that he resolved from that time to study eight hours a day, and continued his industry for seven years, with what improvement is sufficiently known. This part of his history deserves to be remembered; it may afford useful admonition to young men, whose abilities have been made, for a time, useless by their passions or pleasures, and who, having lost one part of life in idleness, are tempted to throw away the remainder in despair.

STUART.—This American painter was remarkable for his conversational powers. He had a penetrating mind, a retentive memory, a fluent tongue, and the power of adapting his discourse to all classes of his customers in a manner that was truly wonderful. While President Madison was sitting to Stuart for his portrait, the artist turned the stream of conversation on political affairs, and drew largely on his resources for facts and arguments on topics most interesting to his distinguished patron. Madison was so surprised and delighted with his conversation, that, on parting with him, he said—

"Mr. Stuart, before I came here, I expected I should find you a skillful painter, as indeed I have; but, sir, little did I think I should find in you such eminent statesmanship and artistic excellence combined!"

A FOX STORY.—One of the drollest incidents in fox hunting was that at Newry, in Ireland, when, being pursued very hotly, the fox leaped

on to the top of a turf-stack, where he laid himself down quite flat. At last, one of the hounds perceived him, and he was obliged again to run. After this, he climbed up a stone wall, whence he sprang on to the roof of a cabin near by, and mounting to the chimney top, from thence inspected his enemies. An old hound, however, followed him, and was on the point of seizing him, when Reynard dropped down the chimney into the lap of an old woman, who was smoking her pipe at the corner. The hound did not dare to follow, but the sportsmen came up, and entering the cabin, found it in possession of the fox; the frightened woman and children huddled into one corner, and the fox (who was taken alive) grinning at them.

ATTENTION THE COURT.—A friend of ours has just been mentioning that on one occasion he was addressing "the court," at the bar of one of the Middle States, upon the subject of great moment to his client, when his attention was arrested by a singular circumstance. He observed that when he dwelt upon the particular point of his argument, which he wished especially to enforce, "the court's head went down behind his elevated desk, and presently rose again. Changing his position slightly, he saw the mystery of this singular occurrence; and when, soon after, it was repeated, he paused in his remarks, and said—

"When 'the court' has finished eating its watermelon, I shall proceed with my argument, not without the hope of being at least partially heard!"

A PERPLEXED IRISHMAN.—A few days since, a gentleman, connected with one of our railroad corporations, while taking a ride through one of our country towns, accompanied by his Irish servant, had the misfortune to have his vehicle smashed up, and himself and companion thrown violently to the ground, by his horse taking fright and running away. The gentleman was somewhat bruised, but not seriously, his principal loss being that of his wig, which had been shaken off; and on picking himself up, he found Pat in a much worse condition, holding on to his head with the blood trickling through his finger, and his master's wig in his other hand, which he was

surveying with the most ludicrous alarm and horror.

"Well, Pat," said his master, "are you much hurt?"

"Hurt is it! Ah! master dear, do you see the top of my head in my hand?"

Pat, in his terror and confusion, had mistaken his master's portable head-piece for his own natural scalp, and evidently regarded his last hour as arrived.

A RICH SCENE.—The following rich scene recently occurred, in one of our courts of justice, between the judge and a Dutch witness all the way from Rotterdam:—

Judge.—What's your native language?

Witness.—I pe no native; I's a Dootchman.

Judge.—What's your mother tongue?

Witness.—Oh! fader say she pe all tongue.

Judge (in an irritable tone).—What language did you speak at the cradle?

Witness.—I tid not speak no language in de cradle at all; I only cried in Dootch.

Then there was a general laugh, in which the judge, jury and audience joined. The witness was interrogated no further about his native language.

The following was told by the late eminent poet Wordsworth to a gentleman who happened to quote from his (Wordsworth's) beautiful address to the stock-dove:—"He said, once, in a wood, Mrs. Wordsworth and a lady were walking, when the stock-dove was cooing. A farmer's wife coming by, said to herself, 'Oh! I do like stock-doves!' Mrs. Wordsworth, in all her enthusiasm for Wordsworth's poetry, took the old woman to her heart; 'but,' continued the old woman, 'some like them in a pie: for my part, there's nothing like 'em stewed in onions!'"

A witty clergyman had been lecturing one evening in a country village, on the subject of temperance, and, as usual, after the lecture the pledge was passed around for signatures. "Pass it along that way," said the lecturer, pointing towards a gang of bloated and red-nosed loafers near the door. "Pass it along, perhaps some of those gentlemen would like to join our cause." "We don't bite at a bare hook," gruffly muttered one of the rummies. "Well," replied the ready clergyman, "I believe there is a kind of fish called suckers that do not bite."

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Nothing like water for an honest thirst.

He censures God who quarrels with the imperfections of man.

What men want of reason for their opinions, they usually supply and make up in rage.

Manners make the man, but smartness the money.

To despond at difficulty, discovers want of stability; to despair at danger, want of courage.

A want of confidence has kept many a man silent. A want of sense has made many persons talkative.

'Truth is the only real lasting foundation for friendship. In all but truth there is a principle of decay and dissimulation.

Adversity overcome, is the brightest glory; and willingly undergone, the greatest virtue. Sufferings are but the trials of valiant spirits.

The stability and permanency of our government depends on the integrity and morality of the people.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this—that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.

Many are ambitious of saying grand things; that is, of being grandiloquent. Eloquence is speaking out—a quality few esteem and fewer aim at.

One can no more judge of the true value of a man by the impression he makes on the public, than we can tell whether the seal was gold or brass by which the stamp was made.

When a man dies, people generally inquire, "What property has he left behind him?" The angels will ask, "What good deeds has he sent before him?"

The science of legislation is like that of medicine in one respect—that it is far more easy to point out what will do harm than what will do good.

Affection, like Spring flowers, breaks through the most frozen ground at last; and the heart which seeks for another heart to make it happy, will never seek in vain.

He who thinks he can find within himself the means of doing without others is much mistaken; but he who thinks others cannot do without him is still more mistaken.



No. 1.



No. 2.

MANTALET.

No. 1 represents a black lace Mantalet, lined with lilac silk, and trimmed with a row of broad black lace, set on full, and headed by a

quilling of lilac ribbon. This mantalet is small, and especially adapted to carriage costume.

No. 2 is of brown or black silk or satin, according to the fancy of the wearer.

THE AFRICAN AT HOME.

A journey to the interior of Africa would be a rural jaunt, were it not so often endangered by the perils of war. The African may fairly be characterized as a shepherd, whose pastoral life is varied by a little agriculture, and the conflicts into which he is seduced, either by family quarrels, or the natural passions of his blood. His country, though uncivilized, is not so absolutely wild as is generally supposed. The gradual extension of Mahometanism throughout the interior is slowly but evidently modifying the Negro. An African Mussulman is still a warrior, for the dissemination of faith as well as for the gratification of avarice; yet the Prophet's laws are so much more genial than the precepts of paganism, that, within the last half century, the humanizing influence of the Koran is acknowledged by all who are acquainted with the interior tribes.

But in all the changes that may come over the spirit of man in Africa, her magnificent

external nature will for ever remain the same. A little labor teems with vast returns. The climate exacts nothing but shade from the sun and shelter from the storm. Its oppressive heat forbids a toilsome industry, and almost enforces indolence as a law. With every want supplied, without the allurements of social rivalry, without the temptations of national ambition or personal pride, what has the African to do in his forest of palm and cocoa, his grove of orange, pomegranate and fig, on his mat of comfortable repose, where the fruit stoops to his lips without a struggle for the prize, save to brood over, or gratify, the electric passions with which his soul seems charged to bursting!

It is an interesting task to travel through a continent filled with such people, whose minds are just beginning, here and there, to emerge from the vilest heathenism, and to glimmer with a faith that bears wrapped in its unfolded leaves the seeds of a modified civilization.—*Captain Canot.*

PLEASANT VARIETIES.

A pleasant call—"Dinner's ready, if you please, sir."

An unpleasant call—"I just called, sir, to see if you could settle my little bill."

A late waggish printer, while on his death-bed, was requested to be composed. "Distributed you mean," was his faint reply.

An apothecary in Salem, Mass., has written over his door—"All kinds of 'dyeing stuffs' for sale here."

A Quaker said to a gunner:—"Friend, I counsel no bloodshed; but if it be thy design to hit the little man in the blue jacket, point thine engine three inches lower."

The longest lived people known are those who collect bills for editors. Their constant exercise and anticipation conduce greatly, we suspect, to their length of days.

An English paper semi-jocosely says that roast beef, serenity of mind, a pretty wife, and cold water baths, will make almost any man "healthy, wealthy and wise."

"Would you not have known this boy to be my son from his resemblance to me?" asked a gentleman. Mr. Curran answered—"Yes, sir; the maker's name is stamped upon the blade."

An attorney about to furnish a bill of costs, was requested by his client, a baker, "to make it as light as he could." "Ah," replied the attorney, "that's what you say to your foreman, but it's not the way I make my bread."

A clergyman catechising the scholars in a Wisconsin Sunday school, asked a little boy how he thought Jonah felt while in the whale's belly? "Pretty well down in the mouth, sir," was the prompt reply.

A good deacon making an official visit to a dying neighbor, who was a very unpopular man, put the usual question—"Are you willing to go, my friend?" "Oh, yes, said the sick man. "I am glad of that," said the deacon, "for all the neighbors are willing."

On the late ascension of an aeronaut, a gentleman requested to be allowed to accompany him into the ærial regions. "Are you good tempered?" asked the aeronaut. "I believe so," said the other, "but why do you ask the question?" "For fear we may fall out on the way."

A widow once said to her daughter, "when you are at my age, it will be time enough to dream of a husband." "Yes, mamma," replied the thoughtless girl, "for a second time." The mother fainted.

The young woman who ate a dozen peaches, half a dozen apples, the same number of pears, three raw tomatoes, and half a pint of plums, within half a day, says she knows "fruit ain't wholesome."

A soldier boasted to Julius Cæsar of the many wounds he had received in his face. Cæsar, knowing him to be a coward, said to him—"The next time you run away, you had better take care how you look behind you."

A gentleman meeting one of his friends who was insolvent, expressed great concern for his embarrassment. "You are mistaken, my dear sir," was the reply; "'tis not I, 'tis my creditors who are embarrassed."

The editor of the Times inquired of Hood one day what he thought of his paper. "I like it all," said the punster, "but some of it is broken English." The editor stared, and asked for an explanation. "Why, the list of bankrupts, to be sure."

A lady walking with her husband on the beach, inquired of him the difference between exportation and transportation. "Why, my dear," replied he, "if you were on board yonder vessel, you would be exported, and I should be transported."

An old lady once said that her idea of a great man was, "a man who was keeferful of his clothes, don't drink of spirits, kin read his Bible without spelling the words, and kin eat a cold dinner on wash days, to save the wimmen folks the trouble of cooking."

The London Punch says:—It appears that the Sandwich Islands have recently become annexed to America. The natives, no doubt, knew from conviction on which side their bread was buttered, and asked the United States if they would like to take a Sandwich.

A bluff country farmer meeting the parson of the parish in a bye-lane, and not giving him the way so readily as he expected, the parson, with an erect chest, told him that he was better fed than taught. "Very true, indeed, sir, for you teach me, and I feed myself," was the reply.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

CHAT WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—

A fair correspondent, writing in some doubt as to her future, yet striving to maintain a hopeful heart, says:—"It is my opinion that any one who perseveres in a right spirit, for an end not wrong, will certainly succeed. Is this your opinion?" We answer, that it is one of the most difficult things in the world to know, certainly, what are our true ends in life. We may deem them, from superficial examination, pure and noble, when, in fact, they are darkly stained with selfishness. Only that Being who sees into the secret chambers of the heart, can know the hidden springs of action, and He, as the experience of every one proves, "leads us by a way that we know not." But, taking it for granted that the end is right, still, success in the direction sought might not be for our highest good, because, in our partial judgment, we are not always able to determine what is for the best. To all such as our enquiring correspondent we would say, do each day faithfully the work your hands find to do, being especially careful not to let hope in the future rob the present of a single effort. Do this, day by day, yet have your good ends to accomplish, and work towards them. If all does not come out as you desire, be sure that any thwarting of your ends has been for the accomplishments of life-results, far more to be desired than the ones you failed to attain.

The letter of another correspondent bears, in a measure, upon the same subject. She has lived longer, borne and suffered more, and attained to some deeper life-experiences. We make free to copy from her letter a passage not meant for the eyes of our readers. She says:—

"This summer has been a trying one to weak frames, and I have suffered much from the disorderly influences caused by ill health. It is natural, I believe, in persons of nervous temperament, to look with doubt to the future, very difficult to feel that all is arranged for the best, so that we ought to be *happy*; not only *resigned*, but *rejoicing* in the certainty that we can never do so well for ourselves as Providence orders for us. We should then learn to bear our pains as purification from *evils* which *ought* to be our only real sorrow. I have found

this a hard lesson to learn—found it very difficult to feel that my widowed, dependent, diseased condition was necessary for me on account of the perfect adaptations of our Lord's dealings to the states of men. I have wished, as it were, to help Providence along—have felt sickening anxiety about the future of my children, but I am learning, I think, 'in patience to possess my soul;' to believe, as a dear friend tells me, that 'the future should be a succession of well-regulated nows;' and then, however wearisome the way, the darkness will by little and little be dispersed, and our natural states be changed into the spiritual and holy—our mortal put on immortality. Shall I apologize for occupying your time with my own feelings? I do not feel that you will think it necessary."

Many striving, doubting, suffering hearts will be moved by the above! Many, in the pious resignation of the writer, will find hope and strength for their own tried spirits.

One of our valued contributors is thus described in a letter from a brother editor in Ohio. We must omit the name of said contributor, as she is too true a woman in heart to bear, without painful shrinking, such a public reference. Our readers can do their own guessing. "Last week," he writes, "I visited my old home in Trumbull county, and had a delightful interview with your correspondent, Mrs. —, who is a very dear personal friend of mine. Perhaps, you have not seen her. She is of a slight, ethereal make, wavy auburn hair, thin, pale face, and *such* full, soul-speaking eyes! we might almost expect to see her floating off, with a bevy of angels, some evening!"

Yes, we have seen her, many times, and claim her also as a personal friend. Highly gifted she is, and pure as gifted. A true, noble-hearted woman!

"I have not the time to waste in repinings, vainly brooding over disappointment," are the brave words of a fair, young correspondent, whose article we declined. How different this, in spirit, from the despondency, or anger, with which the exercise of our independent editorial

judgment is often met. In deciding upon articles submitted for publication, we cannot permit the wants or wishes of the writer to influence us. Our responsibility is to the readers of our publications, and we never permit ourselves to forget this responsibility, although sometimes sorely tempted, as we were in the case of our correspondent just quoted.

SUBURBAN AND COUNTRY HOUSES—We have a word or two to say to our city and country friends, which, on a question of taste, may not prove wholly unserviceable to them. In days long past, a bare house in a bare field was the rule of country building, and shade and ornament the exception. There was, however, a reason for this during the early period of settlement in America, which we are happy to say does not obtain now. At that period men built roughly of logs or stone, partly because their necessities impelled them to do so, and partly because a certain degree of strength in the dwelling was necessary as a security against outlying savages. It was for this reason also that the space around the house was cleared of forest trees, in order that they should not afford a shelter from behind which concealed foes might shoot down almost with impunity the unsuspecting members of the rude homestead. When, however, the occasion for this bareness of aspect around the rural dwelling ceased, habit had rendered the farmer indifferent to the value of verdant lawns and embowering shades, and as the square or parallelogram was the easiest method of building, and whitewash a cheap substitute for paint, he continued to tread in the footsteps of his forefathers, and contented himself with being the possessor of a bare white house upon a plain green field.

Latterly, however, through the judicious labors of the lamented Downing, a better taste is beginning to prevail. Men no longer cut down their trees and then build a house in the midst of unsightly stumps, but clear out the undergrowth, and break up the woodland into picturesque openings, through which a fine view may possibly be had of a clear winding stream, or an inland scene of rare beauty mapped out into well cultivated farms, and dotted here and there with neat farm-houses and their customary adjuncts. Many judicious persons have also found out by this time that there is little or no economy in whitewash—that it requires

constantly renewing and rarely looks well for more than a month or two, even in situations most appropriate to its use. Notwithstanding the first cost, oil paint will in the long run be found much the most economical—not *white* paint—but any of the various shades of drab, grey, buff, fawn, cream, and such like. White houses, with French green blinds, are an abomination in the eye of good taste, and are never allowable in a landscape at all, unless when deeply embowering foliage softens the glare of the white and subdues it to a pearly tinge. But many of those modern builders, whose good sense have led them to reject white as a color for dwelling houses, have leaped to the other extreme in the scale of color, and adopted a brown pigment, a color that does not harmonize with the surrounding greenery, and which forms at a little distance a dark blotch on the landscape. If our friends would be advised by us, they would paint the body of their dwelling of a light cream, fawn or drab, the facings, cornices and columns, several shades darker—say oak or brown—and their shutters, if shutters they have, two or three shades darker still. By this means they would have the satisfaction of extending the principles of good taste, and of adding, at the same time, a fine feature to the surrounding landscape. We say nothing in this article of shade trees, lawns and gravel walks, all of which are indispensable to the beauty of a country residence, but will in a future paper recur to this most pleasing and not unimportant subject.

NEW MUSIC.—"Light Sparks for the Piano," by James Bellak, is the general title under which Mr. J. E. Gould, No. 164 Chestnut street, has published a series of twenty choice pieces of music, both operatic and miscellaneous. Among them may be mentioned the "Postilion Waltz," "Beatrice di Tenda," "Sra-della," "Kemo Kimo Waltz," "Plain Cotillion," "Sweet Answer Waltz," "Grey Eagle Schottish," "Clara Waltz," "Mason and Blacksmith," "Drum Waltz," "Loving Heart Schottish," &c., &c. The style in which this music is published, like all the issues of Mr. Gould, is neat and attractive, creditable alike to the house from which it emanates, and the talented composer who arranged the pieces. We again take occasion to direct the attention of all

purchasers of music or musical instruments to the extensive establishment of Mr. Gould, the largest in our city, where everything new may be obtained immediately on its publication. The stock of both instruments and music is extensive, and all who purchase at this house may be sure of fair dealings.

ILLUSTRATIONS IN THIS NUMBER.

GUESS MY NAME?—A story is told of an English peasant who determine on emigrating to the United States, and leaving behind him his young wife, whose imagination had become so excited by stories of savage Indians, that no argument or persuasion could induce her to venture across the ocean. Both thought they could bear the separation very well; but scarcely had the vessel which bore her good man away left the shores of his native country, ere the wife was disconsolate; and by the next ship, fearless of the bloody Indians, whom she had fancied were every where to be found in the New World, was on her way to America. Fortunately, on her arrival, she learned where her husband, who had obtained employment on a farm not very far distant, was to be found. He, poor man, was sad enough without his partner. In the picture he is represented as writing her a most glowing description of his new home; and urging her to come over and join him immediately, little imagining that she was already near him. Her "Guess who it is?" bewildered his mind for a moment; in the next instant she was in his arms. The surprise of the farmer's children, and the pleasure of the sturdy farmer himself, who comprehended the scene, are well expressed by the artist.

ITALIAN WOLF-DOGS are described in another part of this number.

POPE'S TREE.—The village of Benfield, in Berkshire, England, situated about seven miles west of Windsor, and within the precincts of the forest, is remarkable for having been the residence of Alexander Pope, during his early years. The father of the poet, having accumulated a considerable fortune by business in London, retired to this place during the infancy of his son, and here purchased a house and estate. Speaking of this house, which although much altered from its original state, is still standing, Pope calls it—

—My paternal cell,
A little house, with trees a row,
And, like its master, very low.

About half a mile from the house an interesting memorial of the poet remains, or at least did so, a few years since. There is here a fine grove of beeches, pleasantly situated on the gentle slope of a hill, which commands an agreeable though not extensive view of the surrounding country. The grove was a favorite resort of Pope's, who is said to have composed many of his earlier pieces sitting under the shade of one of the trees, below which a seat was then placed. The recollection of this circumstance was preserved by Lady Gower, an admirer of the poet, who caused the words, "Here Pope Sung," to be cut in large letters in the bark at some height above the ground. Some years ago this tree was badly injured by a storm; its appearance, as then presented, will be seen in the engraving.

FALL FASHIONS.

As most of our fair readers are interested in the fashions that from time to time prevail, we have made arrangements to give, each month, one or more engravings, showing the newest and most elegant styles of dress. In this number we give two drawings of the Fall fashions.

In Figure 1, the principal article to which attention is directed, is a new style of cloak, or mantilla, from the establishment of Slingerland & M'Farland, 296 Broadway, New York. This was engraved for our September issue, but reached us too late to go in that number. The material of this cloak, which has received the name of "The Julia," is Moire Antique, satin, or other rich material, according to the fancy of the wearer. A trimming of black and brown velvet galoon surrounds the garment, sweeping back in front to each shoulder, giving beautiful effect to the figure. Four rich fancy buttons with pendants ornament the front. The back which is loose, so as to show the figure in front, is plaited into a yoke, and falls in folds to the bottom. This is one of the most popular cloaks of the season.

Figure 2 represents "The Alice," another elegant cloak from the same extensive establishment. This is made of purple satin, trimmed with figured galloon and velvet flowers. It laces under the arms, showing the figure in front and back. There is a tassel on the collar, and two or three on the lower part of the waist. It is folded on the arms with cords and tassels of entirely new designs.

This cloak is also one of the richest of the season; and is made of various materials to suit the fancy of the wearer.

The collars of both these elegant cloaks are dark green, brown, drab, or blue, as the wearer may choose.

The house of Slingerland & M'Farland, No. 296 Broadway, New York, from which these styles emanate, is one of the largest and most reliable in the country both as importers and manufacturers of ladies' shawls, cloaks, mantillas, talmas, embroideries, silk goods, &c. &c.

OAKFORD'S FALL FASHIONS.—We give on our last page this month, the fashion for hats and caps as issued by Charles Oakford, the celebrated hatter, whose splendid establishment at 158 Chesnut street, is one of the "lions" of Philadelphia. The superiority of his fabrics, and the elegance of his styles, have made him known all over the Union, as well as in other countries, and now there is probably no hatter in America, who does so large an export trade, or whose name is better or more extensively known in the crown of hats over this entire continent. We annex a description of his FALL fashions.

No. 1. Full dress chapeau—For commandants of Navy.

No. 2. Young Gents' hat—Quarter view.

No. 3. " " " Side "

No. 4. " " " Front "

No. 5. Gentlemen's hat—Front view.

No. 6. " " " Side "

No. 7. " " " Quarter "

No. 8. New style cap—Sun flower pattern.

No. 9. " " " Polish "

No. 10. Ladies' riding hat—entirely new style.

No. 11. Ladies' chapeau D'Amazon.

No. 12. Child's cap—of fine colored silk.

No. 13. Young Gent's cap—of fine cloth, bound round the body and front.

No. 14. Boy's hat—Binding and band, rich velvet; material black beaver or silk.

No. 15. Child's casquette, with plume—Instead of binding, a fine beaver nap runs from the edge on upper and under side of brim, 1½ inches wide; this has a beautiful effect.

No. 16. Boy's or Child's cap—of beaver or cassimere. The whole appearance of this article is quite a novelty; the crown falling over on the left side, with the brim on same side heavily rolled and gracefully curled on the right with silk plaited cord, covering over the front from right to left side, from which hangs

a beautiful tassel. This will be a decidedly popular hat.

No. 17. Gentlemen's cloth travelling cap.

No. 18. Full dress army cap—for officers.

No. 19. Naval officer's undress cap.

TO OUR READERS.

In completing Mr. Dickens' story of "Hard Times," we are obliged to devote a larger space in this number than we are in the habit of giving to a single article; but the deep interest of the concluding portion will compensate for the lack of our usual variety. When we commenced *Hard Times*, we did not suppose that it would extend to so great a length. It was our intention to begin our own story—"The Good Time Coming," in this number; but two causes have prevented our doing so,—one, the length of *Hard Times*, and the other, severe illness, which rendered the task of writing impossible. Six weeks of physical and mental prostration have interfered sadly with our literary work, and now there is no alternative left but to delay our promised story until the fifth volume, which begins in Jan. 1855. We are sure that not a single subscriber to the "Home Magazine" will object. Until we fully regain our health, we cannot resume the more absorbing and exhausting labors that sickness compelled us for a time to abandon. We are warned, too, by many indications, that our system has been greatly overtaken, and that, in the future, we must spare our strength if we would prolong our labor.

Encouraged by the very large increase of our subscription list this year—it has more than doubled since the commencement of 1854—we are now making arrangements for greatly improving the typographical appearance of the *Home Magazine*. The next volume will be printed on entirely new type—the reading matter will be increased—while a larger number of choice illustrations will add beauty and interest to the work. The price will remain the same as now, for our purpose is to keep the terms so low, that every one who desires to receive the monthly visits of a first class Magazine, may do so at a cost merely nominal. Remember that a club of four persons can receive the "Home Magazine" for one year at the small cost of only \$1 25 each. Where else can so much reading matter of a like character be obtained for so small a sum?

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

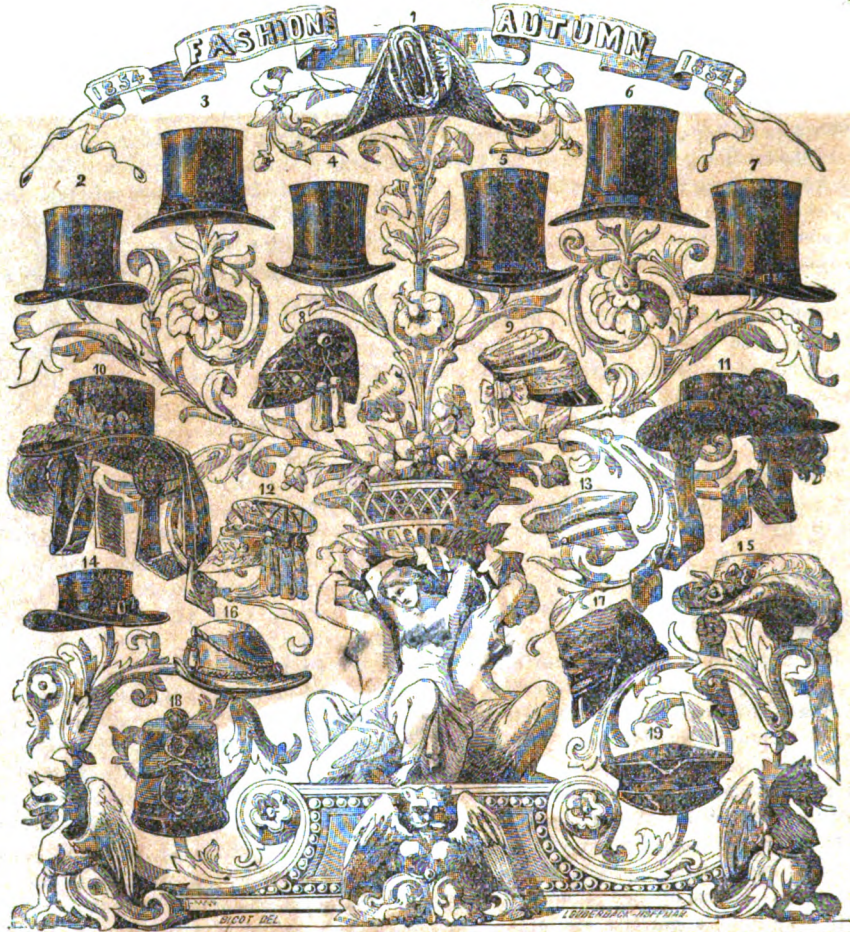
"Captain Canot; or, Twenty Years in an African Slaver: Being an account of his Career and Adventures on the Coast, in the Interior, on Shipboard and in the West Indies. Written out and edited from the Captain's Journals, Memoranda and Conversations. By Brantz Mayer." We give in full the title of this remarkable volume, just published by Appleton & Co., of New York. A few weeks ago we made a number of extracts from the advance sheets. Captain Canot, as was then stated, is a veritable personage, and resided for some years in Baltimore. His narrative may, therefore, be taken in the main as true. While the book is a romance in itself of an absorbing character, it reveals the horrors of the slave trade in all its revolting cruelty. For twenty years in daily intercourse with the debased natives of Africa, Captain Canot's knowledge of the degraded population of that thickly inhabited region from whence thousands of human victims are yearly dragged into perpetual slavery, must be thorough, and his revelations of the first importance to the world at this time. No one, we believe, who was for so long a time engaged in the wicked traffic on the coast, has ever before lifted the dark veil that shut down over his deeds. The revelations given will not lessen our abhorrence of the slaver's crimes, or our pity for the victims of superstition and lust of gold. The editor's graceful and graphic pen has heightened the interest of the volume.

—A volume, acceptable not only to the legal profession, but to American citizens generally, has just been published by Charles Scribner, entitled "Sketches of the Lives and Judicial Services of the Chief Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. By George Van Santvoord." There have been, up to this time, five Chief Justices of the United States—John Jay, John Rutledge, Oliver Ellsworth, John Marshall and Roger B. Taney, the present incumbent. Of these, singular as the fact may seem, only one, Mr. Jay, has been the subject of anything like a complete biography. The present work, comprised in an octavo volume of over five hundred pages, is therefore a desideratum in our literature, and will fill up the gap which has so long existed in private as well as professional libraries. In the execution of his task the author has restricted, within narrow limits, the personal biographies, and given larger space and more particular attention to the judicial history and professional career of the distinguished jurists who form the subject

of his memoirs. In doing this, he has traced something like a history of our Supreme Court, and presented a brief but connected view of the Constitutional Jurisprudence of the United States. The book is one of great value, and must meet with a large sale.

—Among the most important and noticeable new books of the season, are five handsome volumes from the press of Redfield, New York—"Noctes Ambrosiæ. By the late Professor Wilson, and Wm. Maginn, J. G. Lockhart, James Hogg, &c. With Memoirs and Notes, by R. Shelton Mackenzie." It is now about twenty years since these remarkable papers, commenced in the pages of Blackwood, in March, 1822, were completed, and there is not a man of literary taste to whom the pages of this magazine were then accessible, who does not retain a vivid remembrance of their poetic beauty, pathos, keen satire, personal portraiture and deep philosophy. Christopher North was in the freshness and vigor of intellectual life and in association with minds of the highest power; and he never afterwards wrote with greater spirit. His portions of the "Noctes" embrace, therefore, some of his finest efforts. The editorship of these volumes could not have been placed in more appropriate hands than those of Mr. Mackenzie, whose literary antecedents in England and Scotland gave him a familiar acquaintance with most of the individuals and events treated of in the work. He has given additional value to these volumes by furnishing memoirs of Wilson, Lockhart, Hogg and Maginn, the accredited authors of the "Noctes;" also by introducing the celebrated "Chaldee Manuscript," which, first brought Blackwood into notice, and which, in consequence of its sharp satire, was suppressed as soon as published. The only copy of this singular *jeu d'esprit*, which even Mr. Mackenzie ever saw, was that from which the present reprint is made. The volumes also contain the series of articles entitled "Christopher in his Tent," never before published in this country, and a history of Blackwood's Magazine. We may remark that these volumes are not reprints, but American copyright books. The literary public are therefore indebted to the enterprize and liberality of an American publisher for the first complete edition of the celebrated "Noctes Ambrosiæ" that has appeared.

—Lindsay & Blakiston have published a volume of Cummings' Minor Works. It contains "The Finger of God;" "Christ our Passover," and "The Comforter."



Charles Backford
LEADER OF FASHIONS 158 CHESNUT ST
PHILADELPHIA



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THE LYRE BIRD.

Fall Fashions, No. 1.



The principal point in this figure is the shawl, one of those elegant gold-bordered Cashmeres so much admired at the present time—the color, a rich crimson, and the border, blending a variety of shades, each giving life and beauty to the other. It is one of the most splendid shawls ever worn. The dress is a light brown silk, with rich brocade figures; the corsage low in the neck, and the skirt perfectly plain, but long and ample.

This splendid shawl and dress are from the Fashion Emporium of Messrs. SLINGERLAND & M'FARLAND, 296 Broadway, who manufacture and import every kind and variety of ladies' cloaks, shawls, mantillas, embroideries, silks, &c., &c.

Fall Fashions, No. 2.



THE ALICE.

In our October number we gave a front view of this charming cloak, from the establishment of SLINGERLAND & M'FARLAND, 296 Broadway, New York. In the above figure the back view is presented. This elegant cloak is made of purple satin, trimmed with figured galloon and velvet flowers. It laces under the arm, showing the figure in front and back. It is one of the richest of the season.



STATUE OF GUTENBERG.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA: NOVEMBER, 1854.



BAS-RELIEF OF GUTENBERG'S MONUMENT.

STATUE OF GUTENBERG.

In the summer of 1837 a statue of John Gutenberg, the inventor of moveable types, was erected at Mayence, his native city, and in August of the same year a festival of three days was held on the occasion of the inauguration of this monument. Thousands of people attended, and when the fine statue, by Thorwaldsen, was opened to view, the multitude greeted it with a burst of enthusiasm. Never were the shouts of a vast multitude raised on a more elevating occasion; never were the triumphs of intellect celebrated with greater fervor. The statue of Gutenberg, who had won

for his city the gratitude of the world, was opened with demonstrations of popular feeling such as had been wont only to greet the ear of a conqueror. And the poor printer of Mayence had achieved a conquest—the fruits of his bloodless victory are imperishable.

We present in the present number an engraving of this statue, and also engravings of two basso-relievos on the pedestal. In one of them the printer is examining a matrix for casting types, and in the other he is comparing a printed sheet with the manuscript.



BAS-RELIEF OF GUTENBERG'S MONUMENT.

An Englishman, who was present at the inauguration of Gutenberg's monument, writes thus in regard to the fact and the ceremonies:

"The fine statue which was to be opened to public view on the 14th August, had been erected by a general subscription, to which all Europe was invited to contribute. We apprehend that the English, amidst the incessant claims upon their attention for the support of all sorts of undertakings, whether of a national or individual character, had known little of the purpose which the good citizens of Mayence had been advocating with unabated zeal for several years;—and perhaps the object itself was not calculated to call forth any very great liberality, on the part of those who are often directed in their bounties as much by fashion as by their own convictions. Be that as it may, England literally gave nothing towards the monument of a man whose invention has done as much as any other single cause to make England what she is. The remoteness of the cause may also have lessened its importance; and some people, who, without any deserts of their own, are enjoying a more than full share of the blessings which

have been shed upon us by the progress of intellect, (which determines the progress of national wealth,) have a sort of instinctive notion that the spread of knowledge is the spread of something inimical to the pretensions of mere riches. We met with a lady on board the steamboat ascending the Rhine, two days before the festival of Mayence, who, whilst she gave us an elaborate account of the fashionable dulness of the baths of Baden, and Nassau, and all the other German watering-places, told us by all means to avoid Mayence during the following week, as a crowd of low people from all parts would be there, to make a great fuss about a printer who had been dead two or three hundred years. The low people did assemble in great crowds: it was computed that at least fifteen thousand strangers had arrived to do honor to the first printer.

"The modes in which a large population displays its enthusiasm are pretty much the same throughout the world. If the sentiment which collects men together be very heart-stirring, all the outward manifestations of the sentiment harmonize with its real truth. Thus, processions, and orations, and public dinners, and

pageantries which in themselves are vain and empty, are important when the persons whom they collect together have one common feeling which for the time is all pervading. We never saw such a popular fervor as prevailed at Mayence at the festival of last August. The statue was to be opened on Monday, the 14th; but on the Sunday evening the name of Gutenberg was rife through all the streets,—and the whole population was gathered together on the bank of the river to look upon a transparency displayed from a steamboat. In the morning all Mayence was in motion by six o'clock; and at eight a procession was formed to the Cathedral, which, if it were not much more imposing than some of the processions of trades in London, was conducted with a quiet precision which evidenced that the people felt they were engaged in a solemn act. The fine old Cathedral was crowded—the Bishop of Mayence performed High Mass—the first Bible printed by Gutenberg was displayed. What a field for reflection was here opened! The first Bible, in connection with the imposing pageantries of Catholicism—the Bible, in great part a sealed book to the body of the people—the service of God in a tongue unknown to the larger number of worshippers; but that first Bible the germ of millions of Bibles that have spread the light of Christianity throughout all the habitable globe! The Mass ended, the procession again advanced to the adjacent square, where the statue was to be opened. Here was erected a vast amphitheatre, where, seated under their respective banners, were deputations from all the great cities of Europe. Amidst salvoes of artillery the veil was removed from the statue, and a hymn was sung by a thousand voices. Then came orations; then dinners—balls—oratorios—boat-races—processions by torch-light. For three days the population of Mayence was kept in a state of high excitement; and the echo of the excitement went through Germany—and Gutenberg! Gutenberg! was toasted in many a bumper of Rhenish wine amidst this cordial and enthusiastic people.

“And, indeed, even in one who could not boast of belonging to the land in which printing was invented, the universality of the mighty effects of this art, when rightly considered, would produce almost a corresponding enthusiasm. It is difficult to look upon the great changes that have been effected during the last four

centuries, and which are still in progress everywhere around us, and not connect them with printing and with its inventor. The castles on the Rhine, under whose ruins we traveled from Mayence, perished before the powerful combinations of the people of the towns. The petty feudal despots fell, when the burghers had acquired wealth and knowledge. But the progress of despotism upon a larger scale could not have been arrested had the art of Gutenberg not been discovered. The strongholds of military power still frown over the same majestic river. The Rhine has seen its pretty fortresses crumble into decay;—Ehrenbreitstein is more strong than ever,—but even Ehrenbreitstein will fall before the power of mind. The Rhine is crowded with steamboats, where the feudal lord once levied tribute upon the rail bark of the fisherman; and the approaches to the Rhine from France and Belgium will, in a few years, be a series of railroads. Such communications will make war a game much more difficult to play; and when mankind are thoroughly civilized, it will never be played again. Seeing, then, what intellect has done and is doing, we may well venerate the memory of Gutenberg of Mayence.”

RAIN AT NIGHT.

BY F. H. COOKE.

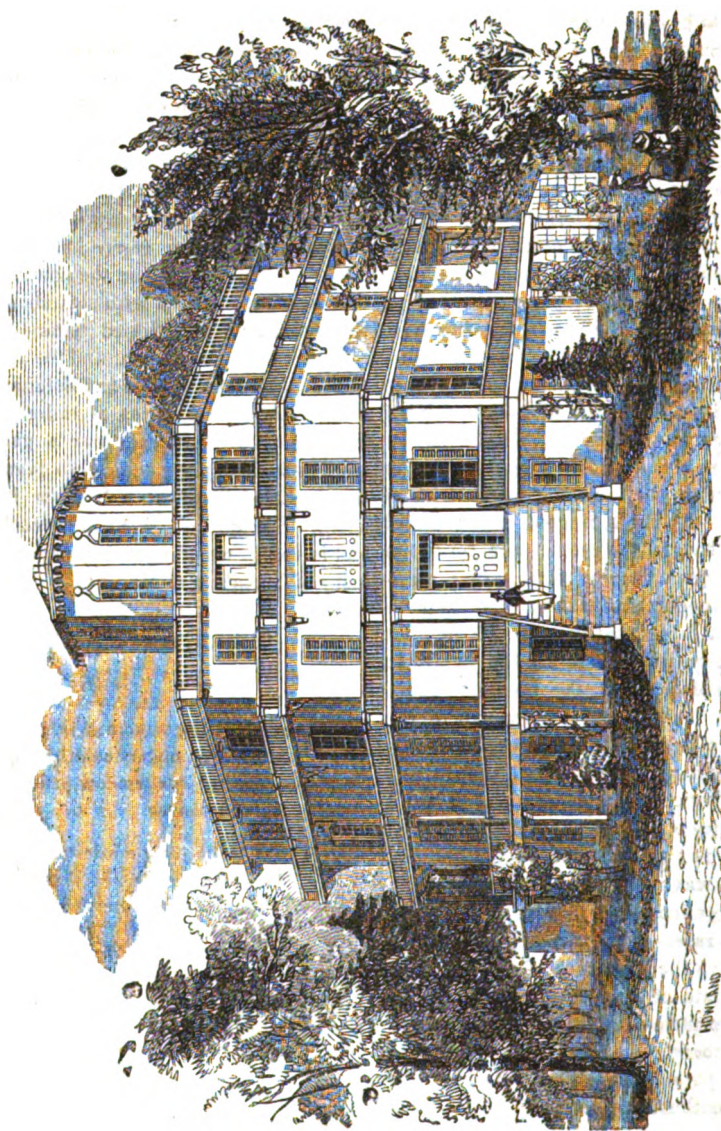
Angels of the wind and rain
Murmured under the dripping eaves,
Bearing past the window-pane
Autumn leaves.

I have loved their music-tones,
As I love the streams that flow
Warbling to the gathered stones
Soft and low.

But their fitful song to-night,
Sighing over the autumn wold,
Thrilled me with a strange delight
All untold.

Angels of a higher Heaven,
Messengers of deeper bliss,
From the world of souls forgiven
Came to this.

And their loving chorus blent
With the earth-born angels' tone,
To the strains a music lent
Not their own.



OCTAGONAL COUNTRY-SEAT OF O. S. FOWLER, ON THE HUDSON.

OCTAGONAL COUNTRY-SEAT OF O. S. FOWLER, ON THE HUDSON.

[We copy from the *Lady's Book*, an article descriptive of the country residence of O. S. Fowler, on the Hudson. The most important and interesting feature about the octagonal dwelling, an engraving of which accompanies the article, is the material of which the walls are built, nineteen-twentieths of which was dug out of the cellar, shovelled into the mortar bed, thoroughly mixed with lime, and then built up into walls, where it subsequently hardened into a solid mass. These walls, which have stood the test of several years, are yet as good as ever. The cost, it is claimed, is "four times cheaper than wood, and six times cheaper than brick." Read the article below. It contains suggestions of great value:]

The accompanying engraving furnishes an accurate representation of the residence of O. S. Fowler, the distinguished phrenologist, by whom it was both planned and erected, he being his own architect. Devised in 1846, and commenced in 1848, it is the first important application of the octagonal form to domestic architecture, on which he published a work in 1848, entitled "Home for All," and which he has just revised. The above engraving shows at a glance the exterior view. On the main floor there are four large octagonal rooms, namely, parlor, sitting, dining, and amusement rooms, connected together by folding doors; and four other side rooms, one adjoining each for dormitory purposes, with a closet to each. Each of the large rooms incloses about 80 yards square, the side rooms 35 a piece; while in the upper stories, which are alike, all the rooms, of which there are 20 per story, are square, the angles being cut off for closets.

The appearance is noble, massive, grand, and imposing, especially as seen from a distance. Its position, on an eminence in the basin of the Hudson formed by the Highlands, renders it "the observed of all observers," from all the regions round about. Its scenery, as viewed from the top of the cupola, is surpassingly grand, far-reaching, and picturesque. It has piazzas all around at each story, which make delightful promenades. Its main, or through entry, is in the ground or

first story, devoted to work and storage; and its store-way is in the centre, which greatly facilitates ready access from each room to all the others, and saves steps, and which is lighted from the cupola, in the centre of which is a glass dome, which also lights its stairway and the right centre rooms.

But its greatest curiosity, and that which most of all distinguishes it from all other buildings, is the material out of which its walls are composed, which is simply lime, coarse sand or gravel, and broken stones, large and small, and of all possible shapes and sizes, just as they came from the slate stone quarry in digging its foundation. Nineteen-twentieths of all its material were dug out of its cellar, shovelled or wheeled right into the mortar bed, mixed with lime, and wheeled and shovelled directly into the wall, thus costing almost nothing for material or even cartage. Its builder claims that its walls are four times cheaper than wood, and six times cheaper than brick! If this is really so, this plan of building deserves attention; especially since its walls are remarkably solid, have now stood perfectly well four seasons, and grow harder with age, besides being remarkably free from moisture, and quite warm in winter, and cool in summer. Its bond principle is the same as in all brick and stone houses, namely, lime and sand mixed with stone; and, what is most remarkable, is the small quantity of lime required, which was only some \$20 worth for the two upper stories, each of which contains wall material enough for a house twenty by forty, and two stories and a half high—or only about \$10 worth of lime for such a house.

These walls are formed by erecting and bracing standards where the wall is to run—they being placed *within* the walls, on which boards are nailed, between which this lime, gravel, and stone admixture, or concrete, is shovelled, which hardens in a day, when these boards are taken off and nailed on higher for the next tier or working. A better plan, however, is to have two tiers of boards, so that, after the second is filled, the first is taken off and nailed on to form the third. But for details we refer our readers to Mr. Fowler's work, "Home for All," devoted to the explanation of this style of building.

Outside, it is finished with a coat of plaster, and done off to resemble granite. Thus far,

this finish does not show the first sign of peeling or cracking, and looks splendidly.

It is very large, being 32 feet sides, or 256 in circumference, and 79 in diameter, covering 6000 feet of ground, and contains in all some 60 rooms and 40 closets. Indeed, one of the greatest excellences claimed for this octagonal style is its great number of closets and small rooms, the practical value of which every housekeeper will doubtless appreciate.

Altogether, it is a real curiosity, worth going quite a journey to see, and as practically useful as unique; and its enterprising founder deserves our good wishes, and even thanks, for setting an example, on so large a scale, of both the gravel wall and octagonal style of building.

—*Lady's Book.*

"OUR CARRIE."

All have their treasures: every hearth
With something dear is blest:
Some cherished dovelet folds its wings
In every household nest;
And our dear home like all beside,
Can boast its darling too,
As lovely one as thine I ween—
Our Carrie's eyes are blue!

A wayward, wilful child is she
With varied taste endowed,
Who loves the gentle and the fair,
Worships the strong and proud.
Her lip can curl with haughty scorn,
And anger's flush break through
The lash, which droops disdainfully
O'er Carrie's eyes of blue.

You may have seen some girlish face
Than hers more brightly fair;
But, oh! we love her sunny head
With brown and shining hair;
For all heroic nobleness,
Deeds generous and true,
Bring showers of tears to Carrie's eyes,
Those eyes which are so blue.

Be such alone, oh! God! the tears
Which o'er their azure stray;
But to the dear lamb of our flock
Temper Thy wind away,
And still where bends so lovingly
The sky we look up through,
With fervent prayer be often turned
Our Carrie's eyes of blue.

CORA CLIFTON.

N. Albion, N. Y., Sept. 23, 1854.

TWICE MARRIED.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A happy bridal party was assembled at the house of Mr. Elwood Graham, on a pleasant evening in May, some ten or twelve years ago, to witness the rites that were to make an only daughter the bride of one of the most promising young lawyers in the State. Alice Graham, in mind and heart, as well as in external beauty and grace, was worthy the hand of Edward Delaney. No one who witnessed their union, failed to congratulate Mr. Graham upon the excellent choice his daughter had made from among the many who had sought her favor.

"If happiness ever attends the marriage union," remarked one of the nuptial guests to another, "it will be the smiling companion of Edward Delaney and his lovely wife."

"Yes. They will be happy, no doubt," returned the individual addressed, a widow well advanced in years. There was an abstraction about the manner and in the tone of the speaker's voice as she said this, that caused the individual who had addressed her to say—

"You seemed to speak equivocally, Mrs. Clement. Or, did my ear deceive me?"

"Did I?" Mrs. Clement returned, smiling. "A bad habit with me, no doubt, this propensity I have to distrust life's young promise. I have seen so many bright skies overclouded—so many blossoms touched with the frost, that I am afraid to trust myself to hope all the good things my heart desires for those who are entering life's devious ways, strewn at first with so many beautiful and sweet scented flowers. But, doubtless, Edward and his bride will be very happy. Surely, upon their way the blossoms will linger long after they have faded the paths of many around them. This it is but fair to hope. He, with talent, energy, and high moral worth—she, with beauty, accomplishments, and a pure heart loving deeply the object of its young devotion—would it not be strange, indeed, if they were not blessed even above the common lot? True—there may come loss of health, loss of children—a trial none but a mother's heart can fully estimate loss of wealth;—but, not of these can take away integrity of purpose, nor the pure love they bear each other."

"Which pure love," remarked the first

speaker, "has in it a compensating virtue; for, as life's ills close darkly around, it burns with a brighter and steadier light. The closing of the doors and windows that through life's day of prosperity let in the sunlight of fortune and the world's favor, does not make all gloomy within. A lamp burns brightly in an inner chamber—and a cheerful fire blazes warmly upon the hearth. Is it not so?"

"Yes—yes. It is only the putting out of that lamp—only the darkening of that hearth that brings night indeed."

"But this night cannot come to them."

"I think not—unless death extinguishes the lamp and the fire." Mrs. Clement said this with something of sadness in her voice. Death had, years before, extinguished her hearth-fire and heart-lamp, leaving her in darkness and desolation of spirit.

"Death comes to all, early or late in life," returned the friend, "but his visits we will expect. It is not well to associate the altar and the tomb together."

"Perhaps not. Though it is difficult to keep our thoughts from being stirred by memories of the past—especially when circumstances awaken vividly those memories."

The presence of others who could hear their words checked this serious conversation between the friends. Mrs. Clement in a little while forgot the past in the pleasantness of the passing hour.

The first two years that succeeded this marriage, were truly blessed years. Mr. Delaney's reputation at the bar had steadily increased, and he stood, at the end of this period, among the first in his county for talents, legal abilities, and strict probity. Alice was very proud of her husband's reputation—and very happy in being the wife of a man whose character made up such a whole of excellence.

One day he came home evidently much dated in mind, as his wife, whose practised eyes could read his face as if it were a book, plainly perceived. He said nothing, for some time, about the matter that pleased him, until Alice, who did not like the suspense, remarked—

"Something has happened to please you, dear."

"How should you know that?" returned Delaney, smiling.

"Your face cannot keep a secret."

"Can't it? A true face, then, is it not?"

"It is no hypocrite—and for that I like it. But tell me what has given you so peculiar a gratification? I must be a sharer of all that stirs pleasant thoughts in your bosom."

"I am not so sure, Alice, that it will give you the same pleasure that it has given me."

"Let me hear, and then I can tell."

"You shall hear. I have been waited upon to know whether I will become a candidate for the Legislature."

"You have!" The face of his wife became graver.

"Yes, dear. But why do you look so serious?"

"I don't want you to become a candidate for office."

"Why not?"

Tears came into the eyes of the young wife—but she did not reply.

"You must have a reason, Alice," continued Delaney. "Speak out; and if it is a good one, I will be governed by it."

Still the wife was silent.

"Ah! dear, I'm afraid your's is only a woman's reason," he said, patting her cheek, playfully. "A simple 'because you don't want me to become a candidate.'"

"But does it not frequently happen, that a woman's intuition is better than a man's reason?" said Alice.

"It may so happen, in rare instances. But reason is the only safe guide, and I can acknowledge no other. So, you must bring reasons if you expect to influence me. I see reasons why I should accept the nomination. These must influence me, unless rendered nugatory by counter reasons. So, my pretty pleader! let us hear your reasons."

This playfulness of manner did not make Alice the less serious. Leaning her head against him, and turning up her eyes to his face, she replied, hesitatingly, as if she felt that her reasons would not have much weight.

"I cannot bear that you should be a subject of the vile slanders—of the cruel attacks upon character, that every man who now presents himself for office has to meet."

"But to shun these, Alice, would be moral cowardice. Shall honest men leave the field to political rogues, in fear of trumped up slanders that no sensible man believes? Certainly not! Where would our vessel of State float, if

competent pilots refused to take the helm, because incompetent ones in their struggle for place, heaped false accusations upon their heads. No! no! dear. Our duty to a common country should make us willing not only to suffer, but to die for her. We must be true patriots."

"But no dangerous strait now exists. And there are plenty who are fully competent to fill this office, who are willing enough to accept of it."

"If no dangerous exigency did really exist, your argument would not be sound. The first call has been made upon me to perform a public service. With what propriety can I disregard my country's appeal, when there is no weightier reason for doing so, than a weak timidity—a fear to meet falsehood and vituperation, which will be poured out, no matter who comes forward? Every one could as legitimately make the same plea, and then there would be none to serve. But a dangerous strait does exist. The opposition is strong, and, if it succeeds, will carry measures in the Assembly highly detrimental to the interests of the Commonwealth. The candidate of our party must be a man invulnerable at almost every point. Such a man I, no matter how really unworthy in my own eyes, have been deemed, and as such, chosen for the candidate. It would be treacherous in me to desert my country in her need; and I cannot do it."

Silenced, but not satisfied, Mrs. Delaney found herself compelled to acquiesce; but it was with an instinctive fear of consequences, whose nature she could not define. The necessary frequent absence of her husband, who would be called away to different parts of the county to attend political meetings—the absorbing nature of a canvass—and the unnatural excitement of mind which she had observed it to produce upon others, were unuttered objections that oppressed her heart—and which often prompted her to plead with tears and love's eloquent persuasions, for him to give up his intentions. But she knew his firm character well enough to be satisfied that all these would be fruitless, and therefore forced herself to keep silence.

Delaney was an ambitious man. Not so much, really, from the love of serving his country, was he influenced in determining to accept the nomination that had been tendered

him, as from the impulses of a desire to attain a place where all eyes would be upon him, and where he could so acquit himself, as to receive distinguished honors. His real aim, so far as attainment of place was concerned, was the Senate of the United States. An election to the Assembly was the first stepping-stone. Eagerly did he avail himself of the opportunity offered for becoming the candidate of a strong party.

To a man whose sole end is the glory attached to high places, nothing can be so dangerous as both the struggle and the ultimate success—especially in a country like ours, where the mass of the people declare who shall, or who shall not, be thus honored—and where the mass of the people must be gained over, or a man's ambition remain like a smouldering fire in his bosom. The merely ambitious man—that is, the man ambitious only of honors, and not of serving his country for his country's good, is exposed to a flood of temptations, not the least of which is the temptation to indulge excessively in wine. How this is so, need not be stated. Every one knows that during electioneering campaigns, wine and brandy are poured out like water, and that a candidate, if not a very firm, temperate, self-denying man, is in imminent danger. The true lover of his country—he who looks to the good of that country, instead of his own honor, is not thus in danger. The purity and elevation of his aim, keep his mind calm and well balanced. He does not become mentally intoxicated, and is not, therefore, in the same danger of bodily intoxication. To serve well his country, he knows, is not to procure votes by rendering men unfit to vote—for a bad cause as well as a good one can gain accessories by such a mode. He, rather, keeps his own mind clear, that he may elevate men into a region of mental discrimination, from which they may rationally see who is really the best man to serve his country faithfully. Instead of going down to brutalize himself and his constituents, he lifts both himself and them up, and acts and leads them to act like men standing upon their feet. Thus he is safe from the peculiar temptations attending an electioneering canvass. Men who cannot think for themselves, or who are really too indolent so to do, can be elevated to see rational truth in the light of other men's minds, and thus be led to do the truth in a

right cause. And for this reason, men can as readily be led to vote right, from seeing the truth, as from mere blind prejudice, or brutal infatuation.

Delaney, otherwise clear minded, was so eager to succeed, that he did not see this. Too readily he was led to the vicious practice of being all things to all men. Of flattering the weak, and drinking with the lover of drink—the latter class a very numerous one. Alas! more than once did he so far indulge this habit, as to become unconscious of any thing.

Alice, who was watching the progress of the canvass with an eager heart, that bled with every sneer, every false accusation made in the opposition papers against her husband, found a new cause of anxiety in his changed appearance and manner when he was at home, which was now too rarely, as he was most of his time engaged in electioneering through the county. The real nature of this change, even her quick perception had not made out, when her attention was arrested one morning by the words in an opposition paper—"The Drunken Candidate." Quickly letting her eye run over the paragraph they headed, she read as follows:—

"We are told that the great mass meeting so much bragged about at the 'Cross Keys,' was a signal failure. Delaney was so drunk that his friends had to take him from the stand, amid hisses and groans. This is the third time he has been so much intoxicated during the canvass, as to be unable to speak. We are sorry for him. But we told some of his best friends, when they proposed to bring him out, that he was a weak man, and would disgrace himself and them in some way. He has done it, now, effectually. Both he and his party are dead. We shall carry the election by an overwhelming majority."

The newspaper dropped from the poor wife's hand, and she sat for a long time motionless and tearless. The shock paralyzed at first both mind and body. When perfect consciousness again came back, Alice had a keener heart-ache than she had ever felt. The peculiarity in her husband's appearance, that had troubled her, was all explained. "Intoxicated!" Could it be possible? Was she really awake or dreaming? While such thoughts were passing through her mind, her husband came in, unexpectedly. He had been away for

a week, and she did not look for his return for two or three days. He greeted her affectionately, yet with something of embarrassment in his manner, while his eye glanced about with an anxious expression.

"A cursed, lying wretch!" he muttered between his teeth, his brow darkening into an angry scowl, as he perceived the newspaper which had fallen from his wife's hand upon the floor, and knew it to be the one in which a scandalous paragraph about himself had been inserted.

"Don't talk so husband," Alice said, in a deprecating tone; her face becoming still paler than it was when Delaney came in.

"Why should I not?" he returned, much excited. "Am I made of iron or brass? Can I bear to see such scandalous lies published about me, and not be roused into indignation? I would not care so much for myself," he added, in a more subdued tone—"but such allegations go beyond me. Such arrows lodge in another bosom—in your bosom, in fact, Alice. I saw the paragraph last evening, and at once returned home, to assure you, if that were necessary, that it was a base falsehood. As to the election going against me—that is all nonsense. Our party was never so sure of success. I shall go in by an overwhelming majority!"

As Delaney uttered the closing sentence, he elevated his voice, while he assumed the attitude of a speaker, and gave it with true stump-oratorical effect. Alice looked at him for an instant or two with painful surprise, until she was made fully certain that he was even then strongly excited by drink. This broke down her spirits completely. Tears gushed from her eyes, and she buried her face in her hands and moaned sadly.

It is not our intention to follow the candidate step by step, up to the time when the voice of the people proclaimed him their representative in the General Assembly of his State. Enough that he gained the election—but at a great sacrifice; the loss of domestic felicity—the sacrifice of his wife's peace. He gained the election—but in the struggle he lost those high-toned feelings that Alice had loved. And worse than all, he acquired habits, and formed associations, that made home less attractive. Four months at the Capital of the State, his thoughts during the whole time excited, from

various causes, tended rather to wean his affections from his wife, than to bind him closer to so fine-minded a being. She resided with him at H—, during the session of the Legislature, and noted with feelings that it would be hard to imagine, his gradual declension from the elevated, honest manliness of character, for which she had at first loved him. He had become an ambitious politician, eager for distinction, and too regardless of the means whereby that distinction was to be gained.

At the next election he was again the party's candidate, and notwithstanding the most vigorous efforts against him, was chosen to represent the people.

Three years from that time, he was placed on the ticket for Congress. During the period that elapsed, he had changed for the worse. His habits had become very irregular, and his temper soured towards his wife, whose pale, sad, heart-broken look, ever reproved him when in her presence. They had two children, a boy and a girl, the eldest four, and the youngest two years old. Lovely children they were, but their loveliness could not win him from his ambitious schemes. He had fixed his eyes upon the Senate chamber in the National Legislature, and no charm could win him to turn to the right or left, or to linger by the way. Unfortunately, he had not felt the danger he was in from a too free use of intoxicating drinks. But his wife saw it, and ventured to give him a gentle warning. She met a cruel and angry repulse!

In the struggle for a seat in Congress, he descended to still lower depths than any into which he had before degraded himself. He drank almost to intoxication every day. His wife and children were scarcely thought of, and not seen, sometimes, for weeks together.

On the day he was declared the successful candidate, his wife returned with her children to her father's house, and sought the protection of her own family. All his former love for her had faded from his mind. He regarded her coldly, and sometimes with positive unkindness. And he was, moreover, so abandoned in his habits, that such a woman as Alice could not live with him. A feeble remonstrance was raised against her precipitate course of action, followed by a threat to take the children from their mother, and then the

heart-stricken wife was left in the asylum she had sought.

A year afterwards, owing to the gross abandonment of himself to vile and evil courses of conduct, his wife, urged on by her friends, applied for and obtained a divorce from Delaney. He went to Congress for a second term, and was then dropped by the party, as unfit to represent them. He had become little better than a common drunkard. Thus disgraced, he left the county, and went no one knew whither.

Three years passed, during all which time Alice, who continued to live with her father, heard nothing of him who had once been her husband. Gradually her feelings were beginning to rise from the shock they had received. Her children were unfolding before her like plants that were pleasant to look upon, and the fragrance of whose leaves affected the sense with delight. About this time she went to visit a friend who had married and moved away to a neighboring State. It was about the time when the Washingtonian excitement was at its height. Every village, town, and city, gave forth its crowded audiences to listen with intense interest to the thrilling experiences of men who had arisen into life as from the dead. The wonder was in every thought and upon every lip. People looked upon the new phenomenon with a bewildered astonishment.

In the evening of the day on which Alice arrived at S—, a great experience meeting was to be held in one of the churches. Her friend, who had become enthusiastic in the cause, urged her to go to this meeting, which Alice did, although with a feeling of reluctance. The house was crowded above and below. A broad platform had been laid upon the railing of the chancel, on which sat the president of the society, the secretary, ministers of various denominations, and several reformed men, who were to be the principal speakers. The preliminaries usually appertaining to such meeting having been arranged, a brief opening address was made by one of the ministers. A reformed man then related his experience with great effect. After he had finished, there was a pause of nearly a minute. At length a man, who had been seated far back, with his face partly turned from the

audience, arose slowly, and moved to the front of the stage.

A half-suppressed exclamation escaped Alice as her eyes caught the well-known features of him who had been her husband, while a quick thrill ran through her. Then her whole frame trembled in accord with her fluttering heart. The face of Mr. Delaney was greatly changed since she had last looked upon it. Its calm, dignified elevation had been restored, but with this difference—what before was cheerful, was now sad—very sad.

"Mr. President," he began, in a subdued voice, "although I had consented, at your urgent solicitation, to address this large assembly, to-night, yet I have felt so strong a reluctance to doing so, that it has been with the utmost difficulty I could drag myself forward. But I had passed my word, and could not violate it. As to relating my experience—that I do not think I can venture upon. The past I dare not recall. Would to Heaven that the memory of just ten years of my life were blotted out!"

The speaker paused a moment, already much affected. He, resuming in a firmer voice, said—

"But something must be said of my own case, or I shall fail to make that impression on your minds that I wish to produce. Pictures of real life touch the heart with power, while abstract presentations of truth glitter coldly in the intellectual regions of the mind, and then fade from the perceptions like dissolving figures in the diorama.

"Your speaker once stood among the first members of the bar, in a neighboring State. Nay, more than that—he represented his county for three years in the Assembly of the Commonwealth. And more than that, still—occupied a seat in Congress for two Congressional periods."

At this announcement, the stillness of death pervaded the crowded assembly.

"And yet, more than all that," he continued, his voice sinking into a low, thrilling tone—"he once had a tenderly loved wife and two sweet children. But all these honors, all these blessings have departed from him," he continued, his voice growing louder and deeper in his effort to control himself. "He was unworthy to retain them! His constituents threw him off, because he had debased himself and

disgraced them. And worse than all—she, who had loved him devotedly—she, who had borne him two dear babes, was forced to abandon him, and seek an asylum in her father's house. And why? Could I become so changed in a few short years? What power was there so to debase me that my fellow beings spurned, and even the wife of my bosom turned away heart-stricken from me? Alas! my friends—it was a mad indulgence in strong drink. Strong drink! aye, is it not a mocker? A very demon—a Circe, changing the human into the bestial. But for this, and I were now an honorable and useful representative in Congress, seeking my country's good, and blessed in the home circle with wife and children. But I have not told you all. After my wife separated herself from me, I sunk rapidly. A state of perfect sobriety brought too many terrible thoughts. I therefore drank more freely, and was rarely, if ever, from under the bewildering effects of partial intoxication. I remained in the same village for some years, but never once saw her during that time—nor even a glimpse of my children. At last, I became so abandoned in my life, that, urged on by her friends, no doubt, she filed an application for a divorce, and as cause could readily be shown why it should be granted, a separation was legally declared. To complete my disgrace, at the next Congressional canvass, I was left off of the ticket, as unfit to represent the district. I then left the county and State where I had lived from boyhood up.

"Three years have passed since then. For two years of that period I abandoned myself to the fearful impulses of the appetite I had acquired. Then I heard of this new movement—this great temperance cause. At first, I sneered, then wondered, listened at last, and finally threw myself upon the great wave that was sweeping onward, in the hope of being carried by it far out of the reach of danger. I did not hope with a vain hope. It did for me all and more than I could have dreamed. It set me once more upon my feet—once more made a man of me. A year of sobriety, earnest devotion to my profession, and fervent prayer to Him who alone gives strength in every good resolution, has restored to me much that I have lost—but not all—not the richest treasure that I proved myself unworthy to retain—not my wife and children. Ah! between

myself and these the law has laid its stern, impassable interdiction. I have no longer a wife—no longer children—though my heart goes out towards those dearly beloved ones with the tenderest yearnings. Pictures of our early days of wedded love are ever lingering in my imagination. I dream of the sweet fireside circle. I see ever before me the once placid face of my Alice, as her eyes looked into my own with intelligent confidence. I feel her arms twining about my neck—the music of her voice is ever sounding in my ears.”

The speaker's emotion overcame him. His utterance was choked, and he stood silent with bowed head and trembling limbs. The dense mass of people were hushed into oppressive stillness, that was broken here and there by half stifled sobs. At this moment, there was a movement in the crowd. A single female figure, before whom every one appeared instinctively to give way, was seen passing up the aisle. This was not observed by Delaney, until she had come nearly in front of the platform on which he stood. Then the movement caught his ear, and lifting his eyes, that instantly fell upon Alice—for it was she that was pressing onward—he bent forward towards her, with suddenly lifted hands and eager eyes, and stood like a statue until she had gained the stand, and advanced quickly to his side. For a moment, the two stood thus, the whole audience thrilled with the scene, upon their feet, and bending forward. Then Delaney opened his arms, and Alice threw herself upon his bosom with a quick, wild gesture. Thus for the full space of a minute they stood—every one, as by a single intuition, understanding the scene. One of the ministers then came forward, and gently separated them.

“No—no,” said Delaney, “you must not, you cannot take her away from me.”

“Heaven forbid that I should do that!” replied the minister. “But, by your own confession, she is not your wife.”

“No, she is not,” returned Delaney, mournfully.

“But is ready to take up her vows again,” said Alice, a soft smile breaking through the tears that now rained over her face.

Before that large assemblage, all standing, and few with dry eyes, was said, in a broken voice, the marriage ceremony that gave Delaney and Alice again to each other. As the minister, an aged man, with thin, white locks,

finished the rite, he laid his hands upon the heads of the two he had joined in holy bonds, and lifting his eyes, that streamed with drops of gladness, said, in a solemn voice—

“*What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder!*”

“Amen!” was uttered by the whole assembly, as with a single voice.

EATING FAST—Napoleon was a very fast eater. At a grand concert at the Tuileries, from the moment he and his guests sat down, till the coffee was served, not more than forty-three or four minutes elapsed. They were then bowed out. With Napoleon, the moment appetite was felt, it was necessary that it should be satisfied; and his establishment was so arranged, that in all places, and at all hours, chicken, cutlets, and coffee, might be forthcoming at a word. This habit of eating fast and carelessly is supposed to have paralysed Napoleon on two of the most critical events of his life—the battles of Borodino and Leipsic, which he might have converted into decisive and influential victories, by pushing his advantages as he was wont. On each of these occasions, he is known to have been suffering from indigestion. On the third day of Dresden, too, the German novelist, Hoffman, who was present in the town, asserts that the Emperor would have done much more than he did, but for the effects of a shoulder of mutton stuffed with onions.

EARTHLY BLISS.—The pleasures of this world are so transitory and fleeting that it seems a crime for man to pass his days in frivolous pursuits, or set, as many do, their whole mind upon what, before to-morrow's sun shall go down, will become as mist and vapor. The uncertainty of life, that dark veil which cuts the future from the piercing eyes of man, the ignorance of what it may bring forth, have a salutary effect upon the thoughtful, and wean them from a too great love of the world, of its pleasures or of themselves. Though there be a few who live to the age of three score years and ten, health and youth are not to be relied on, for the nipping frost often destroys in an hour the fairest flower, and the lightning from heaven often rends the sturdy oak. If we place our hearts upon the riches of the world, they fade away before our sight, and the hard earnings of years are in a moment swept away.



ANDREW HOFER.

The Tyrol until the year 1805 remained as it were an appendage of the Hapsburg or Austrian family, but after the rapid campaign of that year when Bonaparte so shook the power of Austria, that it was thought it could never again revive, he insisted, as a condition of peace, that it should be ceded to his ally, the King of Bavaria. As this was done without the consent of the Diet, and in direct opposition to the will of the Tyroleans, and as they could not brook the idea of being given away, as sheep by one master to another, they ever afterwards held the Bavarians in contempt. In 1809, when Bonaparte was again in the field against the Emperor Francis, the Tyroleans rose to a man, in his rear, and opened communications with the Archduke, John of Austria.

In this insurrection, Andrew Hofer was one of the first to take up arms, and his example, added to those of his friends, Speckbacher and Haspinger, had a wonderful effect on the peasantry. Hofer, at this time, was about forty-two years of age, a man of great energy, irreproachable morals, and of more intelligence

and refinement than was generally to be found among his companions. By his attachment to the superstitions of the Catholic church, and sometimes to the bottle, he gained a place in the hearts of a people who were all superstitious and generally fond of wine. It is reported of him that he led the peasants to victory with a rosary in one hand, and a bottle in the other. It was Hofer who struck the first blow, by defeating the Bavarians in the valley of the Eisach, where between killed and wounded, and prisoners, they lost 900 men. Hofer, in all his victories, was never guilty of any unnecessary cruelty. M. Mercey, a Frenchman, says, "he killed only those who resisted him. 'Cut down those fellows,' said Hofer, 'as long as they stand against you; but once down, give them quarter! Only a coward strikes a man that is on the ground, because he is afraid he will get up again!'" These successes of the Tyroleans, under Hofer, continued until they lost the decisive battle of Wagram, when the disgraceful treaty, which resigned them to the Bavarians, was again formed. Although they knew that the whole weight of Bonaparte's power would be turned against them, they still continued to resist the decree which made them the slaves of Bavaria, and although the Emperor Francis on the one hand, and the French viceroy in Italy, on the other, proclaimed all who continued in the war as rebels and brigands, Hofer and his brave companions determined to make one more effort for their freedom. They defeated the French in the valley of the Passeyer (Hofer's birth-place), and killed, wounded, and took prisoners, more than 2000 men. This was their last success. They were hunted from rock to rock, and from post to post, until at last the brave Hofer was left almost entirely alone. From the beginning of December, 1809, to about the middle of January, 1810, Hofer lay concealed in a small hut situated in a rocky hollow, near the summit of one of the loftiest mountains in the Tyrol. Besides his family, only one person, a friend and former confidant, knew the place of his concealment. The cupidity of this friend being excited by the large reward offered for the arrest of Hofer, led a large detachment of soldiers to the place, and Hofer was taken, loaded with chains, and carried to Botzen, where he was tried, condemned, and shot within the space of twenty-four hours. The following re-

mark by M. Mercey is characteristic of his nation, but contains a fact rather honorable to it:—"They killed Hofer out of obedience. After his death, however, they rendered him the same honors that are paid to a general officer; and the body of the Tyrolean patriot was carried to its last home on the shoulders of French grenadiers."

The Emperor of Austria, who could do no less, assigned a pension to his family, and in 1823 he ordered that the remains of Hofer should be brought to Inspruck, and there interred in the cathedral church of the Holy Cross.

A monument has since been erected over the tomb of Hofer. It is surmounted by a statue of Carrara marble. The figure is about eight feet high, exclusive of the rough pediment attempted to be represented in the engraving, and it stands upon an upright block or parallelogram of white marble, eight feet high.

SUNDAYS.

BY HENRY VAUGHAN.

Bright shadows of true rest! some shoots of bliss;

Heaven once a week;

The next world's gladness prepossessed in this;

A day to seek;

Eternity in time; the steps by which

We climb above all ages; lamps that light

Man through his heap of dark days; and the rich

And full redemption of the whole week's flight;

The pulleys unto headlong man; time's bower;

The narrow way;

Transplanted paradise; God's walking hour;

The cool o' th' day;

The creature's jubilee; God's parle with dust;

Heaven here; man on those hills of myrrh and flowers;

Angels descending; the returns of trust;

A gleam of glory after six days' showers;

The church's love-feasts; time's prerogative

And interest,

Deducted from the whole; the combs and hive,

And home of rest;

The milky way chalked out with suns; a clue

That guides through erring hours, and in full story

A taste of heaven on earth; the pledge and cue
Of a full feast, and the out-courts of glory.

"GOD BLESS YOU, MAX!"

BY MEETA.

"There's no hope for me, Mercy!" The speaker's voice was half sorrowful, yet with a dash of recklessness in it. He was lying negligently on a chintz lounge, drawn in front of the fire-place, with his flushed, handsome face, and dark hair, thrown back on the cushions. His cap had fallen off upon the floor, and his arms were half folded across his gay, soiled waistcoat.

The girlish figure in the red cloak came noiselessly across the room, and knelt down beside him. His listless gaze beheld her there, with her patient face, so full of beauty, love and compassion, bending over him.

"Don't you remember Max," said Mercy, gently, "when we were children, a long while ago, how I fell from the old swing and broke my arm, and how you carried me home in your arms?"

"Yes, yes," answered Max, proudly; then his eyes grew moist when he thought how often since then she had carried patiently all his infirmities—heavier by far.

"Then," she continued, "you sat by my bed of suffering, bidding me look forward to bright days, when I should be again your play-fellow. As you bade your little sister hope, then, now God has permitted her to grow up by your side, that her love may build a stronghold in your heart as lasting as the Rock of Ages. There was hope for you as a boy, there is hope for you now when you are a man. For I will help you, and I will work for you, and I will see you braver, better, nobler than all!"

Her pride spoke out from her glistening eyes, her glowing cheeks—even from her shining hair; it seemed so warm, and bright, and loving, Max turned away his face from the fire; it scorched his cheeks, for they were burning red. And *this* was the noble heart he had so often wounded; *this* the voice that he had listened to, as he would listen to any idle song. These, too, were the slender hands, whose earnings he had thrown thoughtlessly into the dice-box, and thrown with them—a lifetime. Oh, Max!

He gathered up his indolent form, and sat upright, brushed back his hair, and replaced his cap over it. He took her hands and joined them about his neck, as though to make her a

shield between his two selves—the better and the worse.

"Mercy, heaven knows! I'm wretched and worthless enough, yet God has given me one blessing I've never deserved. You are that blessing. You are too good for such a creature as I am. But I haven't got a bad heart, Mercy, oh! not that! We'll work together, darling; we'll make a happy and honored home for our old age. Yes, we'll do it, with His help."

So honest and true was that handsome face then, notwithstanding its lines of vasillation and indolence, that Mercy drew it down into her neck, and cried over it.

"There, there, darling," and Max put her gently from him. "You know I must be off now. I promised to leave in the stage to-night, to be at work early in the morning. Every month I'll come to you as my banker, and patience and perseverance will secure the rest."

He spoke gayly—spoke of patience and perseverance; *he*, with his easy confidence and negligent grace.

"Come—kiss me and I'm gone!"

Mercy clasped him close in her arms; kissing him quietly and fervently. "God bless you, Max!"

His hand was on the lock, and, as he opened the door, he nodded over his shoulder at her standing by the fire. His face looked happy and animated; there was a thoughtless smile on his lips. Then he strode away, and was gone. Mercy stole to the window and listened. Easily, cheerily, he passed, in the winter moonlight, humming to himself—his quick, irregular step sounding on the pavement. He had walked just that way through life—would he walk thus into eternity?

There was a lumbering old type-foundry on the corner of a busy street, where crazy iron wheels dropped shining lead, with a monotonous hum. Every evening, there came, from under its black, smoky doorway, a noisy troop of women and girls, with their bright tin dinner-pails. And among them, with her firm pace, and cheerful smile, came always a slight figure in a red cloak. She threaded her way apart from the throng, leaving their din far behind. When she came to her turning, she always stopped, and looked westward with a

beaming, hopeful face, as if saying to herself, as on a certain night—"God bless you, Max!"

Weeks came and went, and the end of that month came also. All through the long day a bright vision hovered around Mercy in the old foundry, coming in, despite the snatches of song, humming wheels, and discordant voices. A vision of a neat little room, a sparkling fire, and, better than all, a pretty chintz lounge with high cushions, and a weary, but honest head resting there.

At last, the sunset waned quite away, and the great, harsh bell rang out loudly. Swiftly, even gayly sped the figure and the red cloak along the chill pavements. This time it did not stop at the turning, to look westward. The door of the humble house stood open.

"He is here, then, before me!" and Mercy's heart gave a quiet throb of gladness. Yes, he was indeed there!

She passed in quickly, but started as she entered. A group of rough workmen, in their soiled clothes and shirt-sleeves, stood in the centre of the room. They drew back silently towards the fire-place when she came in. There was the neat room, with its white curtains; the sparkling fire, and the pretty chintz lounge. But oh! what a scarred and mangled mass of humanity rested upon those cushions!

There was a wild, thrilling cry—a woman's cry of grief and horror, there was a shuffling of heavy feet, and a wiping away of tears from rough faces, with rough hands. Then, when that burst of despair was over, and she sat like a white statue, quiet and cold, amid her shattered household—a voice spoke to her. It was a voice unused to tenderness, but which tried to soften its rugged speech, and harsh dialect, to tell her all.

Brief, too, was the tale—of a jovial carousal with brilliant lights and red wines; a dark night; a rough road homeward, and lastly, a heavy fall from a height, to the rocks below, from life to eternity.

Mercy did not speak—but could he ever forget, that man of toil, the look she gave him? so full of gratitude and anguish! Did he ever think of it, without passing his sleeve across his face, and bringing it back drenched with tears?

Instinctively, Mercy took off her cloak, and covered with it, the dimmed beauty of that face, and the bright brown hair; just as she

would willingly have taken all that was tarnished and soiled in his nature and hidden it in her heart.

And thus, oh! ye sovereigns of vice! In-dwellers of iniquity! thus are homes wrecked, and made desolate around us every day. But there will come a time when that feeble "God bless you, Max!" shall rise up a dread and accusing angel before you. Not here, oh! not here, but in a wider court, a Greater Judgment.

THOUGHT WORK.

[From an excellent little book by Margaret M. Brewster, entitled "Work, or Plenty to do, and How to do It," we make an instructive selection:]

To think, is no uncommon employment. The miser thinks about his gold—the young lady thinks about her bonnets and balls,—the gossip thinks about her neighbors; yet is Thought a comparatively rare achievement. "My friend," said John Foster, "*to have thought for too little*, we shall find among the capital faults in the review of life. To have in our nature a noble part that can think, would be a cause for infinite exultation if it actually did think, as much and as well as it can think, and if to have an unthinking mind were not equivalent to having no mind at all. The mind might, and it should be kept in a state of habitual exertion, that would save us from needing to appeal for proof of its existence to some occasion yesterday when we did think, or to-morrow when we shall."

Equally important for the welfare, equally constituting a part of the work of both sexes, Thought requires to be specially cultivated by woman, as it is more opposed to the natural constitution of her mind, and frequently altogether omitted in her education. Woman, therefore, must educate herself to think. She will thus become a more harmless member of society, for the woman of reflection rarely gossips, rarely propagates scandal, rarely sows discords amongst her neighbors. She will be a better companion and helpmeet for thoughtful men, and a safer friend for thoughtless women. She will be equally fitted, as the case may be, to become the cheerful "old maid,"—the respected teacher of the children of others, —or the intelligent instructress of her own.

She will escape the evils of ignorance and vacancy of mind, on the one hand, and on the other, the imputation of being learned overmuch. No "blue stocking" was ever a thinking woman; ignorant of all that remains to be known, she prides herself upon the little that she knows; and incapable of understanding the humility which is inseparable from true knowledge, she forces upon others her petty and superficial attainments. The woman of reflection, moreover, will not contract her feminine sphere, by occupying a corner of it, and allowing the rest to be wasted ground, but she will never advance a step on the outside of the magic circle. No "emancipated woman"—to use a popular American phrase—was ever a woman of Thought; she emancipates herself, because she has not thought, or has thought to very little purpose, of the noble place, and the influential duties which God has given her—nobler than the place of any man—more blessed and angel-like than the duties of any other created being. She emancipates herself, by throwing aside the mighty power that is her own, and trying to grasp in vain, the intellectual strength, the unshackled freedom of her brother's position. She emancipates herself, in short, because she has not mind enough to enter into the mind of God.

Original thought in a woman, is likely to be crude and unprofitable; hence it requires a larger infusion of the thoughts of others. Reading will, therefore, form a prominent part in the employments of those, who are aroused to a sense of the wonderful elements of work, which exist in the unseen regions of Thought. Some people—clever, active, and useful, in their own way—maintain that reading is a mere selfish indulgence, which takes up a great deal of time, and is of no use in practical life. Others are of opinion, that to fill the mind with other people's ideas, is a sort of mental plagiarism; thus a young man once remarked, that he was not reading much, for fear of hurting his eyes and his originality! To read aright, so as not on the one hand to interfere with the practical duties of life, and on the other, not to impair the individuality of the mind, it is necessary to read *with a purpose*. Why do we read? If only to wile away the vacant hour, or to post through miles of paper, or to gain the credit of being "a great reader," our books may be consigned to the flames for

all the good they do us. As the body requires nourishment, so does the mind, not taken at random, but regularly, and with consideration, so as to suit the mental diet to the mental constitution; and as the body without sustenance could not fulfil its appointed services, so the mind, if left unfed and unstrengthened, could not perform its varied and important work. Why then do we read? 'Let it be to fit us for thinking, for living, for working; let it be to honor Him who, having given us the magnificent palace of the mind, cannot be pleased when it is left unfurnished and untenanted, and consequently rendered by degrees useless and uninhabitable. But how do we read? If our reading is designed for anything better than "much talk and little knowledge," it is equally important and difficult to know how to read! more difficult than our early exploits in alphabet and spelling-book, for it requires patient and laborious mental operations, to meet the mere external one, of pouring in knowledge at eye and ear. A master of the subject says:—"Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is thinking makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections; unless we chew them once again they will not give us strength and nourishment. . . . To which let me add, that this way of thinking on, and profiting by what we read, will be a clog and rub to any one only in the beginning; when custom and exercise have made it familiar, it will be despatched, in the most occasions, without resting or interruption in the course of our reading."

Let us read, then, so as to increase, to elevate, to furnish thought. Let us read patiently—not excitingly rushing through a book to know the end of it, or to begin another in haste, or to have the satisfaction of getting through so many volumes. Let us read systematically—not adhering too pertinaciously to our own rule, and the rules of others, but modifying, altering and increasing a judicious course of reading, according to our better acquaintance with our own mental wants and peculiarities. It is well not to despise the aid of notes and abstracts, so as to gather up fragments which might otherwise be lost to our memories—to record our own impressions—make our own reflections and illustrations, and thus prove our own progress.

Let us strive against that besetting sin amongst us—superficiality. If all were as candid as Hannah More's heroine, her confession would not be a very uncommon one.

"I seisd on learning's superficial part,
And title-page and index got my heart,
Some learned authority I still would bring
To grace my talk, and prove—the plainest thing:
This the chief transport I from science drew,
That all might know how much Cleora knew."

TO THE STARS.

BY MRS. MARY ANN WHITAKER.

Bright, mystic children of the sky,
How lovingly ye shine!
To greet the watchful, longing heart
With promises divine.
E'en now, in childlike faith, I gaze
Upon each starry gem,
And hail ye as the messengers
Of God's dear love to men.

Darkness and silence fold their wings
Around my troubled breast,
And hush with soothing tenderness
All earth-born cares to rest.
No doubt, no fear discordant falls
Upon the ear of night;
While thought grows pure and beautiful,
Touched by your holy light.

Enshrined within your radiant orbs
Dwell visions of the past;
Hopes which could find no home below,
Too fair, too glad to last.
Yet, borne above by angel hands,
Those pictured memories glow
Beyond the reach of worldliness,
Undimmed by mortal woe.

And as my suppliant spirit bends
In grateful, voiceless prayer,
Adoring the benignant Power
Who guards us everywhere—
Ye seem, bright stars, to beckon me
To yonder beauteous heaven,
Wherein man's purest thoughts repose,
Where peace, true peace is given.

Glorious your mission! not alone
Your own high sphere to bless;
But to the lowly souls of earth
Give faith and happiness.
Oh! I still love ye, as of old
A trusting child I knelt,
And from your teachings learnt to know
A God, unseen, but felt.

CREDULITY OF THE ANCIENTS.

In days of yore, when zoological establishments were not, the wisdom of our ancestors, struggling through the mists of the ignorance of ages, could not prevent them from believing strange things, and setting them forth to the world in all simplicity, finding credence for the most wonderful assertions in the eager minds of the cravers after knowledge. What would the youngest visitant of the Surrey, or the Regent's Park, say to be told that his flexible and familiar friend the elephant, who kneels down that he may mount to the pavilion on his back, has no joints? And yet Aristotle, Diodorus, Strabo, Cassiodorus, and many other learned Thebans, with ancient honored names, believed this to be the case, and thus express their conviction:

"The elephant, having no joints, is obliged to sleep standing; the hunters, therefore, cut the trees across against which the animal leans, as being once down, he cannot rise again. No sooner does this animal hear a pig grunt than he takes to flight in the utmost terror."

Ælian asserts that he had seen an elephant write a letter, and another sage declares that he had heard him speak! One could almost believe either acts of our sagacious friend, but still we are forced to stipulate for an all-but.

A horse and a pigeon were believed to have no gall, but Pliny is caught tripping when, after asserting this, he goes on to say that the gall of a horse is poison! As for the pigeon it was thought profane to disbelieve this omission of nature in favor of a bird which had been chosen as a symbol of all that was pure, gentle and holy. With respect to our old friend the badger, he is described by no less a philosopher than Albertus Magnus as having his legs shorter on one side than on the other—although, he adds despairingly, it is impossible to prove it! Aldrovandus, who agrees in the poor badger's defective formation, inserts a saving clause by remarking this inequality (which would make him more splendid than a badger is) cannot be observed; he also doubts that the bear produces her cubs without form and void, and begins immediately to lick them into shape, although such was the received opinion in his day. I hardly dare to trust myself to talk about singing swans, which were said to become melodious just before their

death, and thought by some naturalists to have very good voices at all times, but to sing in places where no one could hear them. Aldrovandus tells his world that the swans on the banks of the Thames sing beautifully. Has any one on a swan-hopping expedition ever heard them? The same authors relate that the peacock is always uneasy in his mind about the ugliness of his feet, and screams when he looks at them. This superstition has been useful to the poets of the East, who introduce the fact into their verses, adding that the deformity arose from the peacock having made friends with the serpent in Eden, and combined with that enemy of mankind against our first parents. Storks were generally believed to inhabit only free countries, being thorough republicans in their politics.

In the matter of the basilisk, salamander, and phoenix, although acknowledged to be rare creatures, they were believed to exist as well as serpents having a head at each end; but they seem to have been abandoned as mere hieroglyphics or chemical essences at an early period. The wolf was a very mysterious beast in days of yore, lending his shape to witches and wizards, who found pleasure in roaming about in his skin. Whoever came upon a wolf unawares, and was seen first by the animal, became immediately dumb: as many a classic poet has told us, without mentioning Virgil himself. This was brought about perhaps on the same principles as those which made the shadow of the hyena fatal to the voices of dogs. Pliny is the authority for dogs always losing their voices under its influence.—*Household Words*.

SONG.

The world goes up, and the world goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain;
And yesterday's sneer, and yesterday's frown,
Can never come over again,
Sweet wife,
No, never come over again.

For woman is warm, though man be cold,
And the night will hallow the day;
Till the heart which at even was weary and old
Can rise in the morning gay;
Sweet wife,
To its work in the morning gay.

REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

AN EASTERN APOLOGUE.

A STORY FOR YOUTH.

Abdallah sat at his morning meal, when there alighted on the rim of his goblet a little fly. It sipped an atom of syrup, and was gone. But it came next morning, and the next, and the next again, till at last the scholar noticed it. Not quite a common fly, it seemed to know that it was beautiful, and it soon grew very bold. And lo! a great wonder: it became daily larger, and yet larger, till there could be discerned in the size as of a locust the appearance as of a man. From an handbreath it reached the stature of a cubit; and still, so winning were its ways, that it found more and more favor with this son of infatuation. It frisked like a satyr, and it sang like a peri, and like a moth of the evening it danced on the ceiling, and, like the king's gift, whithersoever it turned it prospered. The eyes of the simple one were blinded, so that he could not in all this perceive the subtilty of an evil gin. Therefore, the lying spirit waxed bolder and yet bolder, and whatsoever his soul desired of dainty meats he freely took; and when the scholar waxed wroth, and said, "This is my daily portion from the table of the mufti: there is not enough for thee and me," the dog-faced deceiver played some pleasant trick, and caused the silly one to smile. Until, in process of time, the scholar perceived that, as his guest grew stronger and stronger, he himself waxed weaker and weaker.

Now, also, there arose frequent strife betwixt the demon and his dupe, and at last the youth smote the fiend so sore that he departed for a season. And when he was gone, Abdallah rejoiced and said, "I have triumphed over mine enemy; and whatsoever time it pleaseth me, I shall smite him so that he die. Is he not altogether in mine own power?" But after not many days the gin came back again, and this time he was arrayed in goodly garments, and he brought a present in his hand; and he spake of the days of their first friendship, and he looked so mild and feeble, that his smooth words wrought upon this dove without a heart, and saying, "Is he not a little one?" he received him again into his chamber.

On the morrow, when Abdallah came not into the assembly of studious youth, the mufti

said, "Wherefore tarrieth the son of Abdul? Perchance he sleepeth." Therefore, they repaired even to his chamber, but to their knocking he made no answer. Wherefore, the mufti opened the door, and lo! there lay on the divan the dead body of his disciple. His visage was black and swollen, and on his throat was the pressure of finger broader than the palm of a mighty man. All the stuff, the gold, and the changes of raiment, belonging to the hapless one, were gone, and in the soft earth of the garden were seen the footsteps of a giant. The mufti measured one of the prints, and behold! it was six cubits long.

Reader, canst thou expound the riddle? Is it the Bottle or the Betting-book? Is it the Billiard-table or the Theatre? Is it Smoking? Is it Laziness? Is it Novel-reading? But know that an evil habit is an elf constantly expanding. It may come in at the key-hole, but it will soon grow too big for the house. Know, also, that no evil habit can take the life of your soul, unless you yourself nourish it and cherish it, and by feeding it with your own vitality give it a strength greater than your own.

TECUMSEH'S HONOR.

A correspondent of the Detroit Free Press gives some interesting anecdotes of the great Indian warrior and prophet, Tecumseh:—

While the enemy was in full possession of the country around Monroe and Detroit, Tecumseh, with a large band of his warriors, visited the River Raisin. The inhabitants along that river had been stripped of nearly every means of subsistence. Old Mr. Rivard (a Frenchman), who was lame, and unable by his labor to procure a living for himself and family, had contrived to keep out of sight of the wandering bands of savages a pair of oxen, with which his son was able to procure a scanty support for the family. It so happened that, while at labor with the oxen, Tecumseh, who had come over from Malden, met him in the road, and, walking up to him, said—

"My friend, I must have those oxen. My young men are very hungry, and they have nothing to eat. We must have the oxen."

Young Rivard remonstrated. He told the chief that, if he took the oxen, his father would starve to death.

"Well," said Tecumseh, "we are the con-

querors, and everything we want is ours. I *must* have the oxen; my people must not starve; but I will not be mean as to rob you of them. I will pay you one hundred dollars for them, and that is far more than they are worth, but we must have them."

Tecumseh got a white man to write an order on the British Indian agent, Col. Elliott, who was on river some distance below, for the money. The oxen were killed, large fires built, and the forest warriors were soon feasting on their flesh.

Young Rivard took the order to Col. Elliott, who promptly refused to pay it, saying—

"We are entitled to our support from the country we conquered. I will not pay it."

The young man, with a sorrowful heart, returned with the answer to Tecumseh, who said—

"To-morrow we will go and see."

In the morning, he took young Rivard, and went to see the colonel. On meeting him, he said—

"Do you refuse to pay for the oxen I bought?"

"Yes," said the colonel; and he reiterated the reason for refusal.

"I *bought* them," said the chief, "for my young men, who were very hungry. I *promised* to pay for them, and they *shall* be paid for. I have always heard that white nations went to war with *each other*, and not with peaceful individuals; that *they* did not rob and plunder poor people. I will not."

"Well," said the colonel, "I will not pay for them."

"You can do as you please," said the chief, "but before Tecumseh and his warriors came to fight the battles of the great king, they had enough to eat, for which they had only to thank the Master of Life and their good rifles. Their hunting grounds supplied them with food enough; to them they can return."

This threat produced a sudden change in the colonel's mind. The defection of the great chief, he well knew, would immediately withdraw all the nations of the red men from the British service; and, without them, they were nearly powerless on the frontier.

"Well," said the colonel, "if I must pay, I will."

"Give me hard money," said Tecumseh, "not rag money"—army bills.

The colonel then counted out a hundred dollars in coin, and gave them to him. The chief handed the money to young Rivard, and then said to the colonel—

“Give me one dollar more.”

It was given; and, handing that also to Rivard, he said—

“Take that, it will pay you for the time you have lost in getting your money.”

ON HEALTH.

Each meal should be completely digested before another is taken; and a period of repose should always succeed a period of activity. When the sensation of hunger is experienced in less time than six hours after each meal, it may be generally considered as a morbid craving, dependent on imperfect chyli-fication; in consequence of the too frequent ingestion of food, interrupting the ventricular and cœcal digestion. The faintness usually experienced by the dyspeptic, is only increased by frequent eating, and is most readily removed by fasting.

Moderate exercise in the open air, for the purpose of assisting the various secretions, is another essential requisite for the production and maintenance of good health. None can long neglect this rule with impunity; but a sedentary life is certainly not so detrimental to those who live on vegetable food, as to those who live on an animal or mixed diet. Unless sufficient oxygen be supplied to the lungs by daily exercise in the open air, the products of decomposition fail to be removed in sufficient quantity for the maintenance of a healthy state, and the assimilation of new matter is impeded. Without exercise, also, “the contractile power of the heart and large arteries is feebly exerted; and, though sufficient to carry the blood to the ultimate tissue, it is nevertheless not strong enough to carry it through with the rapidity necessary for health. The ultimate tissue being thus filled faster than it is emptied, congestion takes place in those delicate and important vessels which compose it, as well as in the large veins, the office of which is to convey the blood from this tissue to the heart. One of the chief conditions of the body, in that general ill state of health usually denominated ‘indigestion,’ is congestion of blood in the ultimate tissue of our organs; the brain, the lungs, the spinal marrow, the sto-

mach, the ganglionic system, the liver, bowels, and all the organs concerned in the nutrition of the body.” When the system, therefore, undebilitated by disease, will admit a good supply of oxygen by muscular exercise, it is the best means of diminishing the amount of venous blood, and, in conjunction with a legitimate supply of proper food, of increasing the amount of arterial blood; and in proportion as the latter preponderates over the former, shall we possess health and muscular strength, as well as elasticity of mind.

“Oxygen,” says Dr. E. Johnson, is the only stimulating drink which we can take, with advantage to ourselves, for the purpose of invigorating our strength, and elevating our animal spirits. It is the wine and spirit of life—the true *eau de vie*; with an abundance of which nature has supplied us ready made; and it is the only one proper to man. If you be thirsty, drink water; if low-spirited, drink oxygen; that is to say, take active exercise, during which you inhale it.” Violent exercise, except occasionally, and when the person is healthy and strong, should be avoided; for, though consistent with health, it renders the processes of decay and renewal too rapid, and hastens the period of old age.—*Fruits and Farinacea the Proper Food of Man.*

THE BEST THING.

Rainbow flowers are sweet to see,
Early in the sunny Spring;
Pure are they, and fair and gay,
But I know a purer thing.

Bright-eyed birds go flitting by,
Borne along, on tireless wing,
Here and there—through all the air—
But I know a lovelier thing.

And the sun goes mounting up,
O’er the world his smile to fling,
Bringing light, so rich and bright—
But I know a brighter thing.

Purer than the little flowers,
Gentler than the birds’ delight,
Higher than the noonday sun,
Is a heart that loves the right.

Let us pray for such a heart,
While our lives are glad and gay!
And in childhood learn to love,
What will bless life’s latest day.

HOME MUSIC.

Now commences the season when the evenings grow longer, and the youth of both sexes require some healthful mental recreation, and it behooves parents and guardians, who would not see their firesides deserted for the theatre, billiard and drinking saloons, to provide some instruction and rational amusement for the young at home. From the lack of this how many a blooming daughter has contracted habits of late hours and "flirtations" at balls and routes? or wasted the bloom from her cheek in her own room, over a dim lamp and trashy novel? How many a promising young man has contracted a love for gaming, drinking, and other kindred vices, and nightly returned to his home reeking with tobacco-smoke, and the foul, heated air of the bar-room, and eventually filled a drunkard's grave? Hundreds! thousands! and all for want of attractive homes. In seeking for means to render home desirable, music—"Heavenly maid"—presents herself; let her be embraced as an angel of deliverance; let her influence be felt by young and old. Let your children, while young, be taught the rudiments of sacred music, and the management of their little voices; as they grow older, the piano, organ, or guitar. Let them attend the singing classes of competent respectable teachers; let their music be of a select and elevated character. Light up your parlors at evening for re-unions and family concerts, songs, duets, trios, and quartettes, selected from the oratorios, and other standard works.

"But my children are not musical," says one. You don't know that. Let them try it two or three years, and console yourself with the idea, that while they are finding out they are "not musical," they are not contracting evil habits.

"But music is frivolous," says a second. Don't blaspheme, my friend. God made the musical scale, and it is governed by His immutable laws; and whatever He made is elevating to the mind of man to study; therefore it is blasphemy to call it frivolous.

"But they have music at the theatres," says a third. True, *because it is attractive*; the very reason why you should have it at home.

"But, (they always begin with a but,) it costs too much," says a fourth. *Miserable*

consideration! Vice costs your children health, strength, peace of mind, and the salvation of their immortal souls. Will you weigh your dross against such treasures? There is no consideration that does not sink into utter insignificance, compared with the great good to be derived from a right cultivation of that much-neglected science. It ennobles the mind, refines the intellect, and strengthens the affections. Vocalization strengthens the lungs, expands the chest, and gives vigor and tone to the whole system. Let the experiment be tried; engage the services of a competent American or English teacher, so that what is sung may be intelligible, and let us have some—HOME MUSIC.

THE RIVER.

Onward, still onward thy waters are hurrying,
Quiet and still, yet resistless and free;
Steadily flowing, thy will never wavering,
Gliding along to thy home in the sea.

Gay plumaged warblers above thee sing merrily,
Soft soothing songs to entice thee to stay;
Vain are their melodies, thou art unheeding
Gliding along thy meandering way.

Low o'er thy bosom the willows confidingly
Lean as they list to thy murmuring song.
Fain would they lure thee to linger yet steadily;
Thou art still flowing regardless along.

Softly and gently the breezes are wooing thee,
Whispering tales of a beautiful land,
O'er whose fair bosom the rivers unceasingly
Wash the bright gold from the glittering sand.

On thy green banks the fair lilies lean over thee,
Wild roses waft thee their sweetest perfume;
Rivulets sing, as they haste to thee lovingly,
Songs of a fair distant Eden in bloom.

Yet all in vain they caress thee so witchingly;
Pleasure and wealth are all hollow to thee.
Onward, still onward thy waters unheeding
Flow to their home in the measureless sea.

Learn, oh! thou child of poor toiling humanity,
Learn from the river the secret of fame;
Firm perseverance will conquer adversity,
And gild in the annals of glory thy name.

Pleasure, the siren, may warble her melodies;
Wealth may brood over his glittering hoard;
Yet at thy calling still labor contentedly;
Toil ever bringeth the sweetest reward.

GOVERNOR TENDERHEART.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

One pleasant morning in the pleasant month of June, Governor Tenderheart arose early, and walked out, as was usual with him, to enjoy an hour of quiet meditation. He had passed from his door only a few steps, when he was met by an aged female, with soiled and worn garments, a bent body, and thin wrinkled visage, who carried a paper in her hand, which she instantly held out, saying in a broken voice and an imploring tone,

"I crave your mercy, Governor."

Now, Governor Tenderheart was known as the "pardoning governor," from the fact that during the three years in which he had represented the noble state of — in the executive office, pardons had been granted to one hundred and fifty criminals out of two hundred, who had been clearly convicted of high misdemeanors against the state by intelligent juries, after patient investigation of evidence rendered by credible witnesses. Besides these acts of clemency, he had released the state from a heavy tax annually levied for the support of sundry scores of old offenders, who had been let loose upon society, to gain an honest or dishonest livelihood, whichever came handiest.

The consequence was, that the party opposed in politics to Governor Tenderheart, indulged in pretty severe animadversions upon this portion of his official conduct. So much so, indeed, that the governor was heard to say that he would never do another kind act as long as he lived, seeing that he got no credit for any thing. It was but the day before that this resolution had been formed. Of course the aged petitioner had come at an inauspicious moment. Still Governor Tenderheart could do nothing less than take her petition and read it over.

The paper went on humbly to represent to his Excellency, that a certain Godfrey Glitner had been tried and convicted of the crime of manslaughter, for which the court, having jurisdiction in the case, had sentenced said Godfrey Glitner to solitary confinement in the State's Prison for the term of ten years, but that since the trial and conviction, sundry palliating circumstances had become known that altered materially the features of the case.

These palliating circumstances were set forth at considerable length; after which came the right proportion of "special pleading," and then, to give force to the whole, a long list of signatures, not one of which was familiar to the governor's eye.

"Are you the mother of this unhappy young man?" Governor Tenderheart asked, so soon as he had glanced hurriedly through the petition, the inclination to grant a pardon involuntarily arising in his mind.

"I am, sir," was the half audible answer, while sobs and tears followed the admission.

"Come to me at this time to-morrow morning, and I will give you an answer."

"O, sir, do not keep me a whole day in suspense," urged the afflicted mother. The case is a clear one. My poor unfortunate child has been deeply wronged."

"But I must have time to consider, madam. Already I am censured and abused for the many pardons I have granted, and cannot, therefore, yield to any new applications until I have maturely weighed the reasons upon which they are made. Of your son's case I know nothing, nor can I learn much in so short a period as twenty-four hours. But for your sake I will give it immediate attention, and prepare myself to decide by to-morrow morning."

The afflicted mother of a wicked child, whose affection for him still caused her to excuse his faults and to seek to screen him from the just penalties of a violated law, would have importuned still further, but the frown which began to gather upon Governor Tenderheart's brow, warned her to desist. Slowly turning away from the executive presence, she passed on with a feeble, tottering step.

"Ten years! ten years' solitary confinement! Too bad! too bad!" muttered the governor, resuming his walk. "Why will judges act with such cruel rigor? Ten years! A single year would be enough to kill me. I wish I had a few of their judicial reverences here in solitary confinement for a while. I reckon there would be shorter sentences after that! It's easy enough to say three years, and five years, and even ten, fifteen and twenty years' solitary confinement—but it's quite another thing to endure such horrible punishment. Better hang 'em at once, outright."

Thus soliloquizing, Governor Tenderheart

pursued his walk for the usual period of time, and then returned to the house and partook of a plentiful breakfast. From that time until three o'clock, he was occupied in various official duties; one of which was a visit to the state prison, for the purpose of taking a look at Godfrey Glitner, who, to use his own words, had rather a cut-throat look; when, with a keen appetite, he sat down to a table covered with the choicest offerings of the season. This last important business disposed of, after an hour's diligent application, the old gentleman seated himself cosily in a very large and comfortable arm-chair, suitably cushioned, with the peaceable intent of taking to himself a comfortable nap.

In this, however, it seemed that he was not to be indulged, for he had only been seated long enough to begin to feel most deliciously drowsy, when a stranger was announced, who wished to see him on business.

"Tell him to call to-morrow morning," said Governor Tenderheart.

"He wishes to see you now, and will not be put off," returned the servant.

"Tell him to call in this evening."

"He says he must see you now," was the provoking reply.

"Then show him up," said the governor, somewhat testily.

The servant departed, and in a few minutes returned, ushering in an old man, whose calm, intelligent brow, and mild but penetrating eyes, at once inspired him with respect, and even veneration.

"Governor Tenderheart, I believe?" said the stranger, bowing respectfully.

"I am that individual, sir," replied the governor, bowing in return, as he rose, and offered a seat to the stranger. "May I take the privilege of asking your name?"

"That is of little consequence," returned the stranger. "Our interview can be just as effective, and I remain unknown. My business is to hold a brief conversation with you in regard to some of your official acts, past and prospective. Can I be indulged in this?"

"O certainly," replied the governor, blandly, though he was beginning to feel uneasy, for there was something in the eye, voice, and manner of the old man, that he did not exactly comprehend.

"I have just learned," pursued the stranger,

"that some persons have sent a petition to your excellency, asking for the pardon of one Godfrey Glitner, sentenced to ten years' imprisonment for the crime of manlaughter, committed under most aggravated circumstances."

"You have heard truly, was the reply; "such a petition has been received, setting forth a new set of facts, unknown to the jury, which very materially modify the character of the charges against him. And, besides, his mother, an aged woman, is the bearer of this petition. It is hard, sir, to withstand the pleadings, made in tears, of a mother for her son."

"I cannot see what bearing a mother's tears have upon the case," the stranger said, somewhat sternly.

"Perhaps, if you were in my position, you would more clearly perceive the force of such arguments. It is no light trial, sir, to meet the prayers and tears of a mother, old and worn down by sorrow, as she pleads for her only child."

"Even though that child have imbrued his hands in the blood of his fellow, and robbed some other mother of an only son, the stay of her declining years."

"With that, I have nothing to do. The deed is done, and cannot be recalled. No punishment that can be inflicted will avail any thing. It cannot restore the life that has fled."

"It can, however, prevent the commission of another such horrible deed by the same hands. The author of it is justly considered, in the eye of the law, as an evil beast, whose cruel propensities must be restrained by exclusion from society. He has been thus set apart, not, as I hold, angrily and vindictively, but under a solemn conviction that the good of the whole requires it to be done."

"I cannot see it so," replied Governor Tenderheart, doggedly.

"Cannot see it so!" exclaimed the stranger.

"No, sir, I cannot see it so; and don't intend to see it so."

"That is more nearly the truth," was the rejoinder. "But I say that you can, and must see it so. Don't you believe this Godfrey Glitner to be a bad man?"

"Not so much worse than other people."

"But he has killed his fellow man."

"Under provocation."

"No, sir. In cold blood, and with a confirmed evil purpose."

"That would have been murder."

"Of course."

"But even the jury did not consider it so."

"A large portion of them did, but finally yielded because there was no hope of an unanimous verdict."

"Since that, however, new facts have come to light, which put a different face upon the matter altogether."

"How do you know?"

"The petition sets them forth."

"Who are the petitioners?"

"I do not know them; but presume, of course, that they are respectable men, who set forth nothing but what they know to be true."

"There you are in error. I know all about this petition. It was drawn up, at the mother's instance, by a lawyer, who for a fee, would advocate the cause of Satan himself. Then she prevailed upon several persons, most of whom were her son's former associates, and nearly as bad as himself, to sign the paper, which does not contain one word of truth. Finally, the old woman takes a long and toilsome journey here, to try the force of prayers and tears upon your tender feelings."

"All this may or may not be so," rejoined the Governor. "But it does not alter my views of the matter. I consider the laws far too severe. A milder code would, I am fully satisfied, be much more effectual in the prevention of crime. So believing, and from good grounds, I interpose upon principle the executive clemency, to break the vindictive force of penal statutes."

"But you did not make the laws."

"Well—what then?"

"Nor are you in any way responsible for the severity of their action, as you are pleased to term it. It is your duty to see the laws executed, not to hinder their action."

"But I cannot bear to see men punished so severely, when it is in my power to prevent it."

"Then you regard your own feelings more than the good of the whole; to save which, you are ready to turn a villain loose upon the world, who, in an hour after, may rob and burn your neighbor's house, or take the life of your fellow man. Spurious charity this—that

regards one above the many! The man who truly and honestly loves his country, looks to the good of the whole; and were he placed upon the bench, and his own son arraigned for crime, would as rigidly inflict upon him the penalties of the law as upon a stranger. And this, under the stern conviction, that it would be as good for his son to be restrained from doing evil, as it would be for society to be saved its infliction."

"As for me, I don't profess to be quite so good a patriot as that," the governor rejoined, half sneering at the old man's distinct enunciation of a noble truth.

This seemed to offend the stranger, for he instantly arose, looked the governor sternly in the face for a few moments, and then left the apartment without uttering a word.

No sooner had the old man closed the door after him than it was opened by the woman who had presented the petition in favor of her son. She came forward hastily, and falling upon her knees, urged her suit with the eloquence of tears.

"Pardon my poor boy! O, pardon him, as you hope for pardon yourself," urged the afflicted mother.

Unable to withstand these pleadings, backed as they were by the tender susceptibilities of a tender heart, the governor took the petition and signed it, without its having once occurred to him that he had promised an answer to the petition in the morning. The overjoyed mother snatched the paper from his hand the moment he laid his pen aside, and bounded wildly from the room, without so much as waiting to acknowledge the kind act.

"A queer set, anyhow!" muttered the governor. "She might have at least thanked me."

And then he leaned back lazily in his chair. When next conscious, he was startled by a loud crash, which seemed to come from below. Rising up and rubbing his half sealed eyes, he discovered himself to be in total darkness, while there reigned around him the most profound silence.

"I must have been dreaming," he at length muttered, sinking back into his arm-chair, in order to collect and compose his mind. He had been seated thus for only a minute or two, his eyes beginning to get accustomed to the surrounding darkness, when his ear caught the sound of footsteps moving stealthily along

the passages. While still irresolute in regard to action, his door opened, and a man entered, carrying a dark lantern in his hand. He could readily distinguish the form and features of this midnight intruder. It was Godfrey Glitner, the pardoned criminal, who had thus made so free with the executive mansion.

Seemingly aware that he should find the governor in that room, he did not hesitate a moment after closing the door behind him, but threw open his lantern, in order to render objects distinctly visible. A grin of malignant pleasure distorted his evil-impressed countenance, as his eyes fell upon the frightened old man, now so paralyzed by alarm as to be unable to rise. The next movement of the robber was to draw a pistol, the sharp *click* of which seemed almost like the passage of a knife through the governor's heart. Then advancing he placed it at his ear, with a look and air of determination that made the trembling victim close his eyes, and await in breathless terror the doom that now seemed inevitable. The robber, however, appeared in no hurry to consummate the murderous deed; but stood, it seemed to Governor Tenderheart, for almost an age, with the cold barrel of the weapon pressing hard against his ear. At last, the instrument of death was slowly removed, leaving the governor as perfectly helpless as if a ball had gone through his head—fear had utterly paralyzed him. The robber then took a small but strong cord with which he had provided himself, and after having tied the old man's hands behind him, bound him firmly to the chair in which he was seated. This done, with another smile of malignant triumph, he lifted his lantern from the floor, and proceeding to the secretary, rifled it of several hundred dollars in notes and gold, and then quickly left the room.

For a few minutes after the robber had left the apartment in which he had found the governor, all was still. This silence was suddenly broken by a wild scream of terror from the old man's daughter, a lovely girl, just blushing into sweet seventeen, accompanied with agonizing cries to her father for help. But she cried in vain. He was unable to move from his position. Gradually these cries became more and more feeble, and evidently came from a greater and greater distance. The robber was carrying off his child! It was all in vain that he strove to extricate himself, or endeavored to

call aloud for assistance. His struggles were feeble, and his tongue refused to give utterance to a sound. At last, even the faintest cry became hushed, and all was again still as death. His daughter had been borne away by a fiend incarnate, and there were none to rescue her.

While vainly endeavoring to free himself from the bonds that restrained him, a low crackling sound met his ear, that, as he listened, increased and became more and more distinct every moment, and was soon accompanied by a faint rushing or roaring noise that could not be mistaken. The house was on fire! Already was the smoke beginning to oppress the air, and now the glow of the flames came clearly reflected beneath the door of the apartment in which he was confined. Cries of terror began to mingle with the noise of the conflagration, among which was too terribly distinct those of his wife and children. And yet he could not fly to their relief, nor, strange inability, make himself heard. But the crisis was near at hand. The door suddenly gave way, and the flames rushed in, seizing fiercely, and with devouring eagerness, upon every thing in the room. Governor Tenderheart was soon surrounded by the raging element, and all chance of escape cut off. The fire was already upon his garments, when, with a terrible scream, he sprung from his chair, breaking the bonds that had held him fast, as if they were lighter than gossamer.

Instantly all was changed as by magic. The governor was, indeed, in his study, and standing on the floor. But it was daylight, and everything around him undisturbed by fire or robber. On glancing out of the window, he perceived, by the position of the sun, that the day was declining.

"And can this be all a dream?" he said, clasping his hands together, and looking around, half fearfully, to see if there were not really attached to the chair the broken cords with which he had been bound. But there were no indications visible of the imaginary violence that had been done to him.

Still, so distinct were all the incidents of his fearful dream upon his mind, that he pulled the bell with a strong and nervous jerk.

"Has any one been to see me, since dinner?" he asked of the servant who answered this summons.

"No, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Not an old man?"

"No, sir."

"Nor an old woman?"

"No, sir."

"That will do. You can go, Thomas."

And, as Governor Tenderheart said this, he sunk down into his great arm chair, and remained for nearly half an hour lost in a deep reverie.

On the next morning, when the mother of Godfrey Glitner presented herself and her petition, the governor said "No," in a tone and with a manner that at once extinguished hope in the mind of the humble and distressed petitioner.

From that day not a single criminal was pardoned by Governor Tenderheart. If, for a moment, the kinder feelings of his nature began to influence he thought of Godfrey Glitner, and his terrible dream, and became as stern and immovable as before.

PARABLES.

FROM THE GERMAN.—BY LUCY LARCOM.

THE BLOSSOMS AND THE LEAVES.

When the blossoms turned pale and dropped from the trees, in May, the leaves said,

"Weak, useless things! No sooner born, than they begin to droop; while we, how firmly we withstand the glow of summer, and continually grow broader, and brighter, and richer, until, after long months of service, when the fairest fruits have been given to the earth, we are shrouded with gorgeous colors, and knelled to rest by the booming thunder of the storm!"

But the fallen blossoms answered, "We dropped willingly, to make room for the fruits we bore."

Ye silent, good men, all unnoticed, or soon lost from sight in your obscure dwellings, ye little esteemed by the learned, ye virtuous heroes without names in history, and ye too, unknown mothers! be not dismayed when the proud look scornfully down upon you from their high places of state, from their mountains of gold, from their triumphal arches raised over fields enriched with the blood of battle-victims;—be not dismayed! ye are the blossoms!

RICHTER.

THE ROSE.

"I see all the flowers around me wither and die; and yet you always call me the fading and perishing rose. Ungrateful man! Do I not make my short existence pleasant enough to you? And do I not also bequeath to you at my death, refreshing essences, healing ointments and sweet odors? And yet I hear you always saying, always singing, "Alas! the fading and perishing rose!"

Thus complained the queen of flowers upon her throne, perhaps in the first consciousness of her decaying beauty.

A maiden standing by heard her, and said: "Do not be angry with us, sweet rose; call not that ingratitude, which is higher love,—the wish of yearning tenderness. We see all the flowers around us die, and think of it as their unavoidable fate; but thee, their queen, thee alone we count worthy of that immortality which we desire for thee. Since our wishes are vain, permit to us the complaint with which, in grieving for thee, we mourn also for ourselves.

"We compare the youth, beauty and joy of our lives to thee; and because they, like thee, pass away, we are always saying, always singing,

"Alas! the fading and perishing rose!"

HERDER.

THE SHEEP.

When Jupiter celebrated his marriage-feast, and all the animals brought offerings to him, Juno noticed the absence of the sheep.

"Where lingers the sheep?" she inquired. "Why does he neglect to bring us his well-meant gift?"

"Be not offended, goddess," replied one; "I saw the sheep to-day; he was moaning aloud, overcome with sorrow!"

"And why did he mourn?" asked the goddess, with a softened heart.

"He said, 'Poorest of all creatures am I. Neither wool nor milk have I now; what can I offer to Jove? Shall I only appear before him without a gift? Rather will I go and beseech the shepherd to make of me a burnt-offering to him.'"

Just then the smoke of the sacrificed sheep ascended with his prayer, like a sweet odor, through the clouds.

And now would Juno for the first time have wept, if tears might moisten an immortal eye.

LESSING.



THE TOUCAN. Google

THE TOUCAN.

The above engraving represents a group of various species of the Toucan,—a bird, as will be perceived, of very remarkable formation. The enormous beak is nearly as long as the body; and this circumstance has given rise to the belief that the toucan is greatly embarrassed by this extraordinary provision of nature, and rendered incapable of those active movements which so peculiarly distinguish the feathered race. If the beak, indeed, were constructed in that solid manner which we ordinarily observe in birds of prey, and in those who live upon hard substances, we should not be surprised to find so considerable an appendage weighing down the unfortunate bird's head, and unfitting it for upward flight, or even for ordinary vision, excepting in one direction. In that case the toucan must have been doomed to a grovelling life upon the earth, perpetually striving to use its brilliant wings, and longing to search for food amongst the high branches of fruit-bearing trees,—but striving and longing in vain. This would not have been in conformity with the usual harmony of nature; and, therefore, in spite of its enormous beak, we find the toucans flying as nimbly as any other bird from tree to tree—perching on the summits of the very highest—searching for fruit with restless activity—pursuing small birds which, it is now ascertained, form part of their food—and defending their young with unremitting vigilance against serpents, monkeys, and other enemies. All these functions of their existence could not have been performed if the specific gravity of the beak were equal to its dimensions. But it is not so. As compared, in specific gravity, with the beak of a hawk for instance, the beak of the toucan may be said to stand in the same relation to it as a piece of pumice-stone to a piece of granite. The exterior of the beak is a spongy tissue, presenting a number of cavities, formed by extremely thin plates, and covered with a hard coat scarcely thicker. This remarkable beak forms almost as curious and wonderful an example of peculiar organization as the trunk of the elephant. We are not so intimately acquainted with its uses; but there can be no doubt that the instrument is admirably adapted to the necessities of the toucan's existence.

The toucans, as well as the aracaris, which they greatly resemble, are found in the warmest

parts of South America. Their plumage is brilliant; and their feathers have been employed as ornaments of dress by the ladies of Brazil and Peru. Several specimens have been kept alive in England. Mr. Broderip, in the *Zoological Journal* for January, 1825, has given an interesting account of a specimen in a small menagerie, whose habits he watched with great care. By this examination the fact was established that the toucan ordinarily feeds on small birds. The toucan in question, upon a goldfinch being put into his cage, would instantly kill it by a squeeze of his bill, and then deliberately pull his prey to pieces, swallowing every portion, not excepting the beak and the legs. Mr. Broderip states that the toucan appeared to derive the greatest satisfaction from the act of eating, which he ascribes to the peculiar sensibility of the internal part of the beak. He never used his foot except to confine his prey on the perch; the beak was the only instrument employed in tearing it to pieces. It appears, also, that this bird subjects some of its food to a second mastication by its beak, in a manner somewhat resembling the similar action in ruminating animals.

TO MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

The hay is carried; and the Hours
Snatch, as they pass, the linden-flow'rs;
And children leap to pluck a spray
Bent earthward, and then run away.
Park-keeper! catch me those grave thieves
About whose frocks the fragrant leaves,
Sticking and fluttering here and there,
No false nor faltering witness bear.

I never view such scenes as these,
In grassy meadow girt with trees,
But comes a thought of her who now
Sits with serenely patient brow
Amid deep sufferings: none hath told
More pleasant tales to young and old.
Fondest was she of Father Thames,
But rambled to Hellenic streams;
Nor even there could any tell
The country's purer charms so well
As Mary Mitford.

Verse! go forth
And breathe o'er gentle breasts her worth.
Needless the task!—but should she see
One hearty wish from you and me,
A moment's pain it may assuage—
A roseleaf on the couch of Age.

A GHOST STORY.

[The following amusing ghost story is related in William Howitt's "Rural Life in England," a new edition of which has just been published by Parry & M'Millan, of this city.]

Imagine one or two unprotected women sitting by the fire of a lone house, on a winter's evening, with a consciousness of the insecurity of their situation upon them. How instinct with danger becomes everything, every movement, every sound!—the stirring of the trees—the whispering of the wind—the rustling of a leaf—the cry of a bird. They are not wishing to listen, but cannot help it; they are all sense; all eye and ear. A foot is heard without, and is lost again! A face is suddenly placed against a pane in the window! the latch of the door is slowly raised in their sight, or the click of one is heard where it is not seen. Imagine this, and you imagine what has thrilled through the heart and frozen the blood of many a tenant of a solitary house.

These are not the least of the causes that contribute to produce that timidity of disposition which belong to many country people. My grandfather's house was such a place. It stood in a solitary valley, with a great wood flanking the northern side. It had all sorts of legends and superstitions hanging about it. This field, and that lane, and one chamber or outbuilding or another, had a character that made them all hermetically sealed to a human foot after dark hour, as it is there called. My grandmother was a bold woman in some respects, but these fears were perfectly triumphant over her; and she had, on one occasion, met with an incident which did not make her feel very comfortable alone in her house in the daytime. An Ajax of a woman once besieged her when left entirely by herself; who, finding the doors secured against her, began smashing the window with her fists, as with two sledge-hammers, and declared she would wash her hands in her heart's blood.

My grandfather, too, had had a little adventure, which just served to show what courage he had, or rather had not. In that primitive time and place, if a tailor were wanted, he did not do his work at his own house, but came to that of his employer, and there worked, day after day, till the job was finished; that is, till all making and mending that could possibly

be found about the house, by a general examination of garments, was completed. He then adjourned to another house, and so went the round of the parish. I know not whether the tailors of those primitive times were as philosophical as Heinrich Johann Jung Stilling, and his fellows of Germany, who thus went from house to house, and both there, with their employers, and on Sundays when they wandered into the woods, held the most interesting conversations on religion, philosophy, and literature; if this were the case, our country tailors have very much retrograded; and yet it would almost seem so, for my grandfather was passionately fond of *Paradise Lost*, and on a terribly snowy day had been reading it all day to the tailor, who had established himself by the parlor fire, with all his implements and work before him. He had been thus employed: but the tailor was gone, and the old gentleman, having supped, dropped asleep on the sofa. When he awoke, it was late in the night; no one had ventured to disturb him, but all had gone to bed. The house was still; the fire burning low; but he had scarcely become aware of his situation before he was aware also of the presence of some one. As he lay, he saw a man step out of the next room into the one in which he was. The man immediately caught sight of the old gentleman, and suddenly stopped, fixing his eyes upon him; and, perhaps, to ascertain whether he were asleep, he stepped back and drew himself up in the shadow of the clock-case. The old gentleman slowly raised himself up, without a word, keeping his eyes fixed on the shadow of the clock-case till he had gained his feet, when with a hop-stride-and-jump he cleared the floor, and flew up stairs at three steps at a time. Here he raised a fierce alarm, crying—

"There is a sturdy rogue in the house! there is a sturdy rogue in the house!"

But this alarm, instead of getting anybody up, only kept them faster in bed. Neither man, woman, nor child, would stir; neither son, nor servant, except to bolt every one his own chamber door. In the morning, they found the thief had taken himself off through a window, with the modest loan of a piece of bacon.

This house, however, was not quite out of hearing of neighbors. Beyond the wood was a village, thence called Wood-end; and a large

horn was hung in the kitchen at the Fall—so this house was named, which was blown on any occasion of alarm, and brought the inhabitants of the Wood-end thither speedily. The cowardice which had grown upon this family in such matters—for in others they were as bold as lions, and one son was actually killed in a duel—was become so notorious, that it once brought a good joke upon them. The farm servants were sitting, after their day's labor, by the kitchen fire, at the close of a winter's day. Preparation was making for tea, and there were some of those rich tea-cakes, which wealthy country ladies know so well how to make, in the act of buttering. How, I dare say that the sight of those delicious cakes set the mouths of all those hearty workmen a-watering; but there was a cunning rogue of a lad amongst them, who immediately conceived the felicitous design of getting possession of them. It is only necessary to say that his name was Jack; for all Jacks have a spice of roguery in them. Jack was just cogitating on this enterprise, when his mistress said—

"Jack, those sheep in the Hard-meadow have not been seen to-day. Your legs are younger than anybody else's; so up and count them before you go to bed; it is moonlight."

Jack, whose blood, after the chill of the day, was circulating most luxuriously in his veins before that warm hearth, felt inwardly chagrined that so many lubberly fellows should be passed over, and this unwelcome business be put upon him.

"Ay," thought he, "they may talk of young legs, but mistress knows very well that none of those burly fellows *dare* go all the way to the Hard-meadow, to-night — through the dingle; over the brook; and past the hovel where old Chalkings was found dead, last August, with his hand still holding fast his tramp-basket, though his clothes were rotten on his back! No; Jack must trudge, though the old gentleman himself were in the way!"

This persuasion furnished him at once with a scheme of revenge, and of coming at the tea-cakes. He, therefore, rose slowly, and with well-feigned reluctance; put on his clouted shoes, which he had put off to indulge his feet with their accustomed portion of liberty and warmth before he went to bed; and folding round him a sack-bag, the common mantle and

dreadnaught of carters and farmers in wet or cold weather, he went out. Instead of marching off to the Hard-meadow, however, of which he had not the most remote intention, he went leisurely round to the front door, which he knew would be unfastened; for what inhabitants of an old country-house would think of fastening doors till bedtime? He entered quietly; ascended the front stairs; and reaching a large, old, oaken chest which stood on the landing-place, all carved and adorned with minster-work, he struck three bold strokes on the lid with a pebble, which he had picked up in the yard for the purpose.

At the sound, up started every soul in the kitchen.

"What is that?" said every one, at once, in consternation.

The mistress ordered the maid to run and see; but the maid declared that she would not go for the world.

"Go you, then, Betty cook—go, Joe—go, Harry!"

No; neither Betty, Joe, Harry, nor anybody else, would stir a foot. They all stood together aghast, when a strange rumbling and grinding sound assailed their ears. It was Jack rubbing the pebble a few times over the carved lid of the chest. This was too much for endurance. A great fellow, in a paroxysm of terror, snatched down the horn from its nail, and blew a tremendous blast. It was not long neither before its effect was seen. The people of Wood-end came running in a wild troop, armed with brooms, pitchforks, spits, scythes, and rusty swords. They were already assured by the dismal blast of the horn that something fearful had occurred, but the sight of the white faces of the family made them grow white, too.

"What is the matter! What is the matter, in Heaven's name?"

"Oh! such sounds, such rumblings, somewhere upstairs!"

In the heat of the moment, if heat it could be called, it was resolved to move in a body to the mysterious spot. Swords, scythes, pitchforks, fell into due rank; candles were held by trembling hands; and, in a truly *fearful* phalanx, they marched across the sitting-room and reached the stair-foot. Here was a sudden pause; for there seemed to be heavy footsteps actually descending. They listened—tramp!

tramp! it was true; and back fled the whole armed and alarmed troop into the kitchen, and banged the door after them. What was now to be done? Everything which fear could suggest or terror could enact was done. They were on the crisis of flying out of the house, and taking refuge at Wood-end, when Jack was heard cheerfully whistling as if returning from the field. Jack had made the tramp upon the stairs; for, hearing the sound of the horn, and the approach of many feet below, he thought it was time to be going; and had the armed troop been courageous enough, they would have taken him in the act. But their fears saved both him and his joke. He came up with a well-affected astonishment at seeing such a body of wild and strangely-armed folk.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Jack; and the matter was detailed by a dozen voices, and with a dozen embellishments. "Pshaw!" said Jack, "it is all nonsense, I know. It is a horse kicking in the stable; or a cat that has chucked a tile out of the gutter, or something. Give me a candle; I durst go!"

A candle was readily put into his hands, and he marched off, all following him to the foot of the staircase, but not a soul daring to mount a single step after him. Up Jack went.

"Why," he shouted, "here's nothing!"

"Oh!" they cried from below, "look under the beds; look into the closets, and look into every imaginable place."

Jack went very obediently, and duly and successively returned a shout, that there was nothing; it was all nonsense! At this, there was more fear and consternation than ever. A thief might have been tolerated; but these supernatural noises! Who was to sleep in such a house? There was nothing for it, however, but for them to adjourn and move to the kitchen, and talk it all over; and to torture it into a thousand forms; and exaggerate it into something unprecedentedly awful and ominous. The Wood-endians were regaled with a good portion of brown-stout; thanked for their valuable services, and they set off. The family was left alone.

"Mistress," said Jack, "now you'd better get your tea; I am sure you must want it."

"Nay, Jack," said she, "I have had my tea: no tea for me to-night. I haven't a heart like thee, Jack; take my share and welcome."

Jack sat down with the servant maids, and

talked of this strange affair, which he persisted in calling "all nonsense," and devoured the cakes, which he had determined to win. Many a time did he laugh in his sleeves as he heard this "great fright," as it came to be called, talked over, and painted in many new colors, by the fireside; but he kept his counsel strictly while he continued to live there; for he knew a terrible castigation would be the sure consequence of a disclosure; but, after he quitted the place, he made a full and merry confession to his new comrades, and occasioned one long laughter to run all the country round. The people of the Fall, backed by the Wood-endians, persisted that the noises were something supernatural, and that this was an after-invention of Jack's, to disgrace them; but Jack and the public continued to have the laugh on their side.

THE CRIMEA.

The Crimea, the Sauric Oheronesus of the Greeks, is a peninsula of nearly the size of Sicily, bathed on one side by the Black Sea, on the other by the sea of Azof, and extending thirty-five leagues from north to south, or from Precop to Cape Saritsch, and fifty leagues from Cape Karan-Roum on the Black Sea to that of Jenikale, on the sea of Azof, comprising in this breadth the eastern part of the Crimea, called the peninsula of Kertsche. The Crimea is united to Russia only by the narrow isthmus of Precop, a quarter of a league in breadth. This isthmus has been traversed from very ancient times by a wide and deep ditch, bordered by a strong wall. A circular branch of this wall encloses the ramparts of Precop, a very strong place, where the Tartars sustained two memorable sieges against the Russians, who finally obtained possession of the place under the reign of Catharine II. The fortifications are still standing, but the depopulated city does not contain more than three or four thousand inhabitants.

The southern portion of the Crimea, comprising about one-third, is mountainous. This section offers admirable sites, fertile valleys, and a delicious climate. The remaining two-thirds are a continuation of the immense steppe which constitutes almost the whole of Southern Russia, from Odessa to beyond Astrakan. In the Crimea, some parts of the steppe are covered with a dense herbage, and the soil is suited to

the growth of cereals, wherever there are inhabitants to till it. In other parts, the herbage is rare and stunted, presenting only a kind of down; in others still, the soil is covered with a sort of down and gravel, which renders it wholly unfit for tillage.

The winters of this region are very rigorous on account of the icy winds from the north of Asia. During the summer, the steppe is parched by the heat: vegetation is everywhere withered; the few watercourses are dried up, and the traveller sees no shade as far as the eye can reach.

On passing from the steppe to the mountainous region, one is struck by the unexpected contrasts of its aspects, especially as he descends towards the sea. There, smiling and picturesque valleys offer landscapes, which may be compared with the most charming valleys of Switzerland, and which possess the advantage of a mild climate.

Upon the southern descent of the mountains, sheltered from the wasting winds of the north, the country assumes an enchanting character. Here all the varieties of fruit trees which are known to us, produce fruits of excellent quality. Here trees flourish which belong only to the south of Europe, such as the laurel, the olive, the fig, the aloe, and even the *cactus raquette*.

These thirty leagues of coast are the finest of all the conquests of the Russians in the south of their empire, and the only region which offers a really temperate climate. This coast may be compared to those of Nice, and of the department of the Var. The learned professor Pallis, to whom the empress Catharine gave, in recompense for his labors, an estate in the Crimea, where he ended his days, thus describes the beauty of these sites, which he had constantly in view:

"In these beautiful valleys, fruit trees of every kind are the most common of the forest, or rather the forest is but a garden, left to itself. Vines, wild or cultivated, climb to the tops of the highest trees, forming natural bowers and garlands. The union of this beautiful verdure with the wild aspect which the rocks everywhere present, the fountains and the cascades which murmur on all sides; in fine, the views of the sea with its boundless distances, render these valleys the most pictu-

resque and charming which the fancy can picture."

All the cities of this coast, Aloupka, Yalta, Aloutscha, &c., are embellished with cottages, chateaux, and parks, where the Russian nobles and the rich merchants come to pass the *belle saison*, happy to quit the burning rocks of Sebastopol, the steppes of Odessa, of Cherson, or Koubau, and to find shades, living fountains and rare fruits.

Steamboats transport them yearly to these shores. The greater part of the beautiful pleasure houses belong to the merchants of Odessa, who will suffer great privations during the war, by being compelled to pass their summer in the midst of whirlwinds of dust, which the winds of the steppe drive unceasingly into this great city.

Sebastopol is not in this fortunate region, although not very far from it. The chain of mountains falls off towards the west, in the direction of Sebastopol, and presents only hills and slight elevations. Sebastopol is not, therefore, sheltered like the southern coast. The cold is, however, less severe than in the centre of the Crimea, and the port does not freeze in winter like that of Odessa.

NO JEWELLED BEAUTY.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

No jewelled Beauty is my Love,

Yet in her earnest face

There's such a world of tenderness,

She needs no other grace.

Her smiles, and voice, around my life,

In light and music twine,

And dear, oh very dear to me,

Is this sweet Love of mine.

Oh, joy! to know there's one fond heart,

Beats ever true to me:

It sets mine leaping like a lyre,

In sweetest melody;

My soul up-springs, a Deity!

To hear her voice divine,

And dear, oh! very dear to me,

Is this sweet Love of mine.

If ever I have sigh'd for wealth,

'Twas all for her, I trow;

And if I win Fame's victor-wreath,

I'll twine it on her brow.

There may be forms more beautiful,

And souls of sunnier shine,

But none, oh! none so dear to me,

As this sweet Love of mine.

GEORGE THE THIRD AND THE DYING GYPSY.

[Mr. Crabbe relates the following singular and affecting anecdote:—]

George III. being out one day hunting, the chase lay through the skirts of the forest. The stag had been hard run, and, to escape the dogs, had crossed the river in a deep part. The dogs could not be brought to follow; and it became necessary, in order to come up with it, to make a circuitous route along the banks of the river, through some thick and troublesome underwood. The roughness of the ground, the long grass, and frequent thickets, obliged the sportsmen to separate from each other; each one endeavoring to make the best and speediest route he could. Before they had reached the end of the forest, the king's horse manifested signs of fatigue and uneasiness; so much so, that his majesty resolved upon yielding the pleasures of the chase to those of compassion for his horse. With this view, he turned down the first avenue of the forest, and determined on riding quietly to the oaks, there to wait for some of his attendants. The king had only proceeded a few yards, when, instead of the cry of the hounds, he fancied he heard the cry of human distress. As he rode forward, he heard it more distinctly—

"Oh! my mother! my mother! God pity and bless my poor mother!"

The curiosity and kindness of the sovereign led him instantly to the spot. It was a little green plot on one side of the forest, where was spread on the grass, under a branching oak, a little pallet, half covered with a kind of tent; and a basket or two with some packs lay on the ground at a few paces distant from the tent. Near to the root of the tree, he observed a little, swarthy girl, about eight years of age, on her knees, praying, while her little, black eyes ran down with tears. Distress of any kind was always relieved by his majesty, for he had a heart which melted at human woe.

"What, my child, is the cause of your weeping?" he asked. "For what do you pray?"

The little creature at first started, then rose from her knees, and, pointing to the tent, said—

"Oh! sir, my dying mother!"

"What?" said his majesty, dismounting,

and fastening his horse up to the branches of the oak, "what, my child? tell me all about it."

The little creature now led the king to the tent, where lay, partly covered, a middle-aged female gypsy, in the last stages of a decline, and in the last moments of life. She turned her dying eyes expressively to the royal visitor, then looked up to heaven, but not a word did she utter; the organs of speech had ceased their office; "the silver cord was loosed, and the wheel broken at the cistern." The little girl then wept aloud, and, stooping down, wiped the dying sweat from her mother's face. The king, much affected, asked the child her name, and of her family, and how long her mother had been ill. Just at that moment, another gypsy girl, much older, came out of breath to the spot. She had been to the town of W——, and brought some medicine for her dying mother. Observing a stranger, she courtesied modestly, and hastening to her mother, knelt down by her side, kissed her pallid lips, and burst into tears.

"What, my dear child," said his majesty, "can be done for you?"

"Oh! sir," she replied, "my dying mother wanted a religious person to teach her, and to pray with her, before she died. I ran all the way, before it was light, this morning, to W——, and asked for a minister; but no one could I get to come with me to pray with my dear mother!"

The dying woman seemed sensible of what her daughter was saying, and her countenance was much agitated. The air was again rent with the cries of the distressed daughters. The king, full of kindness, instantly endeavored to comfort them. He said—

"I am a minister, and God has sent me to instruct and comfort your mother."

He then sat down on a pack by the side of the pallet, and, taking the hand of the dying gypsy, discoursed on the demerit of sin and the nature of redemption. He then pointed her to Christ, the all-sufficient Saviour. While doing this, the poor creature seemed to gather consolation and hope; her eyes sparkled with brightness, and her countenance became animated. She looked up—she smiled; but it was the last smile: it was the glimmering of expiring nature. As the expression of peace, however, remained strong in her countenance,

it was not till some time had elapsed that they perceived the struggling spirit had left mortality.

It was at this moment that some of his majesty's attendants, who had missed him at the chase, and had been riding through the forest in search of him, rode up, and found him comforting the afflicted gypsies. It was an affecting sight, and worthy of everlasting record in the annals of kings.

He now rose up, put some gold into the hands of the afflicted girls, promised them his protection, and bade them look to Heaven. He then wiped the tears from his eyes, and mounted his horse. His attendants, greatly affected, stood in silent admiration. Lord L— was going to speak, but his majesty, turning to the gypsies, and, pointing to the breathless corpse, and to the weeping girls, said, with strong emotion—

“Who, my lord, who, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto these?”

PENNY MICROSCOPES.

There is a man who sometimes stands in Leicester Square, who sells microscopes at a penny each. They are made of a common pill-box; the bottom taken out, and a piece of window-glass substituted. A small eye-hole is bored in the lid, and thereon is placed the lens, the whole apparatus being painted black. Upon looking through one of these microscopes I was surprised to find hundreds of creatures, apparently the size of earth-worms, swimming about in all directions: yet on the object-glass nothing could be seen but a small speck of flour and water, conveyed there on the end of a lucifer-match from a common inkstand, which was nearly full of this vivified paste. Another microscope exhibited a single representative of the animal kingdom showing his impatience of imprisonment by kicking vigorously. Though I must confess to a shudder, I could not help admiring the beauties of construction in this little monster, which, if at liberty, would have excited murderous feelings, unfavorable to the prolongation of its existence. The sharp-pointed mouth, with which he works his diggings; his side-claws, wherewith to hold on while at work; and his little heart, pulsating slowly but forcibly, and sending a stream of blood down the large vessel in the centre of his white and transparent body, could

also be seen and wondered at. When the stock of this sort of game runs short, a common carrot-seed is substituted; which, when looked at through a magnifier, is marvellously like an animal having a thick body and numerous legs projecting from the sides; so like an animal that it has been mistaken by an enthusiastic philosopher for an animal created in, or by, a chemical mixture in conjunction with electricity.

I bought several of these microscopes, determined to find out how all this could be done for a penny. An eminent microscopist examined them, and found that the magnifying power was twenty diameters. The cost of a lens made of glass, of such a power, would be from three to four shillings. How, then, could the whole apparatus be made for a single penny? A penknife revealed the mystery. The pill-box was cut in two, and then it appeared that the lens was made of Canada balsam, a transparent gum. The balsam had been heated, and carefully dropped into the eye-hole of the pill-box. It then assumed the proper size, shape, transparency, and polish, of a very well-ground glass lens. Our ingenious lens-maker informed me that he had been selling these microscopes for fifteen years, and that he and his family conjointly make them. One child cut out the pill-boxes, another the gap, another put them together, his wife painted them black, and he made the lenses.—*Household Words*.

RAIN.

How beautiful is the rain!

After the dust and heat,

In the broad and fiery street,

In the narrow lane,

How beautiful is the rain!

How often it clatters along the roofs,

Like the tramp of hoofs!

How it gushes and struggles out

From the throat of the overflowing spout!

Across the window-pane

It pours and pours;

And swift and wide,

With a muddy tide,

Like a river down the gutter roars

The rain, the welcome rain!

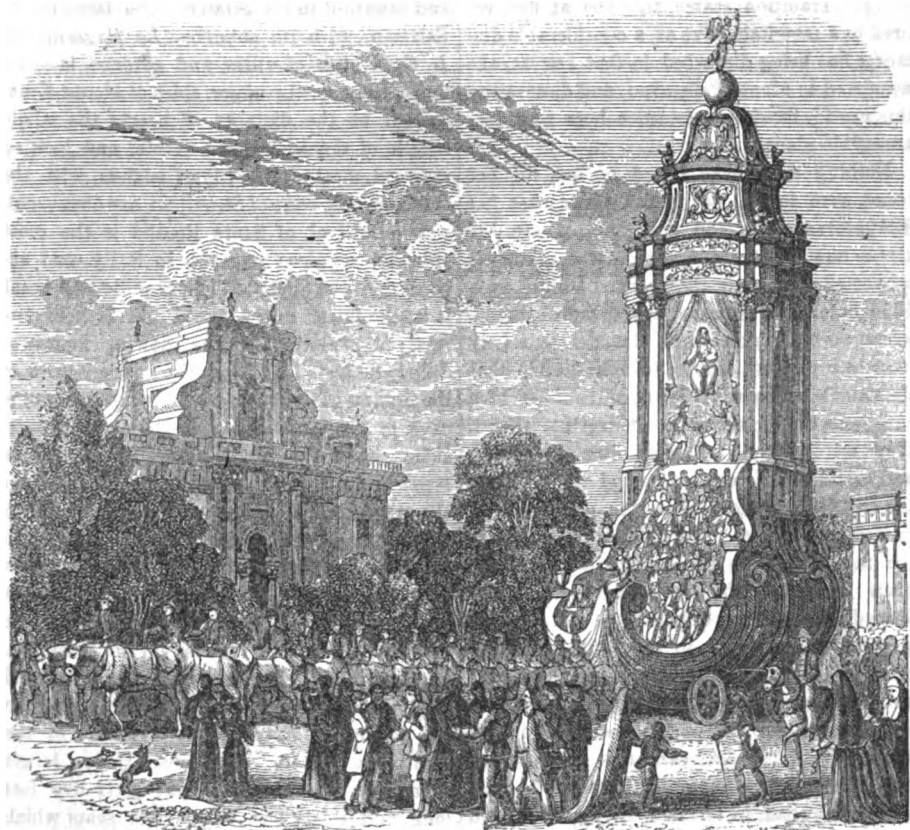
LONGFELLOW.



CAVE OF SANTA ROSALIA.

THE CAVE AND FESTIVAL OF SANTA ROSALIA.

A little to the west of Palermo, and nearly at the summit of the lofty and rugged Monte Pellegrino, there is a natural grotto or cave of considerable extent. Hamilcar Barcas, whose Carthaginian soldiers are said to have made a barrack-room of the cave, long resisted the Romans on this isolated and almost inaccessible height; but it is not from these circumstances that the grotto is dear and sacred to the Sicilians. The mouth of the cave no longer opens on the mountain's side, but is masked and enclosed by a curious church they have built round it. Crossing this church, you enter a low, narrow vault under the rocks—cold and gloomy in the extreme, where silence is never broken except by the low whisperings of the devotees, or the echoes of the service in the church. Nearly at the ex-



CAR OF SANTA ROSALIA.

tremity of the cavern there is a beautiful young maiden in a reclining posture, with her half-closed eyes fixed on the cross. It is only a statue; but in the dim obscurity, partially broken by the lights from some small silver lamps, it looks, at a certain distance, like a human being in the act of expiring with beatific visions of a brighter and happier world than this. Even on a nearer approach, when the illusion vanishes, the effect of this exquisite piece of workmanship is exceedingly touching. The delicate beauty and youth of the countenance, with its mingled expression of simplicity, resignation, and devotion—the flowing lines of the body and limbs, with their soft and perfect repose, quite captivate the beholder, and almost excuse the idolatry of which the statue is the object. The head and hands are cut in the finest Parian marble; the rest of the figure is of bronze, gilt, appearing as if covered

with a robe of beaten gold. Many valuable jewels testify the devotion of successive ages.

The figure represents Santa Rosalia, the patroness saint of Palermo, who is believed to have lived and died “in these deep solitudes and awful cells.” According to the legend, this beautiful virgin was niece to King William the Good, a prince of the Norman line, who reigned in Sicily from A. D. 1150 to 1154, and who was succeeded by his son, surnamed William the Bad, under whom the island became the scene of civil wars and all kinds of iniquities. Even from infancy the young princess showed symptoms of sanctity; and in the sixteenth year of her age, seeing the wickedness of the world, she deserted it altogether, and retired to the solitary mountains. When she disappeared (in 1159) the people thought she had been taken up to heaven, deeming her soul too pure, and her body too beautiful, to

be subjected to the ordinary processes of mortality. Tradition states, that she at first retired to a mountain cave at a considerable distance; but being disturbed in that retreat, she wandered to Monte Pellegrino, and discovering this grotto, fixed her residence here as a less accessible place.

Nothing more was heard of her till her bones were found, nearly 500 years after her disappearance, on the very spot where her statue now reposes. A miracle was, of course, connected with their discovery. In the year 1624 Palermo was visited by a dreadful plague, which no human means could moderate: a holy man had a vision, and he told the people that the saint's bones were lying unhonored in a cave near the top of Monte Pellegrino; that if they were taken up with due reverence, and carried in procession round the walls of the city three several times, the plague would immediately cease. A deputation was sent to the mountain—the bones were found in the place indicated—the processions were performed—the people were cured—and the fair Rosalia was elevated to the rank of tutelar Saint of Palermo. The bones, preserved in a silver box, curiously wrought and enriched with jewels, were deposited in the ancient cathedral of the city; but proper care was taken of the holy grotto, and a magnificent causeway, and then a fine road, in terraces, rising above each other, and very properly called *La Scala* (the Stairs,) were made to lead to it, over the rugged heights and along the precipices of the mountain. Besides the church, a residence was built for a few officiating priests, who are bound to be constantly on the spot to celebrate mass, show the cave, and receive the offerings of pilgrims; and in process of time a small *taverna*, or house of entertainment, arose in the vicinity, to afford refreshment to the numerous visitors who generally require it after their toilsome ascent. The church, the cave, the shrine, are seldom found without kneeling devotees. At certain seasons the sailors and poor people from Palermo, and the peasantry from the neighboring country, flock hither in numerous troops, and, according to a practice which is general at such places in Italy and Sicily, after they have performed their devotions they give themselves up to enjoyment—to feasting and dancing for the rest of the day. The view from Monte Pellegrino is at once

cheerful, diversified, and sublime, extensive and beautiful in its details. The fair city of Palermo, with its suburbs, *La Bagaria* and *Il Colle*, full of villas and gardens, is close under the eye; the upper sides of Mount Etna, though at the distance of nearly the whole length of the island, are visible; and looking seaward, most of the Lipari islands, with the ever-smoking cone of Stromboli, are discovered.

The festival of Santa Rosalia is the most splendid religious pageant in Sicily, and according to the Sicilians, whose pride and boast it is, the finest in the world. It is held annually at Palermo, in the glowing month of July, and lasts five days, the anniversaries of the finding of the bones, their transfer from the cave to the cathedral, and the three processions round the walls of the city. People repair to it from all parts of the island, from the neighboring coasts of Calabria, and in smaller numbers, (which have been increased since the establishment of steam-packets) even from the city of Naples. A detailed account would occupy some considerable space; but the principal features of the festival are these: A lofty car of an exceedingly elegant form, and richly ornamented, is surmounted at more than the height of sixty feet by a statue of the saint, in silver, and considerably larger than life. The car is about sixty-five feet long, and thirty feet broad. On seats which rise above each other like stairs, a numerous orchestra and vocal performers are disposed in rows and in full court dress. This enormous vehicle is dragged slowly through the centre of the town by fifty white oxen. It stops every fifty or sixty yards, and at each pause the music, which is generally admirable, fills the summer air, which is otherwise sweetened by incense, and the breath of innumerable flowers, that are suspended to the car or scattered before its path. In the evenings the Casaro, or principal street, and the long and beautiful promenade of the Marina, are splendidly illuminated, and fireworks on a very extensive scale are let off. In these arts the Palermitans particularly excel. Horse-races through the crowded streets, are added to the amusements. On the fourth evening the interior of the fine old cathedral is filled with one blaze of light; the silver lamps, the wax torches, the candelabra, the mirrors, the rich hanging draperies of gold and silver tissue,

and all other accessories, being arranged with admirable taste and effect. The festival concludes on the fifth day with a procession, in which the effigies of all the saints in Palermo are carried, amidst a deafening noise of drums, trumpets, and patereroes. A part of the countless assemblage of people file off from the Marina, and take the steep road of Monte Pellegriño to the grotto of Santa Rosalia.

EDEN.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

There is not a rift in the blue sky now,
Where a million tempests tore it;
There is not a furrow on Ocean's brow,
Tho' a million years have past o'er it.
And for all the storms and the strifes that have
roll'd
Down the ages grim and gory;
Earth weareth her pleasant face, as of old,
And laughs in her morning glory.
And Man—tho' he beareth the brand of Sin,
And the flesh and the devil have bound him—
Hath a spirit within, to old Eden akin,
Only nurture up Eden around him.

Oh the cloud may have fall'n on the human
face,
And its lordliest beauty blighted;
For love hath gone out with a dark'ning trace,
Where the inward glory lighted.
Yet the old world of love liveth still in the
heart,
As we've many a sweet revealing:
And its rich fossil-jewels in tears will up-start
With the warm flood of holier feeling.
Ay, Man—tho' he beareth the brand of Sin,
And the flesh and the devil have bound him—
Hath a spirit within, to old Eden akin,
Only nurture up Eden around him.

Oh, the terrors, the tortures, the miseries dark—
That have curst us, and crusht, and cankered!
Yet, aye, from the Deluge, Humanity's Ark
Hath on some serene Ararat anchored.
Oh the golden chains that link heaven to earth,
The rusts of all time cannot sever!
Evil shall die in its own dark dearth,
And the Good liveth on for ever.
And Man—tho' he beareth the brand of Sin,
And the flesh and the devil have bound him—
Hath a spirit within, to old Eden akin,
Only nurture up Eden around him.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

BY JNO. S. WELLER.

As I sit at this quiet, solemn hour of night
in my easy little cubuculum, many and strange
thoughts fill the inner chambers of my soul.
Sad and sweet memories of the past, bright
sunny spots of yore upon which I love to
linger, are pointed out by the finger of memo-
ry as she leads me by the hand through the
forgotten paths over which my feet had strayed
when a child, a boy, a youth—now overgrown
by the rank herbage of maturer years; and I
live over in thought again the halcyon hours of
those long departed days—life's vernal season.

It is one of those calm summer nights with
which we are so often favored in this land of
Prairie, that we oft forget their ineffable
beauty and serene sweetness, and gaze with a
cold indifference upon the Eden by which we
are surrounded on every hand. It is now that
nature wears the livery of heaven and assumes
her blandest smiles—pale Cynthia smiling the
while through the leafy boughs of the locust,
shedding a soft and amber light over the weeping
flower, reminding them as she journeys on
that the departed sun will rise again and dry
away their tears. All the animal tribes of
earth pour forth one harmonious hymn of re-
joicing, in the fulness of their exuberant life,
to the Source from whence they derive their
being; all things, from the meanest reptile to
the highest type of life, render alike to God
their tribute of praise. I always rejoice at the
approach of Spring and Summer, and grieve
over their departure, even as I do over the de-
cline of these corresponding seasons of my
life, the latter of which still lingers with me.
My boyhood days—I love to recall them, and
imagine myself rejuvenated, while grayhaired
Time seems to tarry on the way, and smile at
me as I gather up the toys I had thrown away
years ago and renew my plays,—sharing the
same innocent joys, straying amid the same
flowers that bloomed in Spring, and gathering
the choicest of their number to decorate the
flaxen head of a dear little blue-eyed sister,
the daily companion of my butterfly life I then
led.

Then comes the ambitious youth spurning
everything akin to the juvenilities of life, and
aspiring for the baubles of fame; he has not
yet begun his race, the prize is yet to be gained

or lost; he longs to be upon the race course and mount the steed that shall bear him to glory or the grave—the grave of oblivion. But hold—what spell hath bound the wild dreaming child of ambition, and why hath he thus soon forgotten the prize—the glory that might have been his? Ah! even now my heart hath redoubled its throbs at the thought. He who had dreamed of the angel girl, with sweet beaming eyes and golden ringlets floating in soft profusion over the alabaster neck, and sylph-like form, all grace, all beauty, all loveliness itself—hath met on his way to the temple of fame this fair being—this ideal one for whom he had pined and prayed that God would give him; and she hath smiled upon him—how sweetly! and spoken to him endearing words which he repeats in his dreams. Oh, blessed vision! to be realized—oh! happy thought, that she may love him, that she may mingle her sweet life with his, soothing into gentleness the asperities of his nature, and teaching him by her own example to look upward to God in every action of his life, when he should be called to his rest, weave garlands of flowers to adorn the Christian soul—the beautiful form of her beloved.

Now hope tells her flattering tale, and fancy with her arch smile whispers something about moonlight walks, with her reclining upon his arm, holding the while a low *tete-a-tete*—an interchange of long pent up thoughts and feelings that have craved expression,—when he would unfold to her his full heart rich with unbought affection, and love given of God. And while holding her pretty hand in his, how he would tell her of happy days to come, when their spirits should be blended as one, and how he had chosen a star in the sidereal vault of heaven and “blessed it in the name of her fair face.” And while reading the poetry of her soft expressive eyes, ready to melt in tears at the touch of wrong—how he would hang upon the eloquence of her silver voice as she responded to his glowing words, and told by her blushes how deeply she loved him. But soon they must part and the spell broken—time waits for none—the dead hour of night comes on—a lingering walk and they are at the threshold of her home. He opens the gate with a trembling, nervous hand, then a pause—she divines his wish, bends forward with a graceful ease, turns her blushing face and ver-

million lips to receive the parting kiss, and both uttering a tremulous “good night,” they retire to meet each other again in their dreams—blessed dreams—“love’s young dreams.”

These voices of memory, who does not love to listen to them, as they come to us like soft music, borne upon the evening’s zephyr over the still waters of the silent lake? But that dream of love, how soon it was dissipated! Elena, dear Elena, even now I see thy fair face beaming in beauty and loveliness still. Thou whom I once loved art now sharing thy life with another. Years have passed since thou were married, which years have wrought in thee a change—a sad change; the domestic cares of life have already chased away the youth and beauty of thy face, which now wears a haggard, careworn expression; and the eyes that dilated with the rapturous thought of a young buoyant spirit, ere blighting sorrow had touched thee, are now, alas, lustreless and dim. God be with thee, Elena, in all the trying hours of life, and be a lamp to thy feet in the darkest night.

Then I find myself sad and repining, brooding over the past which promised so much, and fulfilled so little. What I had prayed and craved for, seemed cruelly snatched from me—the cup was dashed from my lips, ere I had sipped its nectarian juice. Then came repentance and shame for my folly, and resolutions to be wiser and better in the future, and not to give myself up to the charms and pleasure of this life.

The divine truths of God and His creation began to steal in and descend upon my spirit, as dew upon the parched earth after a hot summer day, giving it a new and better life. The hitherto complicated and mysterious mechanism of the universe resolved itself into a perfect system of infinite order, symmetry and beauty. All the dispensations of the Divine Providence became more and more manifest in every occurrence of my life. All things were overruled for the best. The Lord was my keeper, I should not want. Here was an inward joy that bore me above the darkness of Egyptian night into the serene and pure light of Heaven. Like a child that wearies of its toys and turns away to weep upon its mother’s breast, so I turned from the vanities of earth and gave vent to my sorrowing heart, even as the beloved disciple John, who wept upon the

bosom of the Lord. Death had lost its sting and the grave its terrors. It was no longer veiled in mystery, no longer a dark chimera; the sable folds that envelope the grave were torn away, the path that led to it wound its way through umbrageous groves and emerald fields, and the roses of Eden bloomed upon its border, for it was the portal to eternity—the gate of paradise. I no longer heard in spectre dreams, the measured tramp of weary feet echoing through the solemn avenues leading to the city of the dead, nor did I dread the hour when it should be my turn to pass the dreamy lane!

I saw the pale-faced sufferer on his dying bed, watched the fearful struggle—the last effort of the spirit to free itself from the cumbersome clay, when like a vanquished warrior the body resigned its captive soul to the care and keeping of those who waited its coming into the spiritual world. In all this there was no death. It was but the resurrection morn, when the indwelling man should be ushered into a world of life and living realities of which this world was but the outbirth.

I visited the cemetery and stood above the mausoleums of those once dear, once loved and cherished. Here perchance was the grave of a sister, a dear gazelle, cut down in her innocent beauty and loveliness;—a father's and a mother's pride; the form they had loved to embrace, the lips they had loved to kiss, the ruby cheek with its carnation hue of health which they had fondly pressed to theirs, the gleesome sparkling eyes so full of eloquent meaning—all now was lifeless, perishable clay—mingling with its native dust and undergoing those progressive changes by which it might take to itself other forms of evanescent life. Rank grass grew upon the mound of earth, the rose and the hyacinth had appropriated her beauty in their tinted petals—the body lived again in the grass and flowers o'er her grave. But the dear one—where is *she*—the spirit that could love, think, reason and bow in saint-like worship to its God? Could that die? could that perish or pass into any nothingness, when the tabernacle of clay crumbled to the earth? Was it less loving, less dear or near because it had burst its outward covering and was no longer visible to the natural eye? As the pale-faced student who has toiled by the midnight lamp, over a

problem in Euclid rejoices at its solution, so the happy blood bounded through my veins when I saw, by the pure light of Divine Truth, the true answer to these home questions. It was no longer a mystery; the Lord had opened a way by which all might come and drink of the crystal stream flowing from His throne. I knew that all things here were but types of the world within which was the real world, and that all things here were perishable and not real. It was to me a pure interior delight to retire from the busy world and draw from the sacred Word its pure treasures. Now beneath the mistic letter of that Word shone the glory of the incarnate God. How divinely perfect were those spiritual analogies which so beautifully shadowed forth the relations of the two worlds—the natural and the spiritual! How the Psalms of David, and the Songs of Solomon became radiant with a new glory!—How transcendantly sublime their theme, how divine their teachings! Here was a rock upon which the troubled soul could rest secure and happy.

And what was this world but the seminary for Heaven? And life, what was it? a brief space of years in which to fulfil our respective missions; and what was it to fulfil those missions, but to willingly and faithfully perform the duties which lay before us?

Oh! silver age! with thy calm autumnal smile, steal gently upon us with warning voice at the closing scenes of life, nor let us shrink from thee, thou blest forewarner of the happy change, pointing us upward to a purer sky, whose blue dome bends over the Canaan land to which we are journeying, while the scenes of this life gradually recede in the distance.

Oh! sweetly smiling Sabbath morn of the Spirit, come thou in thy serene beauty, and welcome the pilgrim out to its abiding rest—for the battle is fought and the victory won, the foe is disarmed, and yonder victors, that angel throng with faces beaming as the sun, bear to thee the prize.

The fleet years have sped by since my "first love," my first "disappointment," and my first conversion to the truths of religion, and although I have seen something of this life, I have but just begun to learn its great lesson. I find that real happiness consists in making ourselves useful, and being content with what

God has given us, using with moderation the natural pleasures of the world, seeking to enlarge our capacities for mental enjoyments which will increase instead of becoming insipid as do those of the body. With a cheerful heart I journey on with the dear gentle one whom I have found on the way, and who with a loving smile has consented to go with me. She tells me she had long sought for me, and had often sat down by the wayside, and cried when she thought I had strayed away, and should never find her.

I have written into the midnight hour which will soon wane into morning light. The sweet companion of my life lies asleep in the pretty cottage bed on the opposite side of the room from where I sit. Ever and anon I turn a furtive glance at her dear face, and gaze, how fondly! while she sleeps. Now her face is illumed with a pleasant smile; perhaps some happy dream hath lured her into a sweet forgetfulness of her daily cares. Perchance some angel visitant leads her by the hand through the perfumed and flowery walks of the dream world, pointing out the dear familiar faces of these whom she had loved on earth. Dream on, Emma dear, while angels watch thy sleeping pillow. Dream on and forget that thou hast yet to journey through life's weary way and bear its heavy burden.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Nearer, my God to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!
Even though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer to Thee!

Though, like the wanderer,
The sun go down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Then let my way appear
Steps unto Heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given:
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

QUANTITY OF FOOD REQUIRED.

The agent in the digestive process being a fluid, formed in limited quantity, it is obvious, that, when the amount of solid food taken into the stomach is too great in proportion to the quantity of this gastric liquid, the whole of the solid cannot be digested in time to prevent it from undergoing the acid or putrefactive fermentation. The fermentation thus generated is productive of every degree of suffering, especially from the following symptoms, viz., a burning sensation in the stomach, foul breath, and frequent eructations of offensive gases. Further, the existence of a putrefied mass in the centre of the human body must, if it occur frequently, lay the foundation of disorder.

The inhabitants of the Philadelphia Penitentiary, confined to a uniform regimen, which almost necessarily limits itself, enjoy uninterrupted health. Those who were diseased from bad habits before they became its tenants are effectually cured after a short residence there. I say this from personal knowledge derived from an examination of the prisoners.

Regulation of the food is of primary consequence towards the formation of a good constitution. The most common error in relation to it consists in the use of too much food. Nature has given us organs of a certain capacity, on the presumption that, being called on to manual labor, we should then require a large quantity of food. Muscular effort exhausts the strength, and requires renovation by nutritious substances; but when the muscular efforts are small, the quantity of nourishment required is comparatively less; and if, in consequence of the appetite, a large quantity is taken, the result will be pernicious, directly or indirectly. Parents are uneasy when their children eat but little, and would encourage them to eat against their inclination. No mistake can be more pernicious to health: and if persevered in, disease will infallibly result from it. When the child wants appetite, instead of being compelled to take food, it must be compelled to take exercise, unless positively ill, and then it must be compelled to take medicine.

The quantity of food, then, is not to be regulated by our appetites, but by our occupations. A great deal of exercise requires a great deal of food; little exercise will tolerate

only a moderate portion of food; and if we offend against this rule, we must expect to suffer some form of disease sooner or later. Liebig has clearly elucidated, what was settled before, that food and clothing should be in an inverse ratio. An individual exposed to cold requires a greater amount of food than one in whom the animal heat is retained by warm clothes and a warm atmosphere. On the other hand, those who live in an elevated temperature, whether natural or artificial, must take less nourishment, or expect to have the organs clogged by unassimilated food.

Inhabitants of warm climates require less food than those of cold. The Italians, Spaniards, and other Southern people, eat less than the English, Swedes, and Danes. Chevalier di Renzi, an eminent physician of Naples, in good health, and well constituted, told me that his habit was to rise early, go out on business, and return to breakfast at two o'clock; after which he took a very moderate meal in the evening; and he added, that this course was pursued by his cotemporaries.

In a great number of instances we are able to trace the origin of diseases, at first view not connected with digestion, to derangements of this function. In the course of my professional experience, I have had occasion to witness many instances of acute disease originating from a single excess. A person much exposed to cold and wet is more liable to be dangerously affected after taking an inordinate meal. Some species of typhus undoubtedly begin in disorders of the digestive apparatus; for it has been established by Louis and others, that derangement of the bowels occasionally precedes an attack of fever, even at some distance of time. Gout, though generally produced by combined excess in eating and drinking, is, I have had occasion to notice, often the consequence of excessive eating alone. Scrofula likewise, though the disposition to it is generally hereditary, may be developed by an improper use of food. We could go on and specify a great number of diseases which undoubtedly take their origin from disorders of the stomach, liver, and intestines, and which are brought on by the abuse of food; i. e., by disproportion between the quantity of food and the quantity of exercise. Habitual temperance in the use of food is, therefore, indispensable to the healthy action of the physical powers.

From the preceding remarks, it appears that persons of different occupations require different quantities of food. The point we wish to ascertain is, what amount of food is necessary for those who do not live by manual labor. Such persons generally consume three or four pounds in a day. That this quantity is too great there can be no doubt, and of this a distinct proof is found in the following fact. The seamen in the British navy were formerly allowed to eat as much as they desired; of late years, however, the quantity of food has been fixed at about 32 oz., or 2 lb. avoirdupois; and the result has been, that a smaller number have been found upon the sick list since the introduction of this regulation. If, then, the laborious British seamen can be kept in the best possible condition by two pounds, or two pounds and a quarter, of solid food, certainly a much less quantity would be proper for a gentleman in England, or in this country. This quantity we might fix, perhaps, at from one pound to one and a half. It is said, and I apprehend on very good authority, that the soldiers of the American army are allowed not less than four pounds of solid and four pounds of liquid a day. What a multitude of diseases in our army might be traced to this bountiful supply of food! What a preparation it must make for typhus fever, yellow fever, cholera, &c.! The loss in our army by disease in the Mexican war is said to have been much greater than that from the hostile army! and it is known that a great portion of it arose from errors in regimen.—*Dr. Warren on the Preservation of Health.*

"I hope you have a good husband, madam?" said a reverend gentleman to a lady arrayed in the depth of fashion. "Yes, sir," replied she, "and a good man, too, I think." "I don't know what to say about his goodness," added the minister, "for my Bible teaches me that a good man should *clothe* his wife, but he lets you go half naked!"

The Princess Augusta asked Lord Walsingham for a frank. He wrote one for her in such detestable characters, that, at the end of a month, after having wandered half over England, it was opened, and returned to her as illegible. The princess complained to Lord Walsingham, and he then wrote the frank for her so legibly that, at the end of a couple of days, it was returned to her, marked "Forgery!"



THE BLACK AND GRAY SQUIRREL.

BLACK AND GRAY SQUIRRELS.

From all the experience I have had in the forests of North America, writes a correspondent of the Penny Magazine, I am decidedly of the opinion that black squirrels are far more abundant than gray ones, but why this is the case I have never been able to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion; for in their general habits, and their partialities for those sections of the country that produce some peculiar and favorite food, there appears not the slightest difference; and since their size and strength are nearly equal, I can see no good reason for the great disparity in point of numbers. Both the black and gray squirrels are migratory and erratic in their habits; for at particular seasons of the year some sections of the forests will literally swarm with them, while at other times, in the same situations, but a few solitary stragglers may be seen, leaping from branch to branch in the tops of the tall forest-trees.

The foresight (or by whatever name that instinctive peculiarity common to a large portion of the brute creation may be designated,) of the gray squirrel is very remarkable; for although I have always been led to consider it more shy and timid than either the black or red ones which frequent the same localities,—yet when a season of absolute famine has been approaching, I have observed that it would run greater risks in committing little depredations upon the granary or corn-crib than would either of the other species. In two or three seasons, when there was an entire failure of beech-nuts, chestnuts, and the other sorts of food that these provident inhabitants of the wilderness chiefly subsist upon during the long winters, I had opportunities of becoming convinced of the fact as before stated. On the farm where I resided there stood a barn and granary within half a stone's cast of the bordering primeval forest, in which was stored a quantity of Indian corn, wheat, and other kinds of grain. Until the autumn was advancing I had scarcely seen a gray squirrel in the neighboring woods, but in the month of October I observed a few of them paying occasional visits to my barn and granary; and, not wishing my grain to be stolen or destroyed with impunity, I shot two or three of the earliest intruders. On those occasions I invari-

ably found them carrying off fifteen or twenty grains of Indian corn within the cavities of their cheeks; and being provided with comparatively small cheek-pouches wherein to stow away the pilfered property, it showed to what inconvenience they would subject themselves in order to procure a little stock as the means of sustaining life through a long and rigorous winter. Whether or not the few that had first visited my premises had communicated the intelligence to their tribe that my barn was stored with such food as they might subsist upon during the approaching famine, of course I have no means of knowing; however, by the early part of November there were several scores of them paying their daily respects to my corn-crib and wheat-bin. A few red ones, and occasionally a black one or two, would resort to the same scene of plunder; but I found that they were more intent upon making a meal on the spot, than upon carrying away a necessary supply for the approaching winter. At this time the gray ones were so numerous, and audacious too, that when I was not at leisure, or felt no inclination to make war upon them with my gun, I had to place a boy as a sentinel, to scare them back into the woods, which he sometimes found great difficulty in effecting. In the springs succeeding those seasons of famine I found hardly any red or black squirrels in the adjoining woods—they had evidently perished through absolute want; while a number of the gray ones which had been so fortunate as to escape my gun, and that had succeeded in laying in a winter's supply at my expense, might be seen springing from branch to branch, as agile and shy as they had been before the approach of winter; and I could not help blaming myself for having denied a small and temporary pittance to so many of my graceful, sagacious, and provident neighbors.

Although apparently not well adapted for swimming, yet both gray and black squirrels, in their migratory excursions, will venture across lakes that are one or two miles wide, as well as the largest of the American rivers. In these adventurous exploits they generally take advantage of a favorable breeze, in which case the wind acts upon their elevated tails, thereby rendering the excursion both quicker and less laborious. In the latter part of the summer I have frequently witnessed black

squirrels crossing the Niagara river in considerable numbers; and I always remarked that they swam across when the morning first began to dawn. On reaching the opposite shore they would appear greatly fatigued, and if unmolested would take a pretty long rest preparatory to their setting off for the neighboring woods, whither they were apparently led by the wonderful power of instinct.

ASA AND IRA.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Asa and Ira were two brothers, whose farms lay side by side in a fertile interval.

When the corn, the oats, and the barley were springing up, the weeds took advantage of the rich soil, and came up with them.

"Do you see," said Asa, "what a hold the weeds are taking? There is danger of their choking out the crops entirely."

"Well, well, we must be resigned," replied Ira; "weeds as well as grain were a part of the Creator's plan; and there is no use in murmuring about them." And he lay down for his usual afternoon doze.

"I can only be resigned to what I cannot help," said Asa. So he went to work, and ploughed and hoed, until his fields were clear of weeds.

"The army-worms are in the neighborhood," said Asa to Ira one day. "They have eaten through the adjoining meadows, and are moving towards us."

"Ah!" exclaimed Ira. "They will surely destroy what the weeds have not choked out. I will immediately retire to pray that their course may be stopped or turned aside."

But Asa replied, "I pray betimes every morning, for strength to do the work of the day."

And he hastened to dig a trench around his land, which the army-worms could not pass; while Ira returned only in season to save a small portion of his crops from their ravages.

"Do you see, Ira?" said Asa, another morning, "the river is rising very fast. There is but a slender chance of preventing our farms from being overflowed."

"Alas! it is a judgment upon us for our sins, and what can we do?" cried Ira, throwing himself in despair upon the ground.

"There are no judgments so severe as those

which our own sloth brings upon us," replied Asa.

And he went quickly, and hired workmen, with whose help he raised an embankment that withstood the flood, while Ira witnessed with blank looks and folded hands, the destruction of his harvests.

"There is one consolation," said he: "my children at least are left me."

But while Asa's sons grew up strong and virtuous men, among Ira's there was a drunkard, a gambler, and a suicide.

"The ways of the Lord are not equal," complained Ira to his brother. "Why are you always prospered, while I am afflicted, and my old age disgraced?"

"I only know this," replied Asa; "that Heaven has always helped me to treat the faults of my children as I did the weeds, the caterpillars, and the flood; and that I have never presumed to send a petition upward, without making Toil, my right-hand servant, the messenger of my prayer."

W O M A N.

Oh! woman, woman! thou art formed to bless

The heart of restless man; to chase his care,
And charm existence by thy loveliness;

Bright as the sunbeam, as the morning fair,

If but thy foot fall on a wilderness,

Flowers spring, and shed their roseate blossoms there,

Shrouding the thorns that in thy pathway rise,
And scattering o'er it hues of paradise.

Thy voice of love is music to the ear,

Soothing, and soft, and gentle as the stream
That strays 'mid summer flowers; thy glittering tear

Is mutely eloquent; thy smile a beam
Of life ineffable, so sweet, so dear,

It wakes the heart from sorrow's darkest dream,

Shedding a hallowed lustre o'er our fate,
And when it beams, we are not desolate.

No, not when woman smiles, we feel a charm
Thrown bright around us, binding us to earth;

Her tender accents, breathing forth the balm
Of pure affection, give to transport birth;

There, life's wide sea is billowless and calm.

Oh! lovely woman! thy consummate worth
Is far above thy frailty—far above

All earthly praise—thou art the light of love!

THE THREE POPPIES.

Translated from the French.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

You remember my friend Dr. T——, who prevented my cutting down the clematis, by relating to me its history? Here is an adventure which happened to both of us this Summer.

My country-house is far from the city; I find it even now too near, for like the birds who sing in the green branches, I have a horror of pavements and citizens, and love to live with nature and peasants, between my library and my flower-beds.

I have, therefore, around me genuine countrymen, with simple hearts, and callous hands, who dig or hoe from morning till night, never giving lessons to the government, and I keep myself acquainted with their simple histories.

One of them, Renè Berard, a young and handsome boy of twenty one, poor as Job, laborious as a plough, neither too fine nor too stupid, passed one evening before my door, his hat on one side, his face lighted up, singing with all his might, and describing zig-zags on the road.

Having never seen him drunk, I questioned him severely. He related to me, amid laughter and tears, that he had drawn a bad number, and was about to leave his old mother, and—

And his young betrothed, thought I, finishing the sentence cut short with a heavy sigh, and pardoning him for having drowned his despair in the bottle.

The next morning I saw the conscripts file off saluted from door to door, embraced by mother and sister, bathed in tears by all the women. I was alarmed at the grief of Berard; it approached delirium, to judge by his boisterous gayety and loud song. Only a heart in agony could drink and dance as he did.

"Have you bid adieu to Theresa?" whispered I. A tear rolled down his cheek.

"Do you think her father would receive me?" asked he.

"I will go with you, my boy."

Renè pressed my hand. The conscripts having still ten cabarets to visit, half an hour remained for our call on Theresa.

I entered her house with him ten minutes afterwards.

Theresa Aubry is the pearl of the village.

She holds from her late mother, property worth a thousand pistoles, from the good God eyes worth double, and from herself virtue worth triple. Judge, what a dream for poor Berard. Did he please Theresa? This was a thing difficult to determine. The heart of peasants is so mute, and that of Theresa was so timid. It was believed that Renè was nothing to her, because Père Aubry could not endure him. But I suspected otherwise, for I had often seen her avoid him, and sometimes blush, without looking in his face. As for Père Aubry, he considered a son-in-law only in the light of his purse, and that of Berard being empty, all his good qualities were of no avail. This is the little defect of the peasants who have made a little gold by torrents of sweat.

At Theresa's door, Renè gathered two eglantines from a bush to *speak for him*, as he said. Aubry advanced, grumbling an oath; but at sight of me, awkwardly took off his cap. Theresa, who was dressing her little brother, rose with downcast eyes, and with a trembling hand as if to protect herself, put the child between herself and Berard. This movement was one of angelic modesty and grace. The scene of adieu did not last long. "I am going, Theresa." "You are going, Renè?" This was all the dialogue. Renè presented the flowers to the little brother, the little brother passed them to the sister; the latter took them without looking at Renè. The father gave his hand to the conscript, because of me; and we left as if for the absence of a day.

I was stupefied with so much composure and coolness.

"Come," thought I, re-assuring myself, "there are as many killed as wounded, nobody will die of it! At the first leave of absence, Corporal Berard will find Theresa married without regret."

But as we were passing the garden I heard a stifled sigh, and saw on the grass, bathed in tears, the roses in her hand, writhing her arms, guess who? Theresa, herself! Renè, who had resumed his song, stopped short, froze me by his cry, and bounded like a fawn over the hedge. I comprehended at last all the tenderness of nature concealed under these cold exteriors. I remained confounded, touched, terrified.

At sight of Berard, Theresa recovered her heroic composure, said a single word to him,

pressed his hand, and disappeared at the sound of her father's voice. The conscript repassed the hedge and resumed his march, singing. This time it was a genuine, triumphal song, which awoke the echoes of the plain.

"What care I now? I have the faith of Theresa!" I could obtain from him no other explanation.

An hour later, the conscripts departed, all feasted and treated by Renè, who poured out money and wine in plenty. This made the gossips in the neighborhood talk. Some weeks afterwards there was another surprise! Instead of joining the regiment, Berard returned proudly and joyously to the village. He had purchased a substitute for five hundred crowns! At first people cried out a miracle, then sorcerer, then robber. Perè Aubry dropped a word which was so effectual that Renè saw himself pointed at, watched by the gendarmes, and shunned by everybody. In short, when he presented himself to ask the hand of Theresa, Aubry drove him away, and threatened to break his bones if he ever re-appeared before him.

Things were in this state, when, one morning, as I was walking in my garden with Dr. T —, I saw my son and daughter, children of ten and four years, gathering roses from my bushes, under the superintendence of a man who had scaled the wall, and who hastily disappeared at our approach. This man was Renè Berard, and this is what we learned:

Theresa had been for several days very sick. In her delirium she exclaimed:

"My roses! give me my roses!" And Renè, who heard that from the gate where he stationed himself every evening, had asked of my children roses for his poor betrothed. This simple recital troubled us deeply. I divined what had passed in the house of Aubry.

He had taken from his daughter the two eglantines of Berard, driven away by him like a robber; and Theresa, bewildered by suffering, involuntarily reclaimed her treasure.

I recalled Renè, who arrived pale and staggering, and related to us in detail the malady of Theresa. My friend recognized a nervous fever, threatening to become a brain fever.

And as Berard begged my son to carry the flowers to Theresa, since the father would drive him away if he presented himself, the doctor, mastering his emotion, said:

"Beware how you give them to her; the odor of these roses would be fatal to Theresa. I will go and bestow cares not flowers upon her; if it is not too late!" added he, with an air which made me tremble.

Then pointing to those large poppies in the bouquet of my son, he resumed: "Reserve only these; in her delirium she will mistake them for roses, and I may find in them the means of saving her, if I have not time to go to the city."

We all took the road to the house of Aubry, the doctor quickening his pace with anxiety, my children triumphantly carrying their poppies, and Renè following us at a distance, like a dog who fears being driven from the door.

"These poppies are wonderful things," said my friend as we went along: "their admirable forms and colors, shading from white to black, and from rose to purple, their velvet stems, their alternate fan-like leaves, so delicately fringed, their showy and fragile petals, balancing in the air on a long peduncle, are assuredly their least riches. This flower was one of the most important and most celebrated of ancient times. It grows spontaneously like grass, in Greece, Egypt, and in all Asia Minor. The Romans made a thousand delicacies of poppy-seeds, prepared with honey. Even to-day, in Italy, in the north of Europe, and throughout the East, little sugar-plums are manufactured from them, and they are mingled in certain choice dishes. In Lorraine, under the name of *semezan*, the people eat this seed with pleasure. But it is especially the ancient and immense use of opium which has rendered the poppy justly celebrated. The ancients obtained opium from Thebes, so it bore for a long time the name of *Thebaic extract*. Thebes no longer furnishes it, and this name has fallen into disuse. Opium comes at present from the fields of white and black poppies of the East, India and Persia; especially from Kara-Hissar-Aphiom (the black castle of opium) in Turkey; from Bengal, and from Bahar in Hindostan. When you traverse Persia, you meet, in the middle of an ocean of poppies in blossom, gardeners in turbans and red caftans, carrying a series of little vases, fastened to their girdles, and holding in their hands an instrument with many blades, which a single movement causes to act at once. These men make oblique incisions in the capsules of the poppies. From

them flows a milky juice, which they carefully collect in their little vases. This is afterwards condensed in the sun, strongly beat in a mortar, and rolled in cylinders to obtain the paste of opium. This paste is divided into round and flat, brown and red cheeses, which are wrapped in poppy leaves. Its odor is sharp and lively, the taste bitter, and producing a white froth. Time is without action on this unalterable substance. Medicine makes so great a use of it, that, without it, it would be powerless. It is the universal soother of pain. It has three or four hundred formulas in European pharmacy. You know how the Orientals and Chinese abuse it. The intoxication of opium plunges them into extacies so strange, so absorbing, that once having acquired a taste for it they give themselves up to it, even to brutishness or death. They know that each minute of this intoxication costs them a year of existence; but this minute contains such enjoyments that they are always ready to recommence the sacrifice. The unhappy beings are soon punished by horrible convulsions, and the opiotic paradise terminates in an infernal agony. Such is the public poisoning with which England is inoculating China, sabre and cannon at her throat, and which might bring her something besides millions, if the juice of the poppies of India should land on the shores of England itself.

We had arrived at the door of *Perè Aubry*. I entered with the doctor and my children. *Berard* remained without, at the foot of a bush, like a poor criminal awaiting the sentence of his judges.

Theresa was in her bed, without curtains, her long, black tresses lying on the white pillow, one arm hanging listlessly down, the other extended towards the object of her dreams—the *eglantines* which she constantly demanded. Her countenance, animated by fever, and illumined with the rays of the setting sun, seemed more gracious and more charming than ever. Whether, with remorse or resignation, her father was standing gloomy and bent beside her bed, a tear in his fixed eyes. He had just, with a last effort, given the invalid the dried flowers which he had taken from her; but not seeing or not recognizing them, she still cried, repulsing them, ‘My roses! who will give me back my roses?’

“Is it you?” said she, looking at us, while

her father fell back overwhelmed with his powerlessness.

“Yes, *Theresa*,” replied my son, with the address of the heart, “I bring you roses from *Renè*.” And the young girl, smiling and blushing, seized the poppies with a heart-rending joy.

Meanwhile, the doctor had ascertained that not a moment was to be lost to arrest the nervous convulsion and cerebral congestion. He took two of the poppies, installed himself at the fire, seized some vases, and prepared sinapisms and potions. An hour afterwards, *Theresa* was in a peaceful sleep. Her fine eyes closed, her nerves relaxed, her pale complexion, her features in harmony, her heart and her brain in equilibrium, all announced the end of the crisis, and a return to life.

Her father thought it a miracle, and fell at the feet of the doctor.

“Wait,” said my friend to him, “it is for you to finish my work.”

Theresa pronounced dreamily, words to which we listened in silence:

“Is it you, *Renè*? Do not enter, my father will drive you away. He has taken your roses from me; bring me others, from the end of the garden. We are both suffering, *Renè*! we shall both die. Especially keep the secret you have sworn to me! Let them treat us, me as foolish, and you as a robber, rather than tell my father that I gave you the five hundred crowns to purchase a substitute. Though this money was mine, my father would curse me, and better is death a hundred times. Adieu! *Renè*; I shall have always saved you from the conscription.”

We rose at this touching revelation, and looked at each other through a cloud of tears. Old *Aubry* himself, convulsed with emotion, turned his head, and threw himself on the foot of the bed. He found himself beside *Renè*, whom my son had just called, and who, without uttering a word, seized the hand of the father and that of the daughter.

“Come,” sighed the old man, uniting the three hands, at an imperative sign from the doctor; “marry her then, if that will save her, and since you have already had her dowry!”

An adroit manner of consoling himself by an economy. But what mattered it to *Berard* and *Theresa*? When the latter returned to

herself, and saw the hand of Renè in her own, was she not rich enough in her happiness?

"Behold the effect of three poppies!" exclaimed the doctor, smiling; "now, Renè, you may bring her roses; I am sure they will do her no harm."

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL TEACHER. BY EMMA LINLEY.

NO. IX.

Sunday, June 12th.

It is a quiet, holy Sabbath evening. All nature presents a fit temple for the worship of the Most High. I love these still, holy hours. The whole day has been a very happy one for me; but I have most enjoyed the last hour, during which I have been sitting here so dreamily musing of to day's lessons. How very strong my feelings were this morning. It does seem a special providence that my emotions should have been thus called forth two Sabbaths in succession. Ever, from the time I was christened myself, has the rite had a most sacred meaning to me; but never, till last Sabbath, did it appeal so powerfully to my conscience. Then, as I sat there, in the seat I have occupied each Sabbath from early childhood, my whole life seemed to pass before me and reproach me that I was no better. How vividly I recollected mother's conversation with me the evening before she consecrated me to God. I was, to be sure, but a child, only eight years old; but I certainly had deeper feelings than older people are often inclined to attribute to children. I think mother herself had but a faint perception of the powerful, blessed influence she was exerting on my soul's life. As the ideal child—the little Lizzie Howard of that bright morning in early autumn—rose before my mental vision and brought with her vivid recollections of the earnest, childish aspirations, the thoughts of the good I would do when older, which had so often come to me in that very place, I could not avoid weeping. I was thankful then for that which had made me almost indignant when I first learned it.

Always, until lately, children have been brought to church and christened before the congregation. So they always should be, I think. Perhaps it may not be as pleasant for

the parents. None would wish publicity in such an ordinance; yet is it just to deprive a whole congregation of the gentle monition which witnessing the rite must yield to every heart?

When Mrs. Blake told me, on Saturday night, that little Anna was to be baptized the next morning, I spoke of the long time which had elapsed since any child had been presented at our church. I was very much surprised when she told me that the minister has repeatedly met little family gatherings, on communion mornings, to consecrate some little one; sometimes without the knowledge of any, save those interested. I asked if they were unwilling that any should come in, expressing a wish to see Anna, myself. She said she should be happy to have me go up with her family. I preferred going alone, and taking my own seat. I was too early. How very solemn the church seemed as I sat there. Those few moments, alone with God and my own heart fitted it for the deep impression which the following scene made upon it. Mr. Blake's and Mr. Perry's families came in. I was alone on our side of the church. How sweetly little Anna looked. She is too young to recollect aught of that bright morning, brighter to me, ten times brighter to her mother, from its holy associations. I almost envied Mrs. Blake the kiss I saw her press on that fair brow, after she was again seated; yet I felt a quiet satisfaction in knowing that no one has kissed my forehead since the baptismal waters rested there. A strangely superstitious child I must be, to attach importance to such trifles; but of one thing I am certain, my brow shall always be tabooed, unless I should sometime have a husband.

Anna's baptism did not affect me particularly. I thought more of her mother's responsibility, and of her sweet, winning ways, than of myself. When Mr. and Mrs. Perry came forward, with their children, the scene came home to me. Not eight years ago, my father's four oldest children stood there. In Lottie, I saw my ideal self. Ah! was I not better then than now? Then I intended doing a great deal for my Father, God, when I should be old enough. What have I ever done for His glory? My parents, with my childish consent, gave me to Him; but I have never recognized that covenant. Ought I to do so? The question came

to me, with a power, last Sabbath morning, which I can hardly realize to-night. I almost felt that it would have been better had God taken me to Himself, in my early innocence, ere the long list of sins of omission had been recorded against my name. I thought over those old childish air-castles, founded on the good I would do when older, and recollected that then I supposed I should be old enough for almost anything when I should be sixteen. I tried to throw off the feeling of responsibility by assuring myself that I am still young, but conscience was too much in earnest to be deluded with.

When time for church came, I was too confident that my eyes were too tear-stained to think of staying till the congregation should assemble, so I went over and sat in Mr. Allen's arbor, till the streets were deserted, then went home and sought my own room. Perhaps those hours of self communion did me as much good as the sermon would have done. At dinner, father said—

"I expected to have seen you at church, this morning, Lizzie. Were you sick?"

I merely told him I was not, and he said no more. How much confidence he has in me. He would not have been satisfied with such an answer from Charlie. Soon after, Lottie Perry came in, to borrow a book for her mother. In the morning, in the solemn church, I had idealized her as one I might envy, but at noon I pitied her. I overheard her conversation with Addie. There were no sacred associations connected with that day's ordinance in her mind. Her pretty curls, her new white dress, and her tasteful bonnet, filled all her thoughts; yet she is older than I was. God bless my mother! Without her teachings, my thoughts would have ranged no higher than Lottie's. I wrote nothing of these feelings, last Sabbath, because my time was so nearly occupied with the children, after meeting.

This morning seemed quite long, though we started for church a full half hour earlier than we do at home. The ride was not very pleasant, because there were so many in the wagon, but it did not take much time. When we arrived, the people were just beginning to collect. I never saw such a meeting-house before. The building is an enormous, old-fashioned one, with square pews, a pulpit like a sugar bowl, and galleries on three sides.

There was a great deal of carved work in front of the galleries, and on the tops of the pews. The deacon's seat, under the pulpit, was not occupied to-day.

The congregation was not very large. There were several babes, who behaved remarkably well during service time. One sweet little creature was christened. It was to have been presented last Sabbath, but its mother was not then well enough to attend church. I think it was quite as solemn a scene as last Sabbath morning's. There were the grave faces of the men, the tender glances of the women, as their eyes rested on the fair, fragile, young mother, and the curious, thoughtful, interested countenances of the children. I, too, almost wished that I might be a child again, that I might claim replies to the questions which presented themselves to my mind. The old thoughts of last Sabbath came back to me. Would it make me better were I to join Christ's visible church? Childish resolves that I would be good enough, as soon as old enough to be considered in earnest, came to mind, but were all met by the thought that religious precepts should control the life long before they are professed. Old resolutions, to strive still more earnestly to render myself "perfect, even as our Father in Heaven is perfect," were renewed, and I trust this morning's influence may have led me forward.

The sermon was simple and practical. It was delivered in Mr. Davis' usual, earnest, energetic style, and listened to, without one symptom of drowsiness, on the part of his hearers.

As soon as the morning service was concluded, Mr. and Mrs. Davis came to me and kindly invited me to go home with them. I was glad to accept the invitation, as there were so many strangers to me, among those who stopped at noon, that I should not have felt quite at my ease.

Mr. Davis saw father on Friday, and he said he should bring one of the children to spend Tuesday with me. I wonder which one it will be.

Mrs. Davis says she intends visiting my school soon; but I am sure I should judge that she can never find time. How little spare time a country clergyman's wife, with a large family of children, can command. Mrs. D —'s children are, however, all pretty and

well-behaved, and her little Mary will soon be old enough to assist her in her household duties.

After second service, we came directly home, and had quite a long afternoon remaining to us. I read aloud to Miss Rebecca most of the time, and enjoyed it very much; then I tried to amuse the children, but was not at all pleased with my success. I found there was danger of my becoming home-sick, if I allowed myself to compare them with the darlings at home, so I came to my room and fastened my door. I wonder if it was ill-natured in me to leave them thus. I was slightly dissatisfied with myself, almost immediately, and unbuttoned the door; but they did not come again.

After tea, I walked in the garden awhile, with aunt Bekky, then quietly mused till time to write. My first Sabbath in P—— is nearly all past. I have half dreaded the day, but I have not been very lonely. I should like to step in at home, for a half hour, now, but I am not over anxious. I shall see father and one of the children on Tuesday. I am very glad. I guess it will be May.

Nellie Barnard was obliged to return to her school to-night. How lonely Sophy must be. I will go and see her to-morrow night.

THE CHILD AND BUTTERFLY.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

Passing along the street, one bright summer morning, my attention was arrested by the figure of a little boy, who was slowly approaching me.

He evidently belonged to the poorer class of the community, which his garments, that were tattered and soiled, and bare feet, would indicate. In either hand, he bore a pail of broken meat and refuse vegetables, which were to contribute to the nourishment and support of the only live stock in which he could probably boast any interest; and which, in return, during the long winter months that were to follow, would add much to the comfort and support of the little household to which he belonged.

Who would dream of finding in the subject thus briefly sketched any love for the beautiful, or even the slightest appreciation of the wonderful works of creation which surround us on every hand?

Yet, as he approached me, the face which,

when first it met my gaze, wore a sad and almost mournful expression, was suddenly brightened up with a joyous smile, while the eyes, sparkling in their beauty, were fixed intently upon some object floating in the balmy air above, and just as he tripped by me, with his little bare feet, he cried, in a sweet and happy voice—

“There’s a butterfly! There’s a butterfly!”

Poor child! what joy that gay and painted insect afforded thy young spirit for the moment, like a golden cloud passing over the dark and stormy sky of life, and for the instant thou wert happy!

Yes; even the poor, the very poorest of our fellow men whom we meet in our journey through this world, enjoy the beauties which a kind Providence has strewn in their path. The insect with its gaudy wing, the tender blushing flower that raises its modest head begemmed with pearly dew, the music of the feathered songster of the wood, all, all, afford delight, and whisper in love-tones to the child of want and sorrow of a happier and brighter world, where sorrow is unknown.

A simple flower, a pleasant smile, a cheerful word, may send a thrill of joy through a young and gentle heart whose lot has been one of sorrow and privation, little likely to develop the kindlier feelings of our nature, or lead to the proper appreciation of those beauties which the Creator has so lavishly bestowed on all around us.

Can we then be too thoughtful in regard to the happiness of others? especially those less favored than ourselves; and should we not strive, in every way in our power, to render their journey through life peaceful and happy? at the same time being thankful that ours is a more favored lot, that “our lives have fallen to us in such pleasant places,” and that we have such a “goodly heritage!”

At the time that the bubble schemes were flourishing, in 1825, Mr. Abernethy met some friends who had risked large sums of money in one of those fraudulent speculations. They informed him that they were going to partake of a most sumptuous dinner, the expenses of which would be defrayed by the company. “If I am not very much deceived,” replied he, “you will have nothing but *bubble and squeak* in a short time.”



THE DROPPING WELL AT KNARESBOROUGH.

The ancient town of Knaresborough, in Yorkshire, England, though not of large extent, is situated in an interesting part of the country, and has several interesting historical and traditional associations connected with it. The town itself is not particularly remarkable; it is a parliamentary borough, and the manufacture of linen is carried on in it to a considerable extent. The Nid runs close past it—a stream of minor importance generally, but which, in its short course from the high moor-sands till it joins the Ouze, flows through some delightful scenery. On one side of the river, (the side on which the town lies,) are the ruins of Knaresborough Castle; opposite is the famous Dropping-Well.

The walk along the river to the Dropping-Well is delightful. The spring rises at the foot of a limestone rock, at some little distance from the rock, where it spreads and trickles over, falling in a number of little streams, with

a kind of tinkling sound. Dr. Short's description of the well, written upwards of a century ago (in 1734,) seems to be the progenitor of subsequent accounts. He says, "The most noted of the petrifying waters in Yorkshire, is the Dropping-Well at Knaresborough, which rises up about fourteen yards below the top of a small mountain of marlestone (properly a limestone of a very coarse grain,) on the west side of the town and river, and about twenty-six yards from the bank of the Nid; then it falls down in the same contracted rapid stream about a yard, and at a second fall at two yards' distance it comes two feet lower, then three or four, and so falls upon an easy ascent, divides and spreads itself upon the top of an isthmus of a petrified rock generated out of the water, and there falls down round it: about four or five yards from the river, the top of this isthmus or rock hangs over its bottom four yards. This rock is ten yards high, six-

teen yards long, and from thirteen to sixteen yards broad; but on the bank side it is twelve yards high. This little island slipped down and started from the common bank about thirty years ago, and leaves a chasm between them from a yard and a half to three yards wide; in this chasm, on the back and lower side of the part that is fallen down, are petrified twigs of trees, shrubs and grass roots, hanging in most beautiful pillars, all interwoven, and forming a great many charming figures. On the other, or common bank side of the chasm, are whole banks or coverings, like stalactites, very hard, and inseparable (without breaking) from the rock where the water trickles down from the opposite side. This spring sends out about twenty gallons in a minute of the sweetest water I ever tasted; from its rise till its fall over the common bank are several petrifications upon the stones, but none upon the grass, &c., till it comes within two yards of the bank-top. It springs out of a small hole, like a little sough in the middle of a thick set of shrubs. This little isthmus is beautifully clothed with ash, osier, elm, ivy, lady's mantle, cowslips, wild angelica, meadow sweet, &c., &c. The water, both at the spring and from the rocks, is of equal weight, and each twenty-four grains in a pint heavier than common water."

The petrifying property of the water of the Dropping Well is owing to a gritty or sparry matter, which encrusts the objects it is deposited on. Mr. De la Beche says, "Springs are seldom or ever quite pure, owing to the solvent property of water, which, percolating through the earth, always becomes more or less charged with foreign matter. . . . Dr. Webster describes the hot springs of Furnas [in the volcanic district of St. Michael, Azores,] as respectively varying in temperature from 73 to 207 degrees Fahrenheit, and depositing large quantities of clay and siliceous matter, which envelop the grass, leaves, and other vegetable substances that fall within their reach. These they render more or less fossil. The vegetables may be observed in all stages of petrification."

Harrowgate is about three miles from Knaresborough. The latter place had some repute as a watering resort, until the mineral springs of Harrowgate completely threw it into the shade.

A BREAKFAST WITH CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

["Famous Persons and Places" is the title of Mr. Willis' last volume, from the press of Charles Scribner. A portion of it consists of "Pencilings by the Way," which attracted so much attention years ago. We make an extract that will be read with interest.]

One of my most valued letters to Scotland was an introduction to Professor Wilson—the "Christopher North" of Blackwood, and the well-known poet. The acknowledgment of the reception of my note came with an invitation to breakfast the following morning, at the early hour of nine.

The professor's family were at a summer residence in the country, and he was alone in his house in Gloucester Place, having come to town on the melancholy errand of a visit to poor Blackwood—(since dead.) I was punctual to my hour, and found the poet standing before the fire with his coat skirts expanded—a large, muscular man, something slovenly in his dress, but with a manner and face of high good humor, and remarkably frank and prepossessing address. While he was finding me a chair, and saying civil things of the noble friend who had been the medium of our acquaintance, I was trying to reconcile my idea of him, gathered from portraits and descriptions, with the person before me. I had imagined a thinner and more scholar-like looking man, with a much paler face, and a much more polished exterior. His head is exceedingly ample, his eye blue and restless, his mouth full of character, and his hair, of a very light, sandy color, is brushed up to cover an incipient baldness, but takes very much its own way, and has the wildness of a Highlander's. He has the stamp upon him of a remarkable man to a degree seldom seen, and is, on the whole, fine-looking and certainly a gentleman in his appearance; but (I know not whether the impression is common) I expected in Christopher North a finished and rather over-refined man of the world of the old school, and I was so far disappointed.

The tea was made and the breakfast smoked upon the table, but the professor showed no signs of being aware of the fact, and talked

away famously, getting up and sitting down, walking to the window and standing before the fire, and apparently carried quite away with his own too rapid process of thought. He talked of the American poets, praised Percival and Pierpont more particularly; expressed great pleasure at the criticisms of his own works that had appeared in the American papers and magazines—and still the toast was getting cold, and with every move he seemed less and less aware of the presence of breakfast. There were plates and cups but for two, so that he was not waiting for another guest; and, after half an hour had thus elapsed, I began to fear he thought he had already breakfasted. If I had wished to have reminded him of it, however, I should have had no opportunity, for the stream of his eloquence ran on without a break; and eloquence it certainly was. His accent is very broadly Scotch, but his words are singularly well chosen, and his illustrations more novel and poetical than those of any man I ever conversed with. He spoke of Blackwood, returning to the subject repeatedly, and always with a softened tone of voice and a more impressive manner, as if his feeling were entirely engrossed by the circumstances of his illness.

"Poor Blackwood," he said, setting his hands together and fixing his eyes on the wall, as if he were soliloquising with the picture of the sick man vividly before him, "there never was a more honest creature, or a better friend. I have known him intimately for years, and owe him much; and I could lose no friend that would affect me more nearly. There is something quite awful in the striking down thus of a familiar companion by your side—the passing away—the death—the end for ever of a man you have been accustomed to meet as surely as the morning or evening, and have grown to consider a part of your existence almost. To have the share he took in your thoughts thrown back upon you—and his aid and counsel and company with you no more. His own mind is in a very singular state. He knows he is to die, and he has made every preparation in the most composed and sensible manner, and if the subject is alluded to directly, does not even express a hope of recovery; yet, the moment the theme is changed, he talks as if death were as far from him as ever, and looks forward, and mingles himself

up in his remarks on the future, as if he were here to see this and the other thing completed, and share with you the advantages for years to come. What a strange thing it is—this balancing between death and life—standing on the edge of the grave, and turning, first to look into its approaching darkness, and then back on the familiar and pleasant world, yet with a certain downward progress, and no hope of life beyond the day over your head!"

I asked if Blackwood was a man of refined literary taste.

"Yes," he said. "I would trust his opinion of a book sooner than that of any man I know. He might not publish everything he approved, for it was his business to print only things that would sell; and, therefore, there are perhaps many authors who would complain of him; but if his opinion had been against my own, and it had been my own book, I should believe he was right, and give up my own judgment. He was a patron of literature, and it owes him much. He is a loss to the world."

I spoke of the "Noctes."

He smiled, as you would suppose Christopher North would do, with the twinkle proper of genuine hilarity in his eye, and said—

"Yes, they have been very popular. Many people in Scotland believe them to be transcripts of real scenes, and wonder how a professor of moral philosophy can descend to such carousings, and poor Hogg comes in for his share of abuse, for they never doubt he was there and said everything that is put down for him."

"How does the Shepherd take it?"

"Very good humoredly, with the exception of one or two occasions, when cockney scribblers have visited him in their tours, and tried to flatter him by convincing him he was treated disrespectfully. But five minutes' conversation and two words of banter restore his good humor, and he is convinced, as he ought to be, that he owes half his reputation to the Noctes."

"What do you think of his *Life of Sir Walter*, which Lockhart has so butchered in Frazer?"

"Did Lockhart write that?"

"I was assured so in London."

"It was a barbarous and unjustifiable attack; and, oddly enough, I said so, yesterday, to Lockhart himself, who was here, and he differed from me entirely. Now you mention it,

I think from his manner he *must* have written it."

"Will Hogg forgive him?"

"Never! never! I do not think he knows yet who has done it, but I hear that he is dreadfully exasperated. Lockhart is quite wrong. To attack an old man, with gray hairs, like the Shepherd, and accuse him so flatly and unnecessarily of lie upon lie—oh! it was not right."

"Do you think Hogg misrepresented facts willingly?"

"No, oh! no, he is perfectly honest, no doubt, and quite revered Sir Walter. He has an unlucky inaccuracy of mind, however; and his own vanity, which is something quite ridiculous, has given a coloring to his conversations with Scott, which puts them in a very false light; and Sir Walter, who was the best natured of men, may have said the things ascribed to him in a variety of moods, such as no one can understand who does not know what a bore Hogg must sometimes have been at Abbotsford. Do you know Lockhart?"

"No, I do not. He is almost the only literary man in London I have not met; and I must say, as the editor of the Quarterly, and the most unfair and unprincipled critic of the day, I have no wish to know him. I never heard him well spoken of. I probably have met a hundred of his acquaintance, but I have not seen one who pretended to be his friend."

"Yet there is a great deal of good in Lockhart. I allow all you say of his unfairness and severity; but if he were sitting there, opposite you, you would find him the mildest and most unassuming of men, and so he appears in private life always."

"Not always. A celebrated foreigner, who had been very intimate with him, called one morning to deprecate his severity upon Baron D'Haussez's book in a forthcoming review. He did his errand in a friendly way, and, on taking his leave, Lockhart, with much ceremony, accompanied him down to his carriage."

"Pray, don't give yourself the trouble to come down," said the polite Frenchman.

"I make a point of doing it, sir," said Lockhart, with a very offensive manner, "for I understand, from your friend's book, that we are not considered a polite nation in France."

"Nothing, certainly, could be more ill-bred and insulting."

"Still, it is not his nature. I do believe that it is merely an unhappy talent that he has for sarcasm, with which his heart has nothing to do. When he sits down to review a book, he never thinks of the author or his feelings. He cuts it up with pleasure, because he does it with skill in the way of his profession, as a surgeon dissects a dead body. He would be the first to show the man a real kindness if he stood before him. I have known Lockhart long. He was in Edinboro' a great while, and when he was writing 'Valerius,' we were in the habit of walking out together every morning, and, when we reached a quiet spot in the country, he read to me the chapters as he wrote them. He finished it in *three weeks*. I heard it all thus 'by piecemeal' as it went on, and had much difficulty in persuading him that it was worth publishing. He wrote it very rapidly, and thought nothing of it. We used to sup together with Blackwood, and that was the real origin of the 'Noctes.'"

"At Ambrose's?"

"At Ambrose's."

"But is there such a tavern, really?"

"Oh! certainly. Anybody will show it to you. It is a small house, kept in an out-of-the-way corner of the town, by Ambrose, who is an excellent fellow in his way, and had a great influx of custom in consequence of his celebrity in the Noctes. We were there one night very late, and had all been remarkably gay and agreeable."

"What a pity," said Lockhart, "that some short-hand writer had not been here to take down the good things that have been said at this supper."

"The next day, he produced a paper, called 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' and that was the first. I continued them afterward."

"Have you no idea of publishing them separately? I think a volume or two should be made of the more poetical and critical parts, certainly. Leaving out the politics and the merely local topics of the day, no book could be more agreeable."

"It was one of the things pending when poor Blackwood was taken ill. But will you have some breakfast?"

The breakfast had been cooling for an hour, and I most willingly acceded to his proposition. Without rising, he leaned back, with his chair still toward the fire, and seizing the

tea-pot as if it were a sledge-hammer, he poured from one cup to the other without interrupting the stream, overrunning both cup and saucer, and partly overflowing the tea-tray. He then set the cream toward me with a carelessness which nearly upset it, and in trying to reach an egg from the centre of the table, broke two. He took no notice of his own awkwardness, but drank his cup of tea at a single draught, ate his egg in the same expeditious manner, and went on talking of the Noctes and Lockhart and Blackwood, as if eating his breakfast were rather a troublesome parenthesis in his conversation. After a while, he digressed to Wordsworth and Southey, and asked me if I was going to return by the Lakes. I proposed doing so.

"I will give you letters to both, if you haven't them. I lived a long time in that neighborhood, and know Wordsworth perhaps as well as any one. Many a day I have walked over the hills with him, and listened to his repetition of his own poetry, which, of course, filled my mind completely at the time, and perhaps started the poetical vein in me, though I cannot agree with the critics that my poetry is an imitation of Wordsworth's."

"Did Wordsworth repeat any other poetry than his own?"

"Never in a single instance, to my knowledge. He is remarkable for the manner in which he is wrapped up in his own poetical life. He thinks of nothing else. Everything is done with reference to it. He is all and only a poet."

"Was the story true that was told in the papers of his seeing, for the first time, in a large company, some new novel of Scott's in which there was a motto taken from his works; and that he went immediately to the shelf and took down one of his own volumes and read the whole poem to the party, who were waiting for a reading of the new book?"

"Perfectly true. It happened in this very house. Wordsworth was very angry at the paragraph, and I believe accused me of giving it to the world. I was as much surprised as himself, however, to see it in print."

"What is Southey's manner of life?"

"Walter Scott said of him that he lived too much with women. He is secluded in the country, and surrounded by a circle of admiring friends who glorify every literary project he undertakes, and persuade him, in spite

of his natural modesty, that he can do nothing wrong or imperfectly. He has great genius and is a most estimable man."

"Hamilton lives on the Lakes, too—does he not?"

"Yes. How terribly he was annoyed by the review of his book in the *North American*. Who wrote it?"

"I have not heard positively, but I presume it was Everett. I know nobody else in the country who holds such a pen. He is the American Junius."

"It was excessively clever but dreadfully severe, and Hamilton was frantic about it. I sent it to him myself, and could scarce have done him a more ungracious office. But what a strange thing it is that nobody can write a good book on America! The ridiculous part of it seems to me that men of common sense go there as travellers, and fill their books with scenes such as they may see every day within five minutes' walk of their own doors, and call them American. Vulgar people are to be found all over the world; and I will match any scene in Hamilton or Mrs. Trollope, any day or night here in Edinburgh. I have always had an idea that I should be the best traveller in America myself. I have been so in the habit of associating with people of every class in my own country, that I am better fitted to draw the proper distinctions, I think, between what is universal over the world or peculiar to America."

"I promise you a hearty welcome, if you should be inclined to try."

"I have thought seriously of it. It is, after all, not more than a journey to Switzerland or Italy, of which we think nothing; and my vacation of five months would give me ample time, I suppose, to run through the principal cities. I shall do it, I think."

I asked if he had written a poem of any length within the last few years.

"No; though I am always wishing to do it. Many things interfere with my poetry. In the first place, I am obliged to give a lecture once a day for six months; and in the Summer it is such a delight to be released, and get away into the country with my girls and boys, that I never put pen to paper till I am driven. Then Blackwood is a great care; and, greater objection still, I have been discouraged in various ways by criticism. It used to gall me to have my poems called imitations of Words-

worth and his school; a thing I could not see myself, but which was asserted even by those who praised me, and which modesty forbade I should disavow. I really can see no resemblance between the Isle of Palms and anything of Wordsworth's. I think I have a style of my own, and as my *ain bairn*, I think better of it than other people, and so pride prevents my writing. Until late years, too, I have been the subject of much political abuse, and for that I should not have cared if it were not disagreeable to have children and servants reading it in the morning papers, and a fear of giving them another handle in my poetry, was another inducement for not writing."

I expressed my surprise at what he said, for, as far I knew the periodicals, Wilson had been a singularly continued favorite.

"Yes, out of this immediate sphere, perhaps; but it requires a strong mind to suffer annoyance at one's lips, and comfort oneself with the praise of a distant and outer circle of public opinion. I had a family growing up, of sons and daughters, who felt for me more than I should have felt for myself, and I was annoyed perpetually. Now, these very papers praise me, and I really can hardly believe my eyes when I open them and find the same type and imprint expressing such different opinions. It is absurd to mind such weathercocks; and, in truth, the only people worth heeding or writing for are the quiet readers in the country, who read for pleasure, and form sober opinions apart from political or personal prejudice. I would give more for the praise of one country clergyman and his family than I would for the admiration of a whole city. People in towns require a constant phantasmagoria to keep up even the remembrance of your name. What books and authors, what battles and heroes, are forgotten in a day!"

My letter is getting too long, and I must make it shorter, as it is vastly less agreeable than the visit itself. Wilson went on to speak of his family, and his eyes kindled with pleasure in talking of his children. He invited me to stop and visit him at his place near Selkirk, in my way south, and promised me that I should see Hogg, who lived not far off. Such inducement was scarce necessary, and I made a half promise to do it, and left him, after having passed several hours of the highest pleasure in his fascinating society.

A BEAUTIFUL POEM.

Among the sweetest poems that we have seen from the pen of America's distinguished lyrical poet, George P. Morris, is the following from the Home Journal. It will touch a chord in many hearts.

YOUR HAND I TAKE IN MINE.

Your hand I take in mine, Willie,
And fancy I've the art
To read, while gazing in your face,
The records of your heart:
'Tis joy an honest man to hold,
That gem of modest worth,
By me more prized than all the gold
Of all the mines of earth, Willie,
Of all the mines of earth.

I've marked your love of right, Willie,
Your proud disdain of wrong;
I know you'd rather aid the weak
Than battle for the strong.
The golden rule—religion's stay—
With constancy pursue,
Which renders others all that they
Can ever render you, Willie,
Can ever render you.

A conscience void of guile, Willie,
A disposition kind,
A nature, gentle and sincere,
Accomplished and refined;
A mind that was not formed to bow,
An aspiration high,
Are beaming on your thoughtful brow,
And in your cheerful eye, Willie,
And in your cheerful eye.

I never look at you, Willie,
But with an anxious prayer
That you will ever be to me
What now I'm sure you are.
I do not find a fault to chide,
A foible to annoy,
For you are all your father's pride,
And all your mother's joy, Willie,
And all your mother's joy.

You're all that I could hope, Willie,
And more than I deserve;
Your pressure of affection now
I feel in every nerve.
I love you not for fashion's sake,
But for yourself alone;
And this is why your hand I take
So fondly in my own, Willie,
So fondly in my own.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO BOTANY.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

ON THE EPIDERMIS OF PLANTS.

Every part of a plant which is exposed to the atmosphere is covered with a thin investing membrane, termed the epidermis, with the exception of the summit of the pistil, or central organ of the flower, and the spongioles, or extremities of the roots. The epidermis of plants corresponds to the skin of animals. It is a cellular, transparent membrane, perfectly distinct from the subjacent cellular and fibrous tissues which it covers. It is in fact a separate organ in itself. This is evident from the magnitude and peculiar arrangement of its cells,

which contain ordinarily no traces of chlorophyll; hence it may be readily separated from the subjacent tissues, with which it contracts but a feeble adhesion as a colorless layer.

The epidermis is usually protected by an extremely thin film or pellicle, termed the cuticle. This cuticle was first observed, by Adolphe Brongniart, in the cabbage leaf. It is developed in the form of a glaucous bloom, or vegetable varnish, and appears to be a universal coating which is even drawn over the hairs, covering every part with the exception of the stomata, or pores. Figure 1 shows the cuticle, or outer integument of the cabbage (*Brassica oleracea*), detached from the epidermis by long maceration in water; covering the hairs, *h*, and openings, *s*, corresponding to the stomata.



Figure 1.

The cuticle is the only part of the epidermis which is developed on the leaves of such plants as grow constantly plunged in the water or which float upon its surface. In the Potamogetous, or pond weeds, which grow beneath the water, the epidermis is not present. Its place is supplied by the cuticle, which thus prevents the penetration of the moisture. So also the upper surface of the floating leaves of the Nymphaeas, or water lilies, are covered with this cuticle, so that the water rolls from off their surface when it is poured upon them. The surface of all floating leaves will be found on examination to be coated in a similar manner, so as to be a perfect water-shed, by which beautiful provision of nature these plants are prevented from obtaining an injurious amount of the fluid in which they grow. We hope that our readers will be induced to verify this interesting fact by making a personal examination of the floating vegetation in their neighborhood. Few persons, walking along the shores of lakes or rivers, are aware that the numerous forms of plants which float on their surface, or whose verdure is visible beneath their waters, are clothed with water-proof garments. But the exterior surface of all aquatic

plants is, nevertheless, thus admirably suited to the circumstances in which they are placed.

But this is not all: the cells of the epidermis vary in their form and arrangement according to the peculiar circumstances in which the plant is placed. The function of the epidermis appears to be the protection of the subjacent tissues with their fluid contents against changes in the state of the atmosphere as regards dryness and humidity, and the proper regulation of the evaporation. Hence, in plants which inhabit dry situations, it is so constructed as to retard evaporation, and is either of extraordinary thickness, as in the Aloe and Cactus, or else it consists of several layers of cells, as in the Oleander. By this provision, these plants are enabled to retain their moisture for a greater length of time.

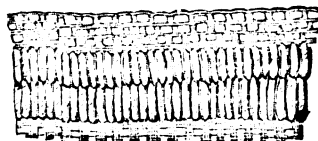


Figure 2.

Figure 2 is a magnified section of the leaf of the Oleander, showing the thickness of the

epidermis, which is composed of three layers of cells, and the compact vertical cells of the upper stratum of parenchyma.

ON THE STOMATA OR PORES OF PLANTS.

The attention of the readers of the Home Gazette has been already directed to these organs, and their mechanism and action has been explained in former "Contributions." Since the publication of our work on the "Phanerogamia," we have become possessed of numerous botanical illustrations with which for the future our communications will be supplied. We again resume the subject because we are able to supply our readers with a drawing of the pores of the epidermis, and also with additional matter the result of reading, reflection and the use of the microscope.

The stomata, or pores of plants, are certain peculiar modifications of the epidermal cells developed with an especial reference to the absorption of nutritious gases from the atmosphere, and the evaporation of water from the organization of the plant. They are therefore found only on such superficial parts as are directly exposed to the atmosphere, particularly on the epidermis of the leaves and green young shoots, and hence they are entirely absent from the external surface of such aquatic plants as grow wholly submerged.

In the first stages of development no difference is perceptible amongst the epidermic cells, but after awhile certain special cells cease to enlarge and develop in their interior a granular matter or chlorophyl. The cells which thus make their appearance in the midst of the other epidermic cells are thus rendered smaller, and after awhile each cellule is divided into two by the formation across its cavity of a septum or double cell wall. The single chlorophyl secreting cell is thus formed into two cells which are further distinguished from the epidermic cells in their neighborhood, by their greater affinity for the moisture of the atmosphere. They are exceedingly hygrometrical, and when the air is damp they become turgid and swollen with water, lengthening and curving outwardly in the middle. An opening is thus formed between the subjacent walls of the two cells by this curvature, which opening communicates directly with the intercellular spaces of the subjacent tissues, and thus the whole of the interior of the leaf, or shoot, or other organs

on which these pores are situated, is brought into immediate communication with the atmosphere. It is through these openings that the nutritious gases are absorbed, and the superfluous water is evaporated. When the air is dry the two cells shorten, and become straight, their walls are again brought into immediate contact, and the aperture between them is thus closed.

Figure 3 is a most faithful copy from nature

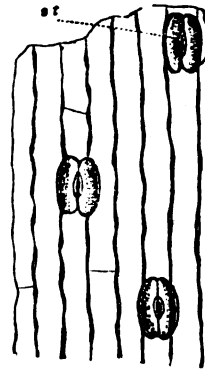


Figure 3.

of the pores of the white garden lily (*Lilium album*.) showing the stomata *st*, composed of two cells with an opening or slit between them.

The stomata or pores of plants exercise an influence on vegetable organization analogous to that which the governor exercises on the mechanism of the steam engine. It is well-known that the confinement of the steam when it is necessary to drive the machinery, or its escape when its confinement would prove injurious, is wholly regulated by the rotatory action of the two balls of the governor, which rotate rapidly and thus fly out centrifugally when the fire is fierce under the boiler and the steam is generated rapidly, thus opening a valve in the steampipe, allowing the escape of the superfluous steam, and preventing the destruction of the mechanism. When the fire is low in the boiler on the contrary, the balls rotate more slowly, the valve in the steampipe closes its aperture and confines the steam within the engine, which then becomes necessary to drive the mechanism.

So it is in vegetation. What is a plant but a beautiful living machine through which water charged with nutritive principles, and

which is termed sap, is continually circulating?

A sultry day is succeeded by a stormy night. The thunder rolls, the lightnings flash and the rain descends in torrents on the parched ground. Every leaf and blade of grass drinks in the grateful moisture. After such a night how beautifully rises the morning sun. The face of nature wrapped in gloom and menace, brightens and smiles again. There is moisture in the ground and in the atmosphere, and the cheerful light of the sun sparkles and flashes forth its diamond radiance from the rain drops, which cover the surface alike of the leaves of the forest trees and the humble flowers which grow beneath their shade. But heat and humidity are the conditions most favorable to vegetable development. On such a morning you may almost see the plants grow. The pores on every leaf and blade of grass are all open, and through them the water is escaping into the atmosphere. Absorption is taking place at the roots, and nutritive principles necessary to sustain the life of the plant and develop its parts are taken in with the fluid absorbed from the soil, whilst the gases enter from the atmosphere by the pores through which the water passes, and thus the air and earth are woven *rapidly* into the living fabric of vegetation. The vegetable machinery is rapidly driven, and nature wears the aspect of freshness and vigor. Now so long as the air and ground continue moist, and the supply of moisture derived from the earth by the roots is equal to that evaporated by the leaves, this happy state of things will continue. But when the atmosphere again becomes dry, and the supply of moisture from the soil again fails, more water will be expended by the leaves than is absorbed by the roots, and the result of this will be seen in the drooping, languishing condition of the plants. These injurious effects are, however, in a great measure prevented by the hygrometrical action of the two cells constituting the pore, which lose their water in consequence of the dryness of the atmosphere, straighten and lie parallel, their walls being brought into immediate contact with each other, so that the pore or aperture is closed, and the drain of fluid checked the moment it becomes injurious to the plant.

GENERAL CONSIDERATIONS ON THE ORGANIZATION OF PLANTS.

A plant through all the phases of its existence is interesting, whether we consider its phenomena as manifested at the commencement of the period of life, when it first begins to germinate, or those remarkable changes which take place in the color or form of its leaves when it arrives at an adult, by means of which what is popularly called the flower is produced, or the changes which take place after fecundation is affected, when the flower fades, and the germs are gradually developed, destined to continue and perpetuate the species, the whole form a series of vital changes and phenomena worthy of investigation. By engaging in such a pursuit we are brought into communion with the beautiful in nature. Here all is calm and loveliness, order and symmetry. "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow," such are the words of the great Moral Teacher, before the splendor of whose wisdom all the teachings of science are but as the faint ray of a twinkling star, and whom nations ought ever to venerate and love.

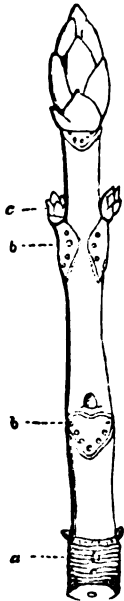
But how do plants grow? Very little is at present known on this subject. Every plant germinating from the seed or spore appears to be subjected to certain definite laws of development, which are impressed on the cells of which that seed or spore is composed. Every seed or spore appears to exercise a peculiar influence on the earth and atmosphere, the two grand sources from which the materials which form the parts of plants are elaborated.

If we consider the cells collectively, the regularity of form assumed by the organs of plants shows that a certain definite number are developed to constitute each organ, and also that they must attain a maximum amount of expansion. For growth or the extension of the parts of plants certainly depends as much on the expansion of cells already existing as on the formation of new cells.

But the cells themselves, considered individually, are evidently subjected to laws of development as definite as those which govern their arrangement when associated in masses. The primitive form of cells is spherical or globular. There is no organ of a plant which at the commencement is not formed exclusively of cellular tissue. If we take a leaf, an embryo,

or a young root, in the first stages of its development, we shall find that each of these organs is at first formed wholly of cellular tissue. In the lower forms of Cryptogamous vegetation, such as mosses and lichens, the cells retain, in a great measure, their primitive form; hence these plants have been called by botanists cellulares or cellular plants. In the Phanerogamia or flowering plants on the other hand, although the embryo at first consist wholly of cellular tissue, yet as soon as germination commences even whilst the cotyledons only are developing to subserve the purpose of a higher nutrition, some of the cells take a much higher degree of development and assume the form of woody fibre and spiral vessels. These cells elongate into tubes longitudinally, and ramify amidst the others which retain altogether or depart but slightly from their primitive form.

Figure 4.



Certain determinate cells only thus change their character. This is evident if we examine the cross section of any young stem or shoot. In the centre the pith is composed of cells which retain their primitive form in a great measure, being only rendered slightly hexagonal by mutual compression. The cells which form the wood and the liber, or inner stratum of fibrous bark, are on the contrary elongated into tubes, and developed in a vertical plane

forming the stem, whilst at certain definite points of the stem some of the wood cells protrude themselves laterally through the green bark of the young shoot, unite together, and form the stalk of the leaves, and then take a horizontal spread, forming the lamina or broad expanded portion of the leaf. The points of the stem through which these bundles of woody fibre are issued are especially visible on the broad and conspicuous leaf scars of the horse chesnut (*Hippocastanum esculentum*) in the shape of little round black dots. Figure 4 is a representation of a year's growth of the horse-chesnut branch, crowned with a terminal bud; *a*, scars left by the bud scales of the previous year; *b*, leaf scars, with round dots, showing the points of issue of the fasciculi or bundles of woody fibre, which form the stalk of the leaves; *c*, axillary buds developed at the base of the stalk or petiole of the fallen leaves.

THE LYRE-BIRD, OR SUPREME MENURA.

See engraving.

This beautiful bird is a native of Australia, and both from its appearance, and the difficulty experienced in determining its affinities, has attracted the special attention of naturalists. M. Vieillot, in his work on the "Birds of Paradise," figures the lyre-bird (*menura superba*, Davies in Lin. Trans.) under the title of *Paradisea Parkinsoniana*, in honor of J. Parkinson, Esq., of the Leverian Museum, through whose means he received a drawing of it; and Shaw, in his "Naturalist Miscellany," 577, following Vieillot, terms it the Parkinsonian Bird of Paradise. Vieillot, however, was preceded in his description by General Davies, who, in the year 1800, with juster views respecting the bird in question, characterized it in the "Linnæan Transactions," vol. vi., as the type of a new genus, and gave it the appellation of *Menura superba*, which is now its established title.

The *menura* equals a common pheasant in size, but its limbs are longer in proportion, and its feet much larger; the toes are armed with large arched blunt claws; the hind toe is as long as are the fore-toes (the length of these being nearly equal), but its claw is larger than that of any of the others; the scales of the

tarsi and toes are large bold plates, and their color is glossy black; the head is small, the beak, as Cuvier has described it, is triangular at the base, pointed and compressed at the tip: in the male the feathers of the head are elongated into a crest; the wings are short, concave, and rounded, and the quill-feathers are lax and feeble; the general plumage is full, deep, soft, and downy. The tail is modified into a beautiful long plume-like ornament, representing, when erect and expanded, the figure of a lyre, whence the name of lyre-bird. This ornamental tail is, however, confined to the male. In the female the tail is long and graduated, and the feathers are perfectly webbed on both sides of the shaft, although their texture is soft and flowing. In the male the tail consists of sixteen feathers; of these the outer one on each side is broadly but loosely webbed within, its outer web being narrow; as it proceeds it curves outwards, bends in, and again turns boldly outwards and downwards, both together resembling the framework of an ancient lyre, of which the intermediate feathers are the strings; these feathers, except the two central, which are truly but narrowly webbed on the outer side, consist each of a slender shaft, with long filamentous bubules, at a distance from each other, and springing out alternately. The appearance of these feathers, the length of which is about two feet, is peculiarly graceful; their color is amber brown, but the two outer tail-feathers are gray tipped with black, edged with rufous, and transversely marked on the inner web with transparent, triangular bars. The general plumage of the *menura* is amber brown above, tinged with olive and merging into rufous on the wings, and also on the throat. The under parts are ashy gray. With respect to the habits of the lyre-bird much yet remains to be known. Shaw, in the account he collected, observes that its powers of song are very great:—"At the early part of the morning it begins to sing, having a very fine natural note; and gradually ascending some rocky eminence, scratches up the ground in the manner of some of the pheasant tribe, elevating its tail, and at intervals imitating the notes of every other bird within hearing; and having continued this exercise for about two hours, again descends into the valleys or lower grounds."

It is in the hilly districts of Australia that

the *menura* is to be found, and its manners are shy and reclusive; it is almost exclusively terrestrial, seldom taking wing, and when forced to do so flying with labor and difficulty. Dr. Latham remarks, "It is said that it will frequently imitate the notes of other birds so as to deceive most people;" and we may here add that the musical powers of this bird, which we have been inclined to doubt, have been confirmed to us by the testimony of a gentleman who, during his residence in Australia, had many opportunities of gaining information on the subject, and he assured us that not only were its own notes rich and melodious, but that it imitated those of other birds with surprising tact and execution. Mr. George Bennett, however, who notices the *menura* in his "Wanderings in New South Wales," does not allude to this circumstance, one of considerable importance; he neither confirms the statements of Shaw and others respecting its powers of song, nor refutes them as erroneous. His information is nevertheless interesting. The native names of the *menura*, according to this gentleman, are *béleck léleck*," and "*balangara*;" it is common in the mountain ranges in all parts of the colony of New South Wales, but it has been much thinned in its numbers in some districts, in consequence of the tail-feathers of the male being saleable at Sidney, where they are highly valued. In the ranges of the Illawarra district, where it once abounded, the *menura* is very rare.

"The lyre-bird," observes Mr. Bennett, "is a bird of heavy flight, but swift of foot. On catching a glimpse of the sportsman, it runs with rapidity, aided by the wings, over logs of wood, rocks, or any obstruction to its progress; it seldom flies into trees except to roost, and then rises only from branch to branch. They build in old hollow trunks of trees which are lying upon the ground, or in the holes of rocks; the nest is merely formed of dried grass, or dried leaves scraped together: the female lays from twelve to sixteen eggs, of a white color, with a few scattered light blue spots; the young are difficult to catch, as they run with rapidity, concealing themselves among the rocks and bushes. The lyre-pheasant on descending from high trees, on which it perches, has been seen to fly some distance; it is more often observed during the early hours of the morning and in the evening, than during

the heat of the day. Like all the *gallinaceous* tribe, it scratches about the ground and roots of trees, to pick up seeds, insects, &c. The aborigines decorate their greasy locks, in addition to the emu feathers, with the splendid tail-feathers of this bird when they can procure them."

Dr. Latham says, "I do not find that it has been yet attempted whether this bird will bear confinement; but if the trial should turn out successful, it would be a fine acquisition to our menageries." This hint has, we believe, never been acted upon; the lyre-bird has not as yet been conveyed alive to Europe, which, were it a truly *gallinaceous* bird, would be no very difficult task to accomplish.

FRANK.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Dear one! How many thrilling chords awaken,
As on the ear sweet falls thy precious name:
Three moons have passed since thou wert from
us taken—

Three moons, since Death unto our dwelling
came;—

And still it seems as if, but briefly parted,
Thou would'st to us a moment hence return—
We listen for thy voice, till, weary-hearted,
Vain expectation doth to sorrow turn.

Fondly forgetful of our sad bereaving,
Again we think our loved one will appear;
Ah! How this addeth to our silent grieving—
The hours pass on, and still thou art not here.
All the old places, where we saw thee moving
From early morn until the day was o'er—
Thy step so light, thy look and tone so loving—
Are around us, but we see thy form no more.

The little chair, in which, from play reposing,
A few brief moments thy light form reclined;
The garments, thy pure body oft enclosing,
The hat that bound thy dark curls from the
wind;
The shoes, half worn, and still the shape retaining
Impressed upon them by thy tiny feet;
All these, and more, that once were thine, re-
maining,
To speak of thee, our daily vision meet.

There's not a single room within our dwelling
That is not full of memories of thee;
No spot that some sweet story is not telling,
No object silent whereso'er we be.
The echo of thy voice floats round us ever,

And oft we turn to see if thou art near;
How sad the thought comes, thou hast pass'd
for ever—

In the old places will no more appear.

The first dear lamb from out our flock yet taken,
By the Good Shepherd, absent one, thou art—
Ere this, no touch bade sorrow's chords awaken
Low, mournful music in the weeping heart.
Can we not spare one for the fold in Heaven,
Without these tears that will not cease to
flow?

Ah, loved too well!—such bonds may not be
ripen,

Painless and tearless—and we answer, no!

Yet, with this grief, what precious thoughts are
blending

In our dark web of pain, a golden thread;
Faith's eye is clear, and sees bright forms at-
tending

Thy steps, 'mid green and flowery places
led;—

Bright forms of angels, pure and gentle-hearted;
The best of all the shining ones above,
Who, little children from the earth departed
Receive and love with a celestial love.

Now thou art safely past all doubt and danger—
For this, how thankful 'mid our tears are we!—
To all earth's ills for evermore a stranger;
From earthly stain and evil passion free.
Even while to thee our souls are tearful clinging,
And sadly grieving that away thou art,
Pure wells of consolation, upward springing,
Pour their refreshing waters on the heart.

[*Golden Grains from Life's Harvest Field.*]

THE ABSENT MAN.—The following ingenious trick is said to have been played on old Thornton, the theatrical manager. A bowl of negus, with a plug bottom, which could be withdrawn at pleasure, was once put before him; he filled his wine-glass but once, when the plug (it having been placed on a receptacle on purpose) was drawn, and the liquor taken away; in a minute or two he was about replenishing his glass, and saw the bowl empty; he paused a moment, then rang the bell to have it re-filled; it was, and after he had taken two more glasses full, the trick was repeated; the second time he beheld it empty he gave his nose a long pull, and rubbed his eyes, as if he doubted whether he had slept or not; but he ordered a third, and paid for the three bowls, evidently and entirely unconscious that he had not drank their contents.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

THE PUBLISHING HOUSE OF LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co.—We have, in this city, the largest publishing and bookselling house in the country—and, we believe, the largest in the world. The amount of sales made in a single year is enormous. Books go out daily, by the ton. “Not by the ton?” we hear it said, incredulously. Yes, friend, by the ton—we are speaking literally, not metaphorically. The average number of boxes sent out daily through the year, is not less than forty—often sixty, seventy, and sometimes a hundred are packed and shipped—and many of these weigh from three to five hundred pounds. So, you see, the word “tons” expresses only the literal fact. The position in the trade held by this house, is one of great importance. Though largely engaged in publishing, it is still more largely engaged in the sale and distribution of books issued by all publishing houses in the country. There is not in the United States an establishment so carefully systematized in every department. Each member of the firm, five in number, has not less than twenty years’ experience in bookselling and publishing, and every salesman is thoroughly competent for his position. When a bookseller from the country enters their store, and passes to the immense sales’ rooms, he finds himself surrounded by the books of every leading publisher in the United States, which he can buy on terms as good, in every respect, as can be obtained from these publishers themselves. If he wants a rare volume, or wishes to gain information in regard to any book, whose publisher he cannot remember, he has only to mention the title, and the information is at his hand; or if he is in doubt as to the merit of two editions of the same work, his questions are answered here.

So large are the sales of Messrs. Lippincott, Grambo & Co., that they order of popular and standard books, issued by other publishers, whole editions at a time. Of many new books, their first order is not less than two or three thousand copies. These are distributed through the whole region South and West, in the supply of which lies their heaviest business. Of some of their own publications, the sales reach the enormous quantity of one hundred thousand copies of a single work in a year!

Several causes have combined to give this house its singularly advanced position so far beyond any other house of like character in the country. One of these—its admirably systematized order of business—has been referred to. Another is to be found in the strict integrity of the house, and its well-earned reputation for fair dealing. The merchant or bookseller who brings or sends his orders here, is sure to have his bill of goods marked down to the lowest rates at which books can be sold at a fair profit. So well has this come to be understood, that many old customers of the house merely select their books, and ask no questions about the prices; being satisfied, from long experience, that they will get the best terms in any case.

Mr. Lippincott, whose name leads in that of the firm, is still a young man, so to speak; but, since he took a position in the house, he has shown himself to possess, in a remarkable degree, foresight, energy, expansive views of trade, and an indomitable perseverance in the attainment of a proposed end; while his partners, acting in concert with him, and each thoroughly skilled in his department, have given to the whole machinery of the house a momentum that has already made it, as before stated, the most important book establishment in the country, if not in the world.

Mr. Chambers, so well known as the publisher of the “Edinburg Journal,” besides other and more important series of books and periodicals, passed a few days in our city some months ago. In recording his impressions of things, he makes this brief and hurried reference to the house above mentioned:

“From several publishing-houses there are issued vast quantities of books in miscellaneous literature; and here, among other curiosities which interested me professionally, I alighted upon the large concern of Messrs. Lippincott, Grambo & Co., which, independently of a trade in publishing, carries on the peculiar business of book-merchants. A spacious building, several stories in height, is stored, floor above floor, with books gathered from all the publishers in the Union, as well as from England, and ready for selection and purchase by retail-booksellers coming from every part of

the States. Any person, for example, wishing to open a book-store in California, or some other distant quarter, may here, in a walk from bin to bin, acquire such a varied stock as suits his purse or his inclinations. Say that he is going to open for a season at Saratoga, the White Sulphur Springs of Virginia, or any other fashionable watering-place, there he has his choice of handy little volumes, flashily gilt, in the light line. Or, say that he wishes to go into the school, or heavy trade, still he finds a mine of material ready to his fingers. In an hour he might load a wagon with all the varied literary wares he can possibly require; just as a county draper, dropping into one of the streets about Cheapside, is able to lay in his miscellaneous stock of haberdashery for the season. I was told by one of the principals of the firm, that it had dealings in every seat of population of any importance from New Orleans to Toronto, and from the Atlantic to beyond St. Louis. Think of commercial travellers being despatched on a journey of 2000 miles—as far as from London to Cairo or Jerusalem!

“Such concerns as this are types of the manufacturing and trading establishments of Philadelphia, which, in different departments, is making extraordinary endeavors to reach the position taken from it half a century ago by New York.”

Had Mr. Chambers looked closer than he did, during his brief sojourn in Philadelphia, into the business of this concern, and comprehended more adequately its vast resources and operations, he would have been still further surprised.

We have spoken mainly of this house, in the present article, as a bookselling establishment. As publishers of books, its operations are very extended, and to this branch of the business we will refer in a subsequent article.

COSMOPOLITAN ART AND LITERARY ASSOCIATION.—We learn that the Cosmopolitan Art and Literary Association have purchased of Hiram Powers his two life-size busts of Washington and Franklin, at a cost of over \$1200. We also understand that four or five bronze statues have been imported, among which is a celebrated copy of Venus, life-size, all of which will be distributed among the members of the above association, in January next. These

valuable additions to the costly works of art, of which the association is already in possession, cannot fail to attract great additional interest to the enterprise, and render it more universally popular among the lovers of literature and art.

GOOD OUT OF EVIL.—We are often inclined to complain of what seem to us serious present evils and calamities; and to look upon events as unmixed evils, upon which, could we read the whole scope and economy of nature, we should pronounce a different opinion. It would be difficult to reconcile any farmer to the loss of his crops by drought. Yet the editor of the *American Agriculturist* presents some considerations which may comfort those who have already lost by holding out hope in the future. The *Agriculturist* is of opinion that the long continued drought will result in the utter extermination of myriads of insects, worms, animalculæ, &c., throughout extensive sections of the Union, which have hitherto proved highly detrimental to our valuable crops. A Southern paper says that the joint worm has been annihilated in many wheat fields, having become dried to powder without arriving at maturity and shedding their pestiferous brood for another season's ravages. This is one way that our farmers may be compensated for their crops. If they are further taught economy in feeding what they have only to animals that best digest and make a suitable return for their food, and in an economical manner; if it will further teach them to plant early and have their fields deeply plowed, well pulverized and manured, so as to afford a continued though partial supply of moisture from the atmosphere, during even the driest times, then they will have received ample compensation for the limited diminution of their present season's crops.

A FLIGHT OF FANCY.—The extacies into which newly arrived musical celebrities sometimes throw newspaper writers, is always amusing to sober-minded people. We clip from an exchange some of the latest superlatives lavished upon Grisi. They will provoke a smile:—

“Grisi is an Italian—a child of the sun—an incantatrix of full-blooded inspiration. Her appearance among us forms a new epoch in the

lyrical drama of this country, more powerful, more lasting, if possible, than that produced by the Swedish nightingale. Jenny Lind is the gentle stream, alluring us onward through bright, blooming vales—the fresh, clear, gushing fount that lifts our souls on its crystal wings into the realms of beauty, and sets them down among the choirs of angels; while Grisi is the cataract, whirling us breathless down the black, interminable steepes of passion—on—on—we know not whither.”

What does all this mean? It reminds us very much of some of the remarkable oratorical flights of the late Rev. John N. Maffit, whom no man could excel in the utterance of brilliant nothings. “An incantatress of full-blooded inspiration.” What does it mean?

FOREIGN LIQUORS.—We perceive that the New York liquor dealers summon the public to support their municipal ticket in defence of “property” and “liberty.” Such cant is almost as spurious as their liquor. By the way, as the custom-house brand, and the certainty that an article is imported, is supposed by many to be a guarantee for its purity, the following extract, from the Paris correspondence of the New York Times, may be read with some interest:—

“You have heard of sworn translators, of sworn interpreters, but I doubt whether you ever heard of a sworn taster. The municipal government of Paris keeps a taster thus bound by oath, whom it employs to try wines in any case of supposed adulteration. His palate is so sensitive, and his taste so delicately discriminative, that he not only recognizes the existence of a foreign substance, but can tell what the foreign substance is. Listen to a late deposition of his upon a pipe of wine submitted to his examination.—The base, he said, of the liquid was common red wine; two-thirds were water, colored with elderberry and mulberry juice, the former of which is an active narcotic. The taster then went on to say that the individual arrested for this disgusting fraud was the most skilful and the most dangerous mixer in Paris, and that he had never been caught but once before. The receipt which he employed in adulterating the pipe in question had not been employed since 1816, a very bad grape year, though not worse than this. The prisoner maintained that he was

not the author of the mixture, whereupon the president said to him:—“You would be wiser to hold your tongue. Everybody here is scandalized at your audacity. The tribunal regrets that it cannot pronounce a more severe punishment, but as you are an incorrigible cheat, you will certainly be brought before us again, and then we shall be able to inflict upon you an exemplary chastisement. Go.”

THE NATIONAL BABY SHOW.—This much talked of exhibition of petite humanity was held, as announced, at Springfield, Ohio, on the 5th Oct. There were about one hundred and twenty babies in attendance, with their mothers, of course. The first premium for the finest baby of two years old or under, was a tea-set with a salver, valued at \$300; the second, a tea-set valued at \$200; the third premium, for the finest child under one year, \$200; fourth premium, a Parian marble group.

The first premium was awarded to Mrs. Remnes, of Vienna, Ohio; the second to Mrs. McDowell, of Cincinnati; the third, to Mrs. Arthur Cannon, of Philadelphia; and the fourth, to Mrs. Henry Howes, of Cincinnati.

So, it seems that Ohio took three of the prizes, and two of these fell to the share of Cincinnati mothers. One of the handsome sets of silver will come to Philadelphia. As to the estimation in which the Committee of award will be held by the one hundred and sixteen disappointed mothers, we will not even venture a conjecture.

JUNIUS.—A great deal has been written about this famous anonymous political essayist; and volumes have been printed in support of various theories and opinions as to his identity. The North British Review has a paragraph respecting him, which for bitterness is not exceeded by the shadowy satirist himself:—

“That celebrated writer—whoever he may have been—stands at the head—*facile princeps*—of that large class of political assassins whose fame, like that of the Red Indian, is estimated by the scalps of their victims. Wilkes was before him; Tooke came after him; but neither was fit to hold a candle to him. His genius, his knowledge, his secret means of information, his vehement and pointed style, his unsparing and apparently impartial ferocity, his unscrupulous, ungentelemanly and savage personalities, and, it must be added, the

amount of truth which both winged and barbed his arrows,—made him the most formidable public writer who ever held public men in awe. One good thing he certainly effected. He emancipated the Press from any fetters but those of public opinion and general taste. Since his day, no man has feared to criticise men and measures in the tone of the most unbounded freedom. After him, the use of initials (formerly universal) was entirely abandoned. But we paid a heavy price for this emancipation in the savagery and malignity which he—not introduced, indeed, but—established in political warfare.”

WAR—There is a wholesome moral in the annexed paragraph, which it is well to keep before the people. It is a British sailor's description of his first participation in war, in the Baltic. These descriptions of single and actual incidents bring home to our appreciation the actual character of war, with a vividness and reality which defy all the gloss of pompous bulletins, and neutralize the false varnish of “glory.” It may be our weakness, but we would not for worlds have such a recollection haunting our memory:—

“We dispersed at a few hundred yards' distance from the beach, to keep the coast clear whilst the boat's crew made prizes of the guns. The enemy had the advantage of the wood, and also knowing the country well, and a troop of them showed in advance. We were ordered to fire. I took steady aim, and fired on my man at about sixty yards. He fell like a stone. At the same time, a broadside from the — went in amongst the trees, and the enemy disappeared, we could scarce tell how. I felt as though I must go up to *him*, to see whether he was dead or alive. He lay quite still, and I was more afraid of him lying so than when he stood facing me a few minutes before. It's a strange feeling to come over you all at once that you have killed a man. He had unbuttoned his jacket, and was pressing his hand over the front of his chest, where the wound was. He breathed hard, and the blood poured from the wound, and also from his mouth, every breath he took. His face was white as death, and his eyes looked so big and bright as he turned them and stared at me, I shall never forget it. He was a fine young fellow, not more than five-and twenty. I went

down on my knees beside him, and my breast felt so full as though my own heart would burst. He had a real English face, and did not look like an enemy. What I felt I never can tell, but if my life would have saved his, I believe I should have given it. I laid his head on my knee, and he grasped hold of my hand and tried to speak, but his voice was gone. I could not tell a word he said; and every time he tried to speak the blood poured out, so I knew it would soon be over. I am not ashamed to say that I was worse than he, for he never shed a tear, and I couldn't help it. His eyes were closing when a gun was fired from the —, to order us aboard, and that aroused him. He pointed to the beach, where the boat was just pushing off with the guns which we had taken, and where our marines were waiting to man the second boat, and then he pointed the wood, where the enemy was concealed. Poor fellow, he little thought how I had shot him down. I was wondering how I could leave him to die, and no one near him, when he had a something like a convulsion for a moment, and then his face rolled over, and without a sigh he was gone. I trust the Almighty has received his soul. I laid his head gently down on the grass, and left him. It seemed so strange when I looked at him for the last time—I somehow thought of everything I had heard about the Turks and the Russians, and the rest of them—but *all that seemed so far off, and the dead man so near!*”

COLD BATHING—A PLEA FOR CHILDREN.—Bathing and cold water are excellent things in their place, but when used out of place, or in excess, are productive often of most deplorable consequences. Especially is this true as regards infants and little children, whose mothers, ignorant of physiology, daily subject them to cold ablutions in all seasons. We never could see either reason or common sense in the practice, and are right glad to find, in the September number of the *Water Cure Journal*, a strong, out-speaking article on the subject, which we transfer to our paper. Read and ponder it, mothers:—

“But if parents *will* use *cold* water on their own persons, let me entreat them to have mercy on their helpless children. Do heed their cries and entreaties *to warm it a little!* Nothing is more heathenish and barbarous

than to bathe children in cold or nearly cold water. I believe it injurious to wash our hands and faces in cold *winter* water. Those who do it, will find that they have rough and cracked skins.

"The suffering of children while being washed is but small compared with the evil effects that often follow the application of cold water to the head, viz: congestion of the head or lungs, especially the latter. True, cold water so applied will make precocious children, and it will also fill the grave-yard with the opening buds of infancy. I think it will be found that more children die with head diseases since the use of water has been in vogue, than before; and for the reason already given.

"The fact is, the brain requires and receives more blood than any other organ of the system. The application of cold water to the head increases the amount, and hence it is no uncommon thing that children, especially 'smart ones,' die, as above stated, with head disease. Indeed, it has become a proverb, among our mothers, at least, 'that such children are too smart to live,' and it is so.

"By such treatment the brain becomes too active and large for the body, and, like a powerful engine in a small boat, soon shatters it to pieces and sends it to the bottom. I cannot close my remarks without entreating mothers, in the name of humanity, not to attempt to toughen, as it is called, their children by half clothing them in cold weather. My heart has ached as I have seen them thus exposed to the piercing winds of a northern winter. Many a mother has thus sown the seeds of premature death in her offspring, for which she has solaced herself by calling it a 'mysterious Providence.'

"If you would have healthy, robust children, see that they are warmly clad, especially their extremities. In connection with cold bathing, I would utter my disclaimer against the prevailing practice of rubbing the skin with coarse, rough towels or horse-brushes. No error in the water treatment is more injurious.

"But few of the people understand the functions of the skin, or the importance of a healthy skin to a healthy body. My limits will not allow of my discussing the matter here. At some future time I may take it up. I approve of gentle rubbing of the skin with

soft cloths; or, better, with the bare hand. But it should not be rubbed any way to produce unpleasant sensations.

"If we credit the report of patients who have taken treatment at our water-cure establishments, the heroic or cold treatment is too much in vogue in them for their good."

EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

—The original MS. of Gray's *Elegy* in a Churchyard, like good wine, grows better as it grows older. It sold recently for the large sum of £131—£30 more than it brought ten years back.

—Bulwer, the novelist, in a letter to a gentleman in Boston, makes this sad confession: "I have closed my career as a writer of fiction. I am gloomy and unhappy. I have exhausted the powers of life, chasing pleasure where it is not to be found."

—The House of Lords has reversed the decision of Lord Campbell, which allowed foreigners to take out copyrights in Great Britain. From this decision there is no appeal, and, consequently, American authors can reap no farther advantage from the sale of their books in England.

—In six months eighteen millions of glasses of Lager Beer were drank in St. Louis, at a cost of \$800,000! No wonder they have riots there if such is the rate of consumption of drink; and no wonder they have poverty if such is the cost in money—to say nothing of the loss of time, and breakage and waste of property. In New Orleans seven persons have died of wounds received in the riots—produced, no doubt, by the same actual, whatever may be given as the ostensible cause.

—The flying rumors which run over the telegraph wires, in advance of circumstantial news, often give wrong impressions. For instance it was stated that the steamer *Welaka* was fired upon at Jacksonville, Florida, to prevent her landing passengers, the people being fearful of yellow-fever. It appears that regular quarantine regulations were established, of which the steamer was duly notified, but that the commander refused to obey the city authorities, and passed the city in defiance of them. This puts a different complexion on the matter.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A new edition of Cruden's Concordance has been published by M. W. Dodd of New York, and is for sale in this city by Lindsay & Blakiston. It is unnecessary to speak particularly of this work, the first complete one of its class, invaluable to those who have need (as who has not?) to consult and compare the Holy Scriptures. The edition under notice is from the tenth London edition. Prefaces, biographies, &c., prefixed to works of this kind usually pass unread, but we can assure those who omit to read the "Memoir of Mr. Alexander Cruden," that they are passing over as interesting a bit of biography as is often met. It is one of the "curiosities of literature."

—Bayard Taylor's last book for the present—not the last we hope by many which we shall read from his pen—is just published by Putnam, and is for sale in this city by Willis P. Hazard. It is an account of a journey to Central Africa, and gives vigorous and highly interesting pictures of "Life and Landscapes from Egypt to the Negro Kingdoms of the White Nile." There is no more popular writer of books of travels than Bayard Taylor, and none more justly admired. To announce a book by him, is to predict its sale, and the "foregone conclusion" is never disproved.

—"Manual of Homœopathic Practice, for Families and Private Individuals," by A. E. Small, A. M. M. D., Professor of Physiology and Medical Jurisprudence in the Philadelphia Homœopathic College. Published by Rademacher & Scheetz, Philadelphia. This is a clearly written volume of some eight hundred pages, and presents the best Manual of Homœopathic practice for families that has yet come under our observation. Doctor Small, it is acknowledged, stands at the head of his profession, and a carefully prepared volume on the administration of Homœopathic remedies, the result of his extensive reading and large practice, cannot fail to be of the highest value. The freedom of the Manual under notice from professional technicalities, makes it still more desirable as a book for consultation in families. The style in which the publishers have issued this handsome volume, is alike creditable to them and the author.

—Redfield has published a thick volume of travels, the observations of a "Tennessean Abroad." The range of travel includes part of Europe, Asia and Africa; and the traveller, E. W. Mac Gavock, Esqr., a member of the Nashville Bar, made very good use of his eyes. He

describes with great minuteness what he considered worthy of description, and has imparted sufficient personal interest to the book to relieve the weariness of continued fact and description. Although the ground traversed has been often described, Mr. Mac Gavock has succeeded in investing old, familiar locations with a fresh interest, that causes the reader to linger over and find in his polished descriptions of places about which he has read often and again, a new pleasure. We have seen few better books of European travel than this, and shall offer our readers, in subsequent numbers of the Gazette, some finely descriptive passages. For sale by H. C. Baird.

—Redfield has published a very valuable work for students of the New Testament in the original tongue. It is a dissertation on the "Greek Synonyms of the New Testament," by Richard Chevenix French, Professor of Divinity, King's College, London. From the same author the American public have seen a volume on the Parables, another on the Miracles, and several other treatises of admitted value, as "The Study of Words," and "The Lessons in Proverbs." To all clergymen and divinity students, who wish to study the New Testament in the original tongue, the present treatise will be found a most important auxiliary. Almost all the more important languages of Europe have better books devoted to their synonyms, than any which have been devoted to the Greek. This contribution to philology by Mr. French is, therefore, one of special value. For sale by H. C. Baird.

—"Friendship: A Souvenir." New York, Leavitt & Allen. This volume possesses a higher value than always pertains to books of its class. The beautiful typography and elegant exterior correspond to the choice, heightened, and instructive literature within. We do not know a more carefully edited volume, nor one more worthy to be presented to a friend as a token of regard or affection.

—"The Moss Rose." Here we have another fine specimen of book-making. This gift book, from the same house that issued the two preceding volumes, (Leavitt & Allen, New York,) presents equal claims to favor. In exterior, it is for them a meet companion, and in literary excellence will not suffer by contrast. Every article bears evidence of a careful discrimination on the part of the editor. He has winnowed thoroughly, and gives wheat without a particle of chaff.

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The above remark is decidedly true respecting the properties of the *Hair Regenerator*, as the writer of this knows from experience. It should be remembered that it does not act as a *dye* to the hair, but restores the original color, after repeated applications. In fact it will not fail of success, if the directions of the renowned Chemist be implicitly followed.—*New York Day-Book*.

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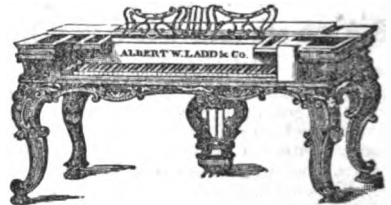
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The Home Gazette for 1855.

EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR.

In announcing our "Home Paper" for 1855, we deem it almost needless to speak of its CHARACTER, AIMS and QUALITY, for these are well known throughout the length and breadth of our country. The Home Gazette is now in the FIFTH YEAR of its existence, and in that time has attained a circulation and popularity highly gratifying to all engaged in the business of its publication. As heretofore, it will be under the entire editorial supervision of Mr. ARTHUR, the productions of whose pen will continue to be among its leading attractions. Nearly everything that he writes will appear in its columns.

As a sheet of valuable, entertaining, and instructive family reading, the Home Gazette will continue to hold the HIGH RANK and ADVANCED POSITION which has made it so wide a favorite with young and old, and especially with all who seek to obtain for their families a periodical literature WHOLLY FREED FROM EVERYTHING THAT CAN DEPRAVE THE SENTIMENTS OR VITIATE THE TASTE.

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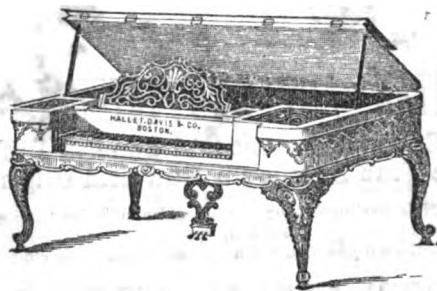
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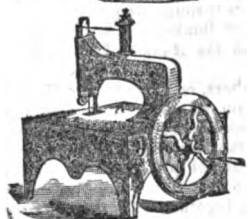
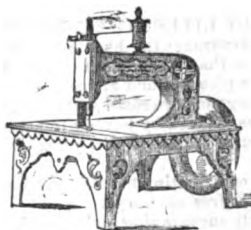
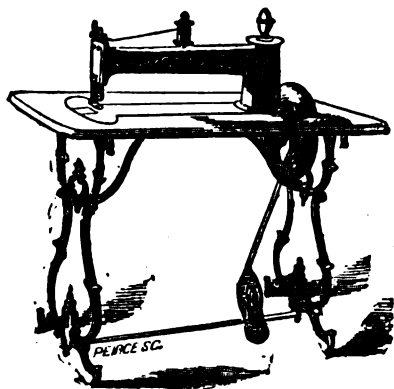
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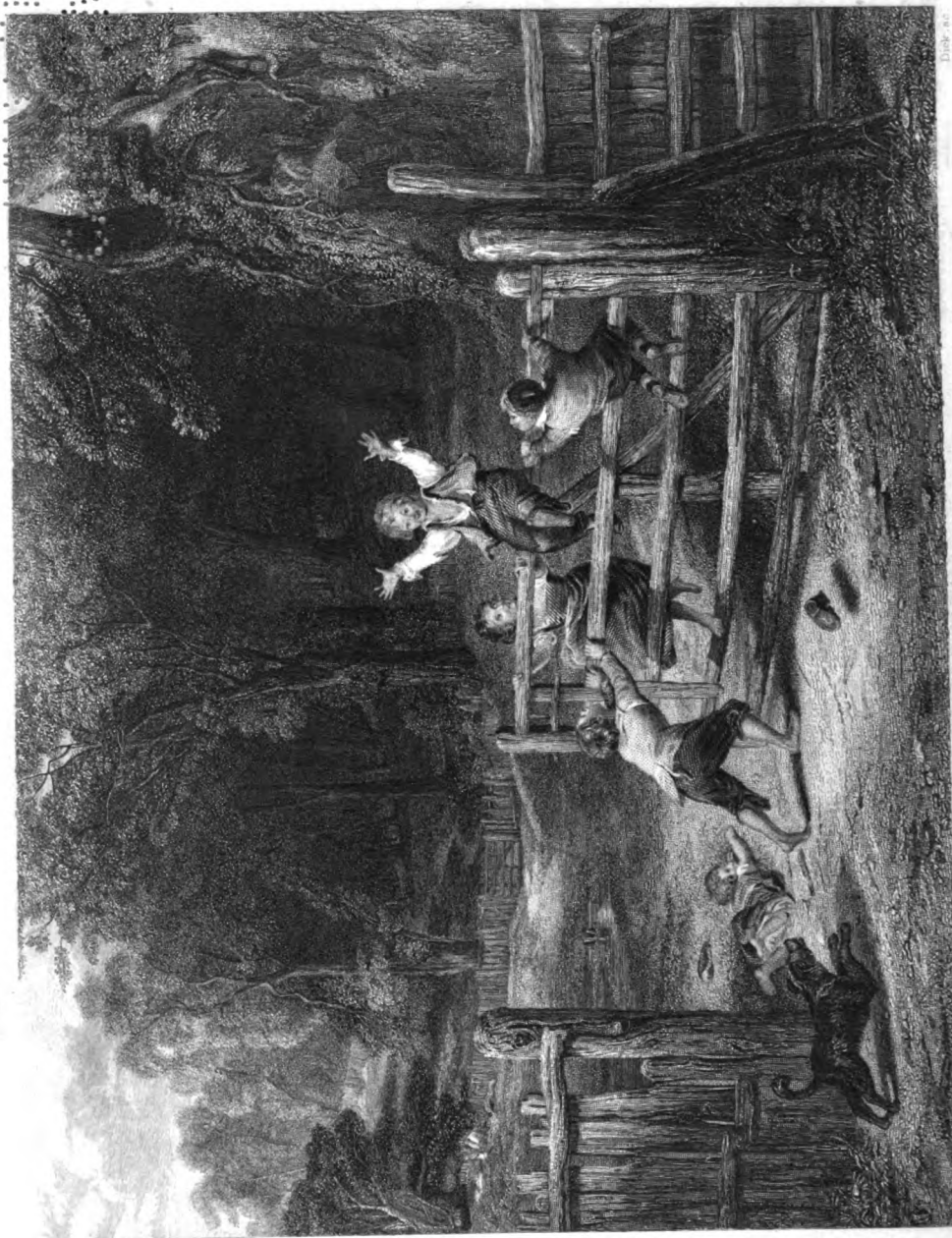
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THE GONDOLA.



BRIDAL DRESS.

Robe of rich white moire antique—the corsage made high to the throat. A single flounce of point d' Angleterre covers nearly two-thirds of the jupe, and is headed by a ruche of tulle. The corsage is trimmed in front with two rows of point d' Angleterre, and between these rows of lace are small bows of white satin ribbon. The lowest bow—that at the point of the corsage—has long, flowing ends, reaching nearly to the end of the jupe. The loose sleeves are slit up at the back of the arm, to the height of the elbow, and edged with rows of lace like that in front of the corsage. Bridal veil of tulle illusion, edged with a broad hem. It is fixed with pins over a wreath of orange blossoms, intermingled with white roses. Slippers of white figured silk.



THE ELENORA.

From the establishment of Slingerland & M'Farland, No. 296 Broadway, New York.

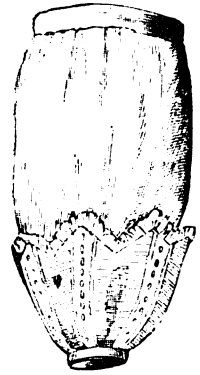
The above charming cloak is made of French satin, of that beautiful shade called "Ashes of Roses." The trimming is of Matlaze, and in shade matches the satin; the whole forming one of the most fashionable garments of the season. The "Elenora," in velvet or cloth, looks very rich.

UNDERSLEEVES—From the same establishment, we give, on the opposite page, two undersleeves and two beautiful chemisettes. No. 1 is an undersleeve of muslin, with a deep cuff gathered into a band at the wrist. The cuff is divided by numerous rows of needle-work inserting, and falls back nearly to the elbow. No. 2 is of muslin, and of a somewhat similar style, only the cuff falls over the hand.

CHEMISETTE.—No. 1 is a fine French muslin chemisette; the collar quite large, and trimmed with Maltese lace. The front is formed with lace similar to that on the collar, also needle-work and two rows of puffs. No. 2 is of entire different pattern, formed of muslin and trimmed with Honiton lace.



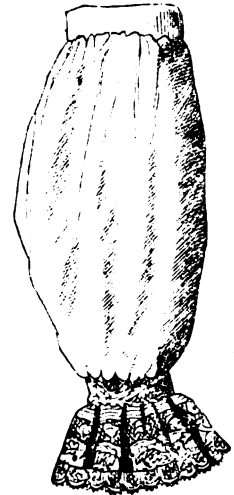
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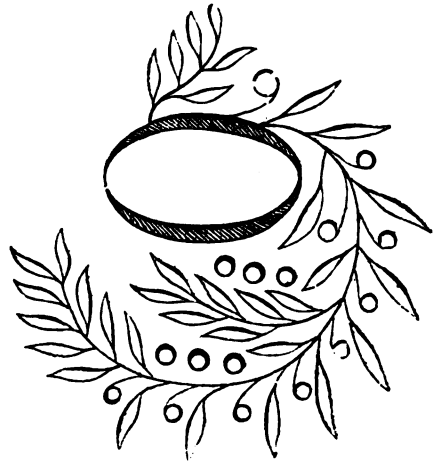
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UNDERSLEEVE No. 2.



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No. 1.



No. 2.

DRESS BONNETS FOR THE SEASON.

No. 1 is a delicate pearl-colored silk, drawn in flutings, which are separated by bands of the same. A wreath of velvet and leaves fine flowers form the last row, and is repeated inside the brim. Large leaves, in velvet, fall towards the back of the crown. No. 2 is less elaborate, and has a more youthful appearance. It may be in any pretty shade.



MORNING DRESS.

This graceful *negligée* consists of a full skirt, fastened with loops and buttons across the front, or it may be left open at pleasure, to display a handsome embroidered skirt. The *sacque* fits closely at the shoulder, and is gathered about the waist in an easy fullness, that can be arranged at pleasure by belt and buckle. It is finished by a scalloped flounce to correspond with that on the sleeve, which just falls to the wrist, and thus allows of an undersleeve, or obviates the necessity of one, at the pleasure of the wearer. If made of plain cashmere or *mousseline*, for winter wear, these flounces are scalloped in needlework, as is the bottom of the skirt. If of silk, pinking supersedes the necessity.



[See page 408.]

PILGRIMS IN THE DESERT.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA: DECEMBER, 1854.



THE SHRIMP GATHERER.

THE SHRIMP, (*crangon vulgaris*.) belongs to the class of crustaceous animals which are distinguished by a hard and bony covering, composed chiefly of carbonate of lime, in which their soft bodies lie securely encased. The joints of this encasement are constructed in the most admirable manner, so as to enable the animal to move every limb with the most perfect freedom. Hardness and flexibility are

thus combined together, and the result is a covering which protects the animal without impeding its motions.

The shelly coverings of shrimps are formed out of a mucous substance secreted by the soft skin of the animal. This mucous exudation contains a great quantity of calcareous matter which speedily hardens, and thus every limb becomes encased as it were in a coat of mail.

In addition to the beautiful articulation of the joints, the several pieces are rendered still further flexible by the minute muscles on their under surface, which attach them to the body of the animal, so that they are capable of being moved in every possible direction if it be at all necessary, independently of the motion of the joints.

As the coverings of crustaceous animals are composed of a hard, unyielding substance, it is obvious that the growth of the animal in their interior would be restrained, unless some means were provided by which it could relieve itself from its confinement. The shrimp has therefore the power of casting off its old covering when it becomes too small, and of forming a new one of the required dimensions. This process of exuviation is annually effected, and is preceded by an evident illness on the part of the animal. As the animal is entirely unprotected when deprived of its shell, it first carefully conceals itself from its enemies. The part of the shell enclosing the trunk then splits on the under surface, and the body is entirely withdrawn from its interior. The soft skin is, however, soon covered with its mucous exudation, which speedily hardens, and the animal encased in its new panoply issues from its place of concealment, and soon recovers its former activity and vigor.

The shrimp is closely allied to the lobster in point of organization, but is much smaller. It varies in size from one and a half to two inches. It is a marine animal, and very abundant all along the English shores. The body of the shrimp is enclosed in a shell of a green, transparent color, and spotted with gray. The shell enclosing its head and tail is divided into six pieces, each of which works into the other like a coat of mail. The head is furnished with a pair of antennæ or feelers as long as the body. The shrimp has ten pairs of legs. The two forelegs are furnished with jointed forceps for seizing the food. The tail is admirably adapted for propelling the animal through the water, and consists of a wing-like apparatus which can be folded up like a fan or extended at pleasure.

The mode of taking shrimps. Shrimps are usually taken in a net which is used by the fishermen, who either wade up to their knees in the water, or else go out together in a boat. The first plan, which is decidedly the simplest,

is generally adopted by women and children. A transverse piece of wood is stretched across the mouth of the net, which is thus kept sufficiently open, and to the centre of this piece a long pole is affixed, the end of which is placed against the breast. The net is now placed on the ground, the shrimper walks into the sea pushing it along its sandy bottom, and the shrimps in endeavoring to escape are caught in the net. When boats are used the fishermen throw out three or four nets, which they sink and drag on the bottom by means of leaden weights. A sand bank is a place of resort for shrimps.

Shrimps are not edible unless boiled. Ten minutes is the proper time. If allowed to remain longer in the boiling water, their flavor is spoiled. Their color changes from green to red by boiling.

Shrimps are in season all the year round, although they are usually most abundant in Spring. They are a favorite relish amongst the poorer classes in England, and are usually placed on the table as an accompaniment to breakfast and tea. They are also consumed in great quantities in tea gardens and other places of public resort.

PILGRIMS TO THE HOLY LAND.

Palestine, or the Holy Land, the country of than ancient and singular people called Jews, lies on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea, between the 31st and 34th degrees of north latitude. With the Mediterranean Sea on the west, and with the whole of Arabia on its eastern and south-eastern sides, it may be regarded as a frontier border to that extensive pastoral region.

In the year A. D. 70, Titus, the Roman general, took Jerusalem by assault, burned the temple which the Jews had built, and either put them to death, sold them into slavery, or drove them into exile. For upwards of 200 years after their dispersion, Palestine continued in a most miserable condition; but when the Romans were converted to Christianity it became an object of religious veneration. The Empress Helena visited Palestine, viewed all those spots rendered sacred by the references made to them in Scripture, and built splendid temples and other religious structures on their sites. Palestine was now enriched by the visits of Pilgrims from all parts of Christendom.

In the sixth century the destinies of Palestine were again changed by the invasion of the fanatical followers of Mohammed. The Caliphs or Arabian monarchs viewed those places esteemed holy by the Christians with reverence, and encouraged the visits of pilgrims from the gain which it brought them. But when their successors, the Turks (an ignorant and barbarous people) conquered Palestine about the middle of the eleventh century, the same courtesy was no longer pursued towards the pilgrims. They profaned the holy places, and committed every kind of outrage on the visitants to the holy sepulchre. Accordingly, the pilgrims, on their return, related the dangers they had encountered, and described, with exaggeration, the profanity and cruelty of the Turks. Their representations aroused the chivalry of Christian Europe, and a series of warlike expeditions, termed crusades, were undertaken to rescue the Holy Land.

After the occupation of Palestine by the Crusaders, it became, comparatively speaking, an easy task to visit Jerusalem. The Pilgrims had only to take shipping for one of the seaports. Jaffa (the ancient Joppa) was the place usually chosen as being the nearest to Jerusalem, and from thence the pilgrims proceeded along a rocky road, and in a few days arrived at the Holy City. It was for the sake of the protection thus afforded to pilgrims that the Crusaders held on to the sea-coast of Palestine so tenaciously. When, therefore, they were driven from Jerusalem, and from the interior of Palestine, they made Acre their capital, by means of which they still sought to command its shores, until they were at last driven from the country by the victorious Saladin.

It is due to the memory of Saladin to say, that after he had made himself master of Jerusalem, he permitted the pilgrims to visit the tomb of Christ unmolested. In his last will he ordered alms to be distributed among the poor without distinction of Jew, Turk, or Christian; intending by this bequest to intimate that all men were brethren, and that when we would assist them we ought not to inquire what they believe, but what they feel—an admirable lesson to Christians, though from a Mahomedan.

Another route, less frequented, but sometimes pursued by pilgrims, was to enter Palestine from the south by the upper portion of the

peninsula of Arabia, called Arabia Petrea, after first landing from the Mediterranean at one of the Egyptian cities. The country which the pilgrims then had to traverse, from the borders of Egypt to the walls of Jaffa and the shores of the Dead Sea, is little else but a succession of rocky mountains and sandy plains, almost destitute of any human habitation, and inhabited by roving tribes of Bedouins or Arabian shepherds. This district, which was once fertile and productive, has been overwhelmed by the sands blown from the Arabian deserts. In traversing these deserts, the pilgrims pass Mount Sinai and Mount Horeb. According to the accounts of recent travellers, nothing can exceed the desolation of the country at the base of these mountains;—rocks piled on rocks to an immense height, precipitous cliffs, and bare, desolate valleys, fill up the melancholy scene. On the face of Sinai is a fortified monastery placed for the accommodation of pilgrims and travellers. The ascent of the mountain commences above the monastery, and in this direction it was climbed by Mr. Stephens, who reached the top with some difficulty, and saw around him a terrific solitude, a perfect sea of desolation. The beautiful green mantle of vegetable life was withdrawn; not a tree, shrub, or blade of grass, was anywhere visible. No rivers, and few streams or springs, nourish this thirsty land, whose barren sands are scorched by the heat of a tropical sun.

Dr Richardson, who travelled across this desert from Cairo to Jaffa, in 1817, on his way to Jerusalem, thus describes the sufferings of some pilgrims who had joined their party:

“The poor pilgrims, who were travelling with a small quantity of water, and anxious to husband it lest accident should detain us longer in the desert than we expected, or who carried no flask along with them, and had kept up with us a great way ahead of the camels, came toiling up with parched lips, flushed face, and turgid eyes, like to start from their sockets, and begged if we had any water to give them a little to cool their mouths. It was impossible to be deaf to such a request, however much we might wish to husband our store; and yet there was no cause for apprehension, for we had more than enough; but, under the idea that it would fall short, even those of the party who might be considered as the best entitled to indulge, had we been on

short allowance, obstinately held out; and though pressed and really in want of it denied themselves the gratification, lest a more urgent period should arrive, when a drop of water should be called for to save a life. Often have I seen the flask of water pushed away by the hand, when I well knew the parched throat required its quenching aid. It was impossible to see and not to admire the feeling that dictated the resolution, or ever to forget the countenance that spoke the need of the beverage that the hand put by."

The scene represented in our engraving refers to the time of the Crusades. The party are evidently pilgrims who have lost their way in the wilderness, and are now in the utmost distress for want of water. They have been on a visit to the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem, and are now returning to their native land. But no friendly ship lay in the port of Jaffa to carry them home; they were, therefore, compelled to start across the desert for Egypt, and intended there to take shipping for Europe. The arms and figure of the stout soldier recall to memory one of those of champions of the Cross, whose business it was to guard and protect pilgrims from insult and oppression. Like Hagar, when she wandered with Ishmael, "the water is spent in the bottle" and the whole party, with the exception of the soldier, have sat down on the ground to die. The war-horse of the warrior lies lifeless on the burning plain, and seems to mock his efforts to rouse the despairing pilgrims. The old man, with his arm around his daughter, presents a picture of despair and paternal affection; the countenance and clasped hands of the daughter are beautifully expressive of resignation; but their half-naked attendant thinks not—his sufferings are too intense, and engross all his powers of endurance. The attitude of the old soldier indicates superior energy and pity for the helpless objects whose safety has been entrusted to his charge. He is looking around the horizon for help, but in vain; his eye encounters nothing but an interminable ocean of sand.

C.

Dr. Casin having heard the famous Thomas Fuller repeat some verses on a scolding wife, was so delighted with them as to request a copy. "There is no necessity for that," said Fuller, "as you have got the original."

EARLY TO BED AND EARLY TO RISE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

"Early to bed, and early to rise"—

Aye, note it with care down in your brain,
For it helpeth to make the foolish wise,
And uproots the weeds of pain.
Ye who are walking on the thorns of care,
Who sigh for a softer bower,
Try what can be done in the morning sun,
And make use of the early hour.

Full many a day for ever is lost,
By delaying its work till to-morrow;
The minutes of sloth have often cost
Long years of bootless sorrow.
And ye who would win the lasting wealth
Of content and peaceful power,
Ye who would couple Labor and Health,
Must begin at the early hour.

We make bold promises to Time,
Yet, alas! too often break them;
We mock at the wings of the King of kings,
And think we can overtake them.
But why loiter away the prime of the day,
Knowing that clouds may lower?
Is it not safer to make life's bay
In the beam of the early hour?

Nature herself ever shows her best
Of gems to the gaze of the lark,
When the spangles of light on the earth's green
breast
Put out the stars of the dark.
If we love the purest pearl of the dew,
And rich breath of the flower,
If our spirits would greet the fresh and the
sweet,
Go forth in the early hour.

Oh! pleasure and rest are more easily found
When we start through Morning's gate,
To sum up our figures, or plow up our ground,
And weave the threads of fate.
The eye looketh bright, and the heart keepeth
light,
And man beholdeth the conqueror's power,
When, ready and brave, he chains Time as his
slave,
By the help of the early hour.

Never set yourself up for a musician, just because you have got drums in your ears; nor believe yourself a school teacher, merely because you have a pupil in your eye.

NEXT TO ME.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

I went by it the other day—the old school-house; how natural it looked! The red-brown front with the two square windows, and here and there a broken pane of glass. Then, the two great butternut trees that grew across the road, and the cross old maid that always came out with her broom when we boys went over with our green wooden pails to draw water. I can see her now—the very ideal of a virago, set, like a picture in the oaken framework of her front door. Poor soul! we boys were each in her estimation, an incarnation of all sorts of evil; and I am sure we cordially reciprocated her good opinion by the pranks we used to play her dog and two cats, (the sole members of her household;) and yet stern, harsh woman that she was, far away up, a great many pairs of winding stairs in her heart, was a door, and on that door was written “woman.”

There was the play ground too, with the white rails running all around it; and the grass worn short by the children's feet. Ah, me! how the old pictures shine away off there in that far land, that strange wondrous land of which we catch blessed gleams and glimpses through all the after life—the land of boyhood.

The old school house! The outside is unchanged, but what is *in* there? The same line of brown and black and golden heads, running parallel with the desks ranged round the walls. Who has the one in the corner now, I wonder! It was *my* desk, and her's was next *then*! It is mine now, and hers is next still; in that back country to which my thoughts have taken passage I see her still,—the curls rolling in shining billows to her waist, and the face that looked out from them, oh! it was fair as the sweetest dream of Raphael that I ever looked on. The dimples flashing round the small moist lips, that looked like nothing in the world but a half curled open rose-bud, with the dew fresh upon it, and the eyes sometimes between the crimson ravelling of two sunset clouds; I catch fragments of blue heaven that are like unto them. Ah! me, and to think how the sunshine used to “come to school,” as we called it every afternoon, and lie down on the bare boards, and laugh up in our faces, and set us to thinking about the trees, and the

springs in the cool woods, until we forgot all about our lessons.

Oh! the thousand and one times she has whispered the right letter in some long word, and saved my hands from an intimate acquaintance with the ferule, that redoubtable object that always lay in such a prominent position on the teacher's desk. “*Next to me!*” How I used to think, sometimes, very dim and vaguely as boy's thoughts always are when they look away off into the great future of *manhood*—that she might be next to me through life. What nice times we used to have, when we had obtained permission to study our Geography together, and what a subject of internal congratulation it was with me that there was but one map between us. The nuts I used to slip into her apron pocket, and the apples that went into the northeast corner of her desk, and secured “private lodgings,” between Murray and Mitchell, would take long to tell of. What hair-breadth escapes we used to have too, between the sharp eyes of the teacher, and the “tell-tales” on either side, and that great, threatening ferule laid, like a mighty man asleep, on the desk.

“*Next to me!*” A score and a half of times have the June suns risen and set since she was there, and I wonder if the little girl who occupies her seat now, has golden hair and blue eyes, and if she—no matter my eyes are growing moist while I think about it, for a little green hillock in the sunniest corner of the country churchyard has risen before me. There is a slab at its head, and it simply says,

“NELLIE! AGED 12.”

That tells the whole story. To think of the blue eyes, the dimpling cheeks, the laughing mouth, being *grave dust!*

But while these have been growing into this, it may be that a bright spirit has been wandering among the golden lilies which I always dream are plaiting the shores of the “River of Life.” She may have been to school *there* too, but her teachers have been the angels, and her blue eyes have never grown weary of those lessons.

I was so far “above her” in the old school-house, and now she is so far beyond me in that “unknown lore,” but I love to think that some time I too shall enter that great class of “the just made perfect,” and study the new pages of the Great Author. Then it may be, wan-

dering among the meadows, where it is always summer, and under trees which no October wind has ever shaken, I shall find her as of old, "Next to me."

New Haven, Conn.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL TEACHER.

BY EMMA LINLEY.

NO. IX.

Thursday, June 16th, eve.

Last night I had no opportunity to write. Early yesterday afternoon, Mrs. Wright and Mrs. Haley came into school. I was glad to see them; but I do not think I should have been, could I have foreseen the afternoon. There was room for only one in my desk; therefore both seated themselves on the bench near the south window.

Everything went on nicely till recess. The children were very quiet, and I believe I felt a little proud of their promptness in answering questions, and studiousness while in their seats;—if I did, I was punished sufficiently. While the boys were having a recess, I took a few moments for conversation with my guests, and was gratified to hear both express their interest in our exercises. I liked Mrs. Haley's appearance very much. I was pleased to see the exchange of glances, which I noticed, between her and her children. They merely looked to see if she noticed how good they were, and met the kindly encouraging glance of interest, which set them to studying again. I wish all my pupils had such mothers, and all those mothers would visit school often.

Mrs. Wright told me that Willie had gone to the village, with his father, but would come to school, if they should return in season. A few minutes after, just as I had taken the bell to call the boys in, Willie's voice rang through the still room, as he exclaimed,—

"Mother, mother, I say! Why didn't you wait for me?"

Mrs. Wright looked a little annoyed, as she turned to the window to satisfy the eager boy. It was my turn to feel chagrined, but a little time after, when he came bounding into the room, pinching Solomon Clark, as he passed his seat, so as to make him scream involuntarily.

Ah! how long, how very, very long the next hour seemed! Almost every moment there

was some new torment for me. I can scarcely recollect anything of those vexations, which seem of importance enough to write about; but I never before saw a child do so many things to embarrass a teacher. Had I been sitting there, with a feeling that it was some other person's duty to govern the boy, I believe I could have felt as calmly as Mrs. Wright seemed to do; but I was sure Mrs. Haley did not. I could imagine, from her looks, that her first words after leaving us would be—"How I wanted to take hold of that Willie Wright! I would have given him one shaking, had I been his teacher." I am not sure that I should not have enjoyed seeing him in her hands. He turned about in his seat; tried to get Herbert to play with him; drew pictures on his slate, and held them up, with a whisper to his mother, who was more than half across the room from him, to have her look at them; dropped first his book, then his slate; raised his hand in recitation time, which is strictly forbidden, and, because I would not attend to him, kept it shaking most ridiculously for a seemingly long time. I was so mortified—ashamed of myself because of my constant blushing—ashamed of Willie, in fact ashamed of my whole school, for the very spirit of mischief seemed all about me. Noises, which would ordinarily have seemed nothing, annoyed me exceedingly; trifling mistakes in recitations confused me. I am sure Mrs. Haley would have more pitied than blamed me, could she have known how intensely I was feeling.

The longest hours must have an end, and at length Willie's spelling class was heard and dismissed. How relieved I felt, when the door closed upon him! I congratulated myself too soon. The other boys went immediately home, but Willie waited for his mother. He was very happy—he shouted, sung, threw sticks at a mark, and then commenced throwing his ball against the schoolhouse, to catch it as it bounded back. I could endure his noise no longer—I went into the entry, fortunately taking the precaution to close the door after me, and said in a tone, which I intended should be very stern indeed:

"Willie, you *must* be quiet."

Alas, for my sternness! my voice quivered, broke into a sob, and I could no longer repress the tears. Willie looked up astonished.

"What are you crying for?" he asked, and

I could only tell him, because he was so naughty. He was sorry in an instant, for he is a kind-hearted little fellow. I wiped away the traces of my foolishness, talked with Willie a little, took a book of pictures from my pocket for him to amuse himself with, and went back to the schoolroom a happier girl than, five minutes before, I imagined that I ever could be again in P—. The foolish feeling that I should be turned away from the school, for keeping no order, was dismissed as I found all so quiet. I found no difficulty in conducting the remaining exercises as well as usual. When school finished, Mrs. Wright claimed the fulfilment of my promise to go home with her. I was unusually tired, but thought it inadvisable to excuse myself, so I was soon on my way with the two ladies. Willie was no longer under my care, and I was really amused by his antics; had he interrupted me, when speaking, as often as he did his mother, I should have been troubled by him, but he was quite respectful to me. When we reached the lane, Mrs. Wright said, coaxingly:

"Now, Willie, run forward and kindle a fire and put the kettle on. Will you not, dear?"

"No, I won't; you can kindle one yourself if you want one," he saucily replied, as he ran off. His mother pretended not to hear him. I pitied her, but there was a slight feeling of bitterness connected with the thought that all the parents, whether they govern their children at home or not, expect that I shall govern them perfectly at school, if am fitted to teach. I wonder who ever thought of being fitted for a mother? Not Mrs. Wright, I am sure.

I promised Mrs. Haley to visit at her home soon, and requested her to visit us again, adding that I thought we should appear more creditably next time.

"I presume you will," she replied, continuing in a low, earnest tone, "I wanted to help you this afternoon."

I evidently had not mistaken the expression of her face.

I had quite a pleasant visit at Mrs. Wright's. They are both very social. Mr. Wright has a kind, cordial way of expressing himself, particularly suited to win friends. He said, he has been much pleased with the reports of our school which have come to him, and he intends to give us a call some rainy day, though he has not been in a school since he was a

boy? I hope Willie will not take advantage of his presence to trouble me. He seems to have no sort of fear, and very little respect for either parent. I think Mrs. Wright seems under some restraint, in the presence of her husband. I do not see why she should, since he is so kind and pleasant.

Just at sunset, as we were chatting busily, a carriage was driven to the door, and Mr. Wright's sister, with her family, alighted. I had been introduced to the unexpected newcomers, and was left to entertain them, while Mr. Wright attended to their horses and his wife prepared a supper, when I saw Miss Sophy passing. I told Mrs. Perkins, and she expressed a wish to see her. I found no difficulty in persuading her to come in and wait till I could be excused. She was glad to meet Mrs. Perkins, and enjoyed the little time we remained very much. Mrs. Wright expressed regret at my departure, though she could but acknowledge that my company would give her more pleasure some other time.

Then I had such a pleasant walk home, with Miss Sophy. I told her how much Miss Rebecca had told me of her trials, because it did not seem right for me to be so well informed concerning her early life, without her knowing it. I was glad I told her. I seemed to claim her confidence, and she recognized the claim. As the twilight deepened, and I clung closer to her side, she talked to me so beautifully of life and its duties, that I almost longed for some great trial to make me like her. She seemed to read my thought and answer it, as she referred to the little trials of life. These she thinks, if rightly improved, may conduce to the improvement of the soul as much as the heavier ones, which come but rarely. We ought to feel that our Heavenly Father knows best what discipline our souls need, and take all trials as sent, in love, for our highest good.

This morning it rained hard the whole time. I was thankful enough that I did not remain at Mr. Wright's last night. The forenoon was very dark, and the schoolhouse seemed gloomy. I wish we could have it white-washed. Only half the children were at school, and I could not wonder at the absence of the others, as it would not have been prudent for them to have walked. Mr. Mortimer brought Alice, as she thought she could not lose so nice a time to study. I was very thankful she came, for her

presence encouraged me. In her expressive face I could read something I had accomplished myself, and it gave me pleasure. I have enjoyed the mornings I have spent here with her, because she has improved so rapidly.

If it could only be my dullest scholars who would present themselves rainy days, how I would try to assist them. The best ones always come, and the efforts which I make to advance them more rapidly than usual, only place them still further from their classmates.

It cleared away this noon and the children came. The day seems short and pleasant to look back upon, and this evening I have been sewing very busily, and chatting with aunt Bekky. I think she seems more excitable than usual this week. She talks in earnest very little indeed. I wish she would not jest so much. Jokes are good for spice, but who wants to live upon spice?

THE FIRST COUPLE.

It is a subject of regret with many that they know nothing of the early history of "the first man." They are so inquisitive that the old adage, "in Adam's fall, we sinned all," does not satisfy them. They would fain know whether he was ever a boy, and if so, who were his teachers, but if he was the first man he certainly would not have had any but intuitive perceptions. And then what a lonely time he must have had of it! Placed in that beautiful garden, filled with fruits and flowers, at liberty to roam everywhere, and feel he was sole "monarch of all he surveyed," with nobody to fret him, and nobody to dispute him about mine and thine, he must, of necessity, have been a very amiable young man.

But it seems he did not enjoy being a bachelor—and so a rib-bone, taken from himself, must have been an object of peculiar tenderness. He had no relatives in law to object to the match, and we generally conceive of Mrs. Eve, as a full-grown person, who in the very beginning of her being was a married woman, and a terribly inquisitive one, too. How she must have teased our great progenitor to know the names of every fruit and tree in the garden. It is a wonder if she talked grammatically, for she had never studied "geography, grammar, nor arithmetic." There can be little doubt, however, but she was a lady of

most indomitable will, fully bent upon carrying her sway, for she cared not for the interdicted fruit; she would just taste of it, and being of most generous impulses, of course, she desired Adam to enjoy all she did, and so she persuaded him to eat with her. How little did she dream that so trifling an act, would so immortalize her in after ages. In one light, it does seem as an offence, which might have been forgiven; probably she was of a curious make, and if there had been no prohibition, she would have passed by the Tree of Knowledge. She might not been aware of the sin of eating an apple! She had never witnessed the consequences of transgression, and when all mankind are so prone to condemn her for one solitary act of disobedience, we long to ask them how heinous must be our repeated transgressions, after so many centuries, which have revealed to us the nature and certain consequences of our disobedience.

We are, on the whole, disposed to regard Adam and Eve as a gentleman and lady, whom it would have been a privilege to have known; they would have been so fresh and original, not warped by fashion, nor living for effect, nor tormented with the dread of what people would think of them. It is not probable that any of their descendants has written their obituaries with so graphic a pen as the immortal Milton, for he understood the true worth of loveliness and innocence by steady contemplation with an internal vision.

And yet, it seems generally admitted, that Mrs. Eve entailed a great deal of vanity upon her posterity. Of course, as she was created a human being, by seeing her image reflected in the lake, she must have been aware of her personal charms; besides, why should we not regard Adam as a modern husband, who was conscious of his wife's attractions, and sometimes, during their honeymoon, at least, hinted to her that a part of the stigma of that entailment rests upon him as well as herself.

We doubt whether full justice has ever been done by mortals to this wedded pair. They have been terribly mangled, and although quoted by every child as "the first man," yet we have never seen the title of Mr. or Esq., appended to the name, while many only remember the couplet about his "fall," as being connected with a very wicked person, named "Adam!" The same incivility we find attach-

ed to his lady by their impolite posterity, not even speaking of her as Mrs. Eve! And yet, we are taught in all our rules of good breeding and treatises on moral duties, that we should exercise the highest respect to our natural parents; and if so, how much greater is the obligation due to our first parents? How should we feel rebuked for admonishing our friends of their derelictions, by appending the phrase, "there is some of old Adam left in you yet."

It is a good rule to think as well as we can of the worst of our species. How much sin then have we all committed in villifying our first progenitors! Why not in future think and write about them as very respectable people, who were a temperate, sober-minded couple, who in our day would certainly have ranked among the chief of our citizens as being among the richest of fruit-growers, and in our horticultural societies would unquestionably have taken the largest premiums for the rarest exotics. Further than this, too; this couple would undoubtedly have been unflinching advocates of the total abstinence cause, and Mrs. Eve (as she might now have been metamorphozed into Eva,) would have had a prominent rank in "the school of design," for she never would have thought of sewing those fig leaves into an apron, unless she had been a woman of delicate taste; and who can doubt but she made a very pretty effect with the combination of varieties which her elegant garden furnished. We therefore would adhere to the old fashioned maxim to "give honor to whom honor is due."

—*Boston Olive Branch.*

THE PATH TO HEAVEN.

We select the following beautiful and instructive allegory from a pleasant Sabbath school book, entitled "The Old Man's Home." Little Annie was mourning for the death of a pious old pauper, who had been under her father's charge, and from whom she had learned of the Heavenly home. To the question whether she did not expect to meet him again in that home, or whether her home was different from his:

"Oh, no," she answered, with unexpected earnestness, "we are all children of the same Father, and all travel to the same Home—that is," she added, looking down, and coloring

deeply, "if we are careful to keep in the path that leads to it."

"And what path is that, Annie?"

"The path of trustful obedience, and quiet faith, and holy love," was her immediate reply.

I knew at once that the words were not her own, but that she spoke from memory, and that I had accidentally led her to one of the old man's allegories. I was anxious for my own sake to hear more of it, and it seemed to me that it might be good for her own sorrow, to turn her thoughts for a little while into this channel; so I continued:

"And is it a pleasant path, Annie, that leads us home?"

"It is an up-hill path," she said; "but as we walk along it, we can, if we will, awake soft notes of music beneath our feet, and there are whispering winds to cheer us on our way."

"And what, Annie," I asked, "do you mean by the soft music and the whispering wind?"

"The soft music is prayer," she replied, "and the whispering wind, the Holy Spirit of God."

"And can we," I said, "have the soft music without the whispering wind? I mean, can we pray without the assistance of God's Holy Spirit?"

But there was no need for me to have explained the question; the language of allegory was most familiar to the mind of the child, and she had recourse to it in her reply.

"No, sir," she said, "for the spirit of harmony dwells in the breeze; and it is the wind alone that gives life to the music, and bears it upward from earth to Heaven."

I cannot tell how far she realized the deep meaning of these words, for I did not venture to examine her upon them. I was afraid lest I should only render indistinct the image which they conveyed to her mind, by touching the colors with an unskilful hand.

Presently I resumed:—"It must, Annie, I think, be a pleasant path along which the wind thus murmurs, and the music plays!"

"It is a pleasant path," she replied, "and yet it is very thickly covered with thorns. "But," she added, and from the smile which for a moment lit up her countenance, it seemed as though this were the metaphor which pleased her best, "they are all magic thorns; and if we look upward to the clear blue sky, and tread

firmly upon them, they keep changing into flowers.

"And is there not another path," I said, venturing to guess at the conclusion of the allegory, "which leads away from home, and along which the flowers, as you tread upon them, keep changing into thorns?"

But I was wrong in my conjecture, for she looked perplexed, and replied, "I do not know, sir, about the other paths; the old man never used to talk to me but of one." And I felt ashamed of my question, as I said within myself, "oh, happy child, to know as yet but of one path; and happy teacher, to have so shared the innocence of childhood as to have spoken to her but of one!"

Presently, however, she continued, as though she observed my confusion. "But, sir, he said there were flowers which grow by the wayside. When the wind blows softly upon them they perfume the air: and their fragrance is very sweet and pleasant to those who pass them by; but if we stop to gather them, then they become magic flowers, and keep changing into thorns. And do you know, sir, why it is so?"

"Not exactly," I replied; "I should like you to explain it to me."

"Because, sir," she said, "when we gather them, we stoop down, and turn our eyes towards the earth, instead of gazing upward upon the clear, blue sky."

"But, Annie," I observed, "you have not yet told me what are the flowers which we gather, or the thorns on which we tread."

"The thorns," she replied, "are the trials and afflictions which God sends us; the flowers are the pleasures and amusements which we make choice of for ourselves."

"Then, Annie," I said, "the children who gather the magic flowers are those who follow their own will, while those who tread upon the magic thorns are such as submit themselves quietly to the will of God."

Her countenance became grave, and I saw that she already guessed my meaning. I thought her mind was now sufficiently prepared to allow me to apply directly to her own case the old man's allegory: and it seemed as though his spirit were resting upon me while I did so, and I used almost unconsciously the language of metaphor.

"Annie," I continued, "a very sharp and piercing thorn was but yesterday placed in

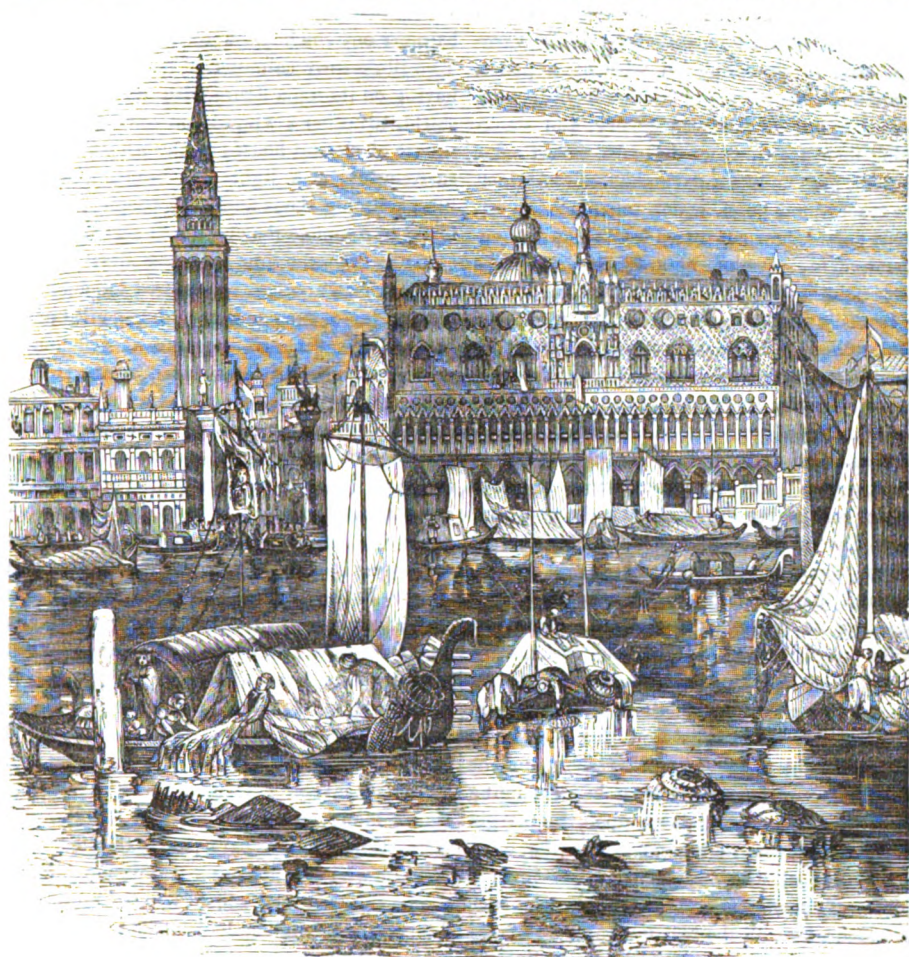
your path. Your foot is young and tender, and I do not wonder that you should shrink from treading upon it." She trembled violently at this direct allusion to her grief, and yet looked anxiously in my face, as though she wished me to say more. My own voice began to falter, and I could only add, "But, believe me, your kind friend did not deceive you; the thorn of affliction lies on the path homewards; and if you have but courage to walk quietly on, there is none that with greater certainty will change into a flower. Go, Annie, and awaken the soft music, and you will be cheered by the whispering wind."

A PARISIAN SOIREE.

We extract a description of a Parisian soiree, from which many who form our good society may learn a lesson:

"An hour or two after dinner people begin to collect or rather drop-in. The valet announces them at the door of the saloon, and then all ceremony apparently ends. The new comers go up and salute the mistress of the house, perhaps chat a moment or two with her, and then form or join groups here and there. If any topic be stirred that interests them, they remain an hour or so and then depart, without saluting either the host or hostess unless they happen to be near the door. A formal 'good night' might suggest to the others the necessity of retiring. Sometimes a visitor remains only a few moments. Very often there is an entire change of persons once or twice in the course of the evening. The conversation, seldom loud, and there is more pleasantry or chat than discussion. *Ladies, instead of arranging themselves in a line—* which it requires more than mortal courage to approach—take their places at various parts of the room, and are soon surrounded by acquaintances. On entering they make a salutation—half bow, half courtesy—to the mistress of the house, and always say *adieu* to her. If she be young she rises to receive them, or perhaps waits for new comers near the door. When they go, she accompanies them, sometimes, even as far as the ante-chamber, where they put on their bonnets and shawls."

Aristotle, on being censured for bestowing alms on a bad man, made the following noble reply: "I did not give it to the man; I gave it to humanity."



VENICE.

[From the letters of "A Tennessean Abroad," just published by Redfield, we take the annexed description of this old city, around which, in every mind, cluster the most romantic associations:—]

Leaving Verona, in the afternoon, on an excellent railroad, we passed through Padua, situated between two ranges of mountains in a narrow valley, filled with grape vines trained on trees, and laden with the most delicious fruit, to the renowned city of Venice. It was late in the night when we reached the station. The officers kindly passed our luggage without the trouble of examination. In the twinkling of an eye, the gondoliers had us in keeping.

and before we knew by what, or how, we found that we were gliding up a street—a phantom street—the houses rising on both sides of the water, and the long, black boat gliding on beneath their windows. It appeared like a heaven, and all was so silent and strange that it was difficult to realize that we were passing through a populous city inhabited by human beings like ourselves. We proceeded up the Canal Grande as far as the Porte di Rialto, where we branched off and continued to hold our course through narrow streets and alleys, all filled and flowing with water. Some of the corners where our way led us were so narrow and acute that it seemed impossible for the

long, slender boat to turn them; but the skilful gondoliers, with a low, melodious cry of warning, sent it skimming on without a pause. Sometimes, the rowers of another dark-looking boat, like our own, echoed the cry, and slackening their speed, as we did ours, would come dashing past us like a dark shadow. At last, we reached our hotel, which was once an ancient palace, now converted into a house of entertainment. Feeling no disposition to sleep after passing through such fairy-like scenes, we quietly seated ourselves around a cheerful fire, talked of home and friends, wishing in our hearts that you were with us to share the beauties of this curious old city.

Dreaming of gondolas, palaces, and the Merchant's Daughter, I rose on the following morning and saw the sun rise in splendor (after being obscured for many days) on objects that no words of mine can describe. I looked out on boats and barks—on masts, cordage, flags—on groups of busy sailors, working at the cargoes of their vessels—on wide quays, strewn with bales, casks, merchandise of all kinds—on huge men-of-war, lying at anchor in stately indolence—on islands, crowned with gorgeous domes and turrets, and where golden crosses shone in the light, atop of wondrous churches springing from the sea. "Going down upon the margin of the green sea, rolling on before the door, and filling all the streets, we came upon a place of such surpassing beauty and such grandeur, that all the rest was poor and faded in comparison with its absorbing loveliness." It was the great Piazza of St. Mark, so renowned in story and rich in elegant structures. On the east side stands the old palace Ducale, once the residence of the Doges of Venice, a building much injured and blackened by time, yet more magnificent than all the palaces of Italy. Adjoining it is the Cathedral of San Marco, gorgeous in the wild, luxuriant fancies of the East; not far from its porch, a lofty tower, called the Campanile, standing by itself, and rearing its proud head high towards heaven, commands a view of the Lido and the Adriatic Sea. Near it is a second tower not so lofty as the first, but far richer in its decorations, bearing on its summit a great orb, gleaming with gold and deepest blue; the twelve signs painted on it and a mimic sun revolving in its course around them; while

above, two Herculean statues made of bronze hammer out the hours upon a sounding bell. Two ill-omened columns of red granite—one having on its top a figure with its sword and shield, the other a winged lion—and an oblong square of elegant houses of the whitest stone, surrounded by a light and beautiful arcade filled with jug shops and busy people, all combined to complete the enchanted scene. After standing for some time admiring first one object and then another, we entered the doorway of San Marco, surmounted by huge, gilt horses brought from the Hippodrome at Constantinople when that city was taken by the Crusaders, and ornamented with mosaic of the largest and most costly workmanship. The vestibule extends along the whole front, in the centre of which there is a lozenge of reddish marble, marking the place where Pope Alexander III. and the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa were reconciled, through the intervention of the Venetian Republic. The vaulting is covered with mosaics, and around the walls stand numerous columns of precious marble, brought from the East. The interior is extremely rich; the walls and columns are of precious marbles, the vaulting covered with old mosaics, with gold ground, and the floor is of tessellated marble. In the sacristy, we were shown many precious stones and metals, glittering through iron bars, and exhibited only to those who can procure a permission. Some things are exhibited which require more credulity than has fallen to our share to possess; such as the stone upon which John the Baptist was beheaded, and the rock from which the water gushed when touched by the rod of Moses. San Marco is a grand and dreamy structure, unreal, fantastic, solemn, inconceivable throughout.

We then entered the palace, and walked leisurely through the old galleries and council chambers, "where the ancient rulers of this mistress of the waters looked sternly out, in pictures, from the walls, and where her high-prowed galleys, still victorious on canvas, fought and conquered as of old." The halls are bare and empty now, yet retaining some evidences of the ancient importance in the richness and splendor of this structure. Crossing the Bridge of Sighs, which spans a narrow street high above the water, we entered by torchlight the dark and dismal dungeons of the

old prison, the very sight of which caused me to shudder and wonder how the human heart could ever have invented such cruelties for the punishment of poor human nature. The cold, damp cells, the instruments of torture, the narrow bridge, and the lions' mouths—now toothless—where denunciations of innocent men were dropped, all remain as commentaries upon the doings of the wicked councils that sat in judgment upon the actions of men.

This is the city of palaces and churches, many of which contain relics and paintings of great value, a description of which would fill many letters.

An excursion to the island of Lido, where Byron used to bathe and ride, is generally made by persons who visit Venice. The beach is devoid of beauty, and the island barren and unattractive, except to those who consider beautiful every spot associated with the poet's name. On our return, we stopped at the Armenian College, situated on a small island near the city. We were politely received by one of the priests, who kindly furnished us with an Armenian book published in the college, and introduced us to Lord Byron's tutor, now an old and infirm man, prepared, as he told us, to obey the summons of Almighty God.

While in Milan, I gave you an account of the reception of the Emperor in that city, which was cold and formal, being the work of hirelings, and not the spontaneous outpouring of the heart of the great body of the people. In Venice, it was pretty much the same, with the exception of the manner, being on the water instead of an open Piazza or broad street. It was midnight when he entered the city, his approach being announced by the thundering of cannon and the sound of a thousand bells. Not wishing to lose the sight, we threw our cloaks around us, hurried through the old Exchange, and stood on the Rialto, under which the procession of gondolas passed. The old bridge was magnificently illuminated with lamps of every color, the palaces on the Canal Grande were all lighted up, music of every kind filled the air, and dark gondolas glided swiftly along to join the procession. In a short time, the youthful Emperor came along, and we expected to hear the greeting of the crowd on the Rialto, but all was silent as the grave; no voice was heard to say "Vive l'Empereur," no face indicated approbation, but all

seemed like a funeral, so silent and melancholy, that I retired almost regretting that I had gone out.

EXTRACTS FROM

"A PEEP INTO SHERWOOD FOREST."

BY CHARLES REECE PEMBERTON.

At the little, out of the way, undisturbed village of Edwinston, you can see no indication, nor, without previously acquired knowledge, would you guess that you are within five minutes' walk of the most perfect specimen of antique forest, the most sequestered and distinctly characterized elf and fairy realm on earth. It is the last vestige of Sherwood's right to renown. It stands alone, as it has stood for the last thousand years; as it stood centuries before graceless King John and his graceless nobles and courtiers hunted the deer under its umbrageous boughs; before Norman William grasped the Saxon homesteads, and desolated the hearths of a hundred yeomen to gorge one of his bull-headed fellow-ruffians. By itself it stands, and is like no other spot on which my eyes have ever looked, or my feet have ever trod. It is Birkland, a beautiful land of beautiful birches, with near it, adjoining it, a noble neighbor, *Billhaghor Bellhagh*, all of oaks, which have seen ten generations come and pass away. Among the birches, too, stand many of these tall, huge, bulky and venerable giants. But come, reader, let us walk to this Birkland, up the short street, through the village, throwing as we go a passing glance at the church's old tower and queer spire, and wondering inquisitively at the odd fancy which placed the eight niches at the tower's top, and the spire's foot; wherein formerly stood as many gray-coated, gray-nosed, and gray-skinned goodly stone saints, which an opposing sect of image worshippers, deeming the elevation of these impious or idolatrous, dismounted and demolished. A few paces more, and Edwinston is behind you; here the road branches off in a Y fashion; that to the left inclining more to a right angle with the street: the right hand road leads to Thoresby Park—the left is the road to nowhere, or anywhere; for as your eye runs along it you perceive it grows turfey and green, being little trodden, except by sheep and harvest wains. Take either of these roads, but

proceed directly onwards. Just at the junction of the forks, the apex of the angle, is a company of tall graceful trees, firs, and other gentlefolks, towering aloft and very beautiful! Look well at them—take impressions of them strongly—they are the portal spirits to something more grand, august, sublime: perhaps they are octogenarians—or a century old, yet they will appear like striplings, infants, by the contrast to which you are approaching. Walk down upon that smooth sinking sweep of undulation: how gracefully it bends! like the mighty, magnificent curve in a vast and green Atlantic billow, which by some omnipotence, some invisible hand, has been suspended in its rolling, and fixed thus as we see it.

“Here let the billows stiffen and have rest!”

said the great voice, and it was so. A stone-covered well is all that breaks the verdant, rootless, tuftless, weedless surface; an upholster would not have nailed his green baize or drugget more evenly on your parlor-carpet, nor glued his billiard-table cloth more *wrinklessly*—so lies this verdant carpet, this fixed curve of the sea, till the uprising crowning crest of the billow, ruffled with gorse, with its millions of yellow blossoms,—the ocean spray changed into bright and burning gold, which mingles its glory with the bending blue of heaven. That is the barrier ridge which completely conceals the universe beyond, and is it not a gorgeous barrier? It is so resplendent in its beauty that your heart throbs in loving worship of it. Here pause at its foot, and drink in the joy which it pours forth abundantly; and having done so, look upward to the ridge, and without pausing in your step as you wind to the summit, do but mark how these hoary-headed giants march up, forward upon, into your vision—and from the ridge bound down that gently inclining slope. In twenty steps the world is quite shut out: you are in a strange, solemn and old universe. You have passed from time to eternity. No. You have leaped out of the present, back a thousand years. Your dull lump of earth—your hundred and forty pounds avoirdupois, more or less, of clay, is at once exhaled, or has dropped off, away from your existence! You are become unweighable essence, etherially. You are all air—a bird—a spirit—you feel that you could leap like a cricket, with less than a cricket's ponderosity: ankle-deep you

are enclosed in elastic moss, from which you rebound with the lightness of cork, or a ball of caoutchouc. Do not yet look around you, nor above you: close your eyes, and you breathe bliss—you float—sail—fly! You are in heaven. Not yet—the chirping of the jackdaws tell you this still is earth—for it is not yet said whether jackdaws go to heaven. Still this is heaven; and you love it all the better on finding that it teems with the creatures of earth—living—breathing—voiced creatures—and their speech-chirping here is delicious harmony—glorious concord. Bound a few steps more—you must bound, leap—you are full charged with electric fluid, and cannot *walk*. Stop: lift up your head, and gaze and gasp in the overpowering inspiration—which penetrates limbs—heart—and soul! and holds you mute awhile.

A magnificent temple—the ruined Palmyra of the forest, roofed by the wide arch of heaven! beautifully grand—awful, solemn, and deeply, intensely affecting: while it bows you down in adoration, it fills your spirit with love. There is nothing dark, nothing fearful, nothing sad in your soul while you gaze—you *do* love it—it wraps you in a sublimity of affection—you feel it is all your friend—your parent, your guardian—it blesses you while you worship it: and you bless it for the blessing it bestows. You feel that it was not the pride of man—nor the mockery of a false religion which reared this wondrous temple—that neither fraud nor oppression mingled in the design—nor has human vanity ever desecrated the holy place with monuments to its honor. Gray and hoary with antiquity, the massive columns, though scathed and rent and bruised by a thousand storms, yet uplift themselves in stately dignity; or like reverend sages, more reverend from the scathe of elements, stretching out their arms in counsel, or upwards in appeal to the Father of Creation! and they look so nobly calm; so gently majestic. Enchained for a time is every faculty, corporeal and intelligent, till wondering love grows bold, familiar; but in that boldness is no rudeness: it is reverential still: like the confiding assurance of candid and unsophisticated youth in the supervision of an ancient man, whose face age has not crimped with frowns—whose voice peevishness has not cracked into treble pipes by scolding—whose moral beauty and benignity have grown under Time's touch—

whose authority is benevolence. In the familiarity is no insolence, no presumption, nor servile courting of old wisdom's condescension. It is the open spirit of a child to a parent, whose philosophy in training that child, has been, and is, so unlike so many of the world's wise ones; the philosophy which has deemed the task, the rod, the scourge, the unswerving imperative mood, and all lessons of fear, and duty, and obedience, and all coercive discipline, do but alienate the child's love, and turn the fountains of affection to lasting streams of bitterness, which transform beauty into deformity—change light to darkness—substitute hypocrisy of form for mind's earnestness, and dry, heart-gnawing convention and compulsion for the gushings and bubblings of devoted tenderness. It is in the assurance of reciprocated affection that youth grows bold in ancient wisdom's presence, and that such child is familiar with such parent. So, on the subsiding of the floods of emotion, mingling awe, and love, and reverence, you stand amidst this age-worn magnificence, and look upon those antique oaks with a deep, serene joy. Your eye courses the whole; then approach and examine in detail parts and particulars: and how many images arise from the survey! Fancy suggests an alternation and succession of comparisons, and each comparison gives instant birth to its appropriate feeling. You ring the changes on your sensations: yet all are pleasant ones.

* * * * *

But turn your eye to the left, westward; what see you there? Is it a sun burst upon a line, a sheet, a field of silver? or the snowy haze of a dewy exhalation floating beneath a denser and darker canopy of clouds? Neither. What thus fixes your gaze in admiration are the thousands of white and glistening stems of graceful birch-trees—silent spirits of beauty—sylphs in meditation—dryad damsels assembled there to dream. Look at them, and wonder at their glory. Are you not impelled, attracted by a hidden and undefinable sympathy towards them? How you wish and long to mingle your being and every sense with that quiet, harmonious, and delicious solitude, which wafts to you a wooing invitation. Then away! Spring over the elastic carpets of richly tinted mosses—dash through the yielding heather barriers—pause and stoop to look on the bright red stems that bend to your pres-

sure, entwine round your limbs, and flash their beauty up into your eyes. You are stepping on, through and over the annually renovated growths of twenty centuries or more; and the prostrate brown ferns which crackle beneath your feet, will, in a few weeks, send up from their earth-hidden roots, thousands of tall, curling, green younglings, to mingle with the purple blossoms of the heather—then may you riot and roll in a sea of perfume—leap—spring, bound along now in a delight which feels not the clog of animality. You inhale the exhilarating gas in such copiousness, that veins and arteries are no longer the channels of blood—they are all air-cells and electric conductors: the bird above your head floats not more buoyantly than you bound and sail on this precious bosomed earth. Wind your way down to that broad line of clearing, that avenue of enchantment; it seems to have been intended for a carriage road, but luckily, the projector, rather amending his taste, or growing sick of the novelty, no longer charmed with his first vague, unfastening impressions of beauty, has abandoned it again to the old possessors, turf, and fern and heather. Here walk awhile, slowly it must be, for you are fascinated into hesitation, and pause at every step. There they are, grouped in 'magical beauty, silent loveliness! Amid each group, in serious pride of contemplation of the gracious forms and spirits around him, stands a reverend oak, smiling serenely, serenely and benignantly smiling, while he contemplates—the sultan of the harem! But they are not his slaves—they are as free as himself. Yes, there they are, fair young nymphs; their slender forms enveloped in white silk and silver; their smooth limbs just perceivably waving; and their abundant, glorious, pendulous tresses swinging in the light wind; swaying gently to and fro, their rich heads and drooping locks are moving to the sweet music, that immortal harmony, which cannot be heard in our "muddy vestiture of decay." The sky above bends down upon the scene to look and listen, and clasps the whole in an embrace of joy. Your soul is heaving and swelling in the fullness of happiness, of enchantment, as you gaze here. Your heart floods with a rushing tide of eloquence; but speech is too poor to bear it along, and voiceless and tongueless it rolls within, bathing and imbuing

every faculty of thought and feeling with the omnipotence of love. If you cast your reflections back upon the world you have left, far, far behind you, search the stores of memory, and examine each fibre of sense which memory agitates. Is there any bad passion there? is there any corrosion, any harshness, stirs there one breath of ill-will to any human being? Is not all your soul steeped in benevolence? Is there one tinge of reflection which is not of love to all God's creatures? No, no, all are good, all are beautiful; you are what you would have all things, a totality of peace! You are a Christian, then; you are adoring Heaven! Keep the instructions which these contemplations give you in your heart; store them there, and let them guide your practice when you mingle with the world.

* * * * *

Oh! it is good to walk where Nature unfolds her beauty amid her silentness, and you carry good back into the bustling world from these occasional visits to her flowery and woodland domains. Bless you, Birkland; good bye for the present, and remain for ever in your beauty!

THE CAVE AT MILLS FALLS.

BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

I was seated by a comfortable fire in the parlor of one of the hotels in a flourishing village at the west—the west of twenty years ago—not Kansas or Nebraska.

The night without was clear and cold, and the crackling of the snow under the feet of the passers-by, had a biting sound, that made me draw closer to the ruddy blaze that was roaring up the chimney. There seemed to be no other guests present to enjoy the favors of mine host, or to disturb the tranquility of my rest after a long, cold day of travel, and, having done chivalrous duty to a hot supper, I had drawn a rocking-chair and a small table to a corner of the fire place, and sat dividing my time between a sleepy reverie of somebody, or something, and a sleeper book that had been written by somebody, somewhere.

I felt exceedingly comfortable, and quite in a humor to be satisfied with the world in general, and myself in particular, and, indulging in the humane opinion that my own convenience was the thing of prime importance in the universe, I was fain to congratulate my-

self from time to time on the undisturbed possession of my quarters, and the probability that the coldness of the night would prevent the appearance of other travellers. In these congratulations, however, I was suddenly interrupted by a triumphant rattling of sleigh bells up to the door, and a sound of boisterous merriment bursting unceremoniously into the hall, and quite as unceremoniously into the parlor which I had considered so exclusively my own. They were a party of young people, numbering some ten or twelve, and evidently belonging to the country near, for they seemed quite as much at home under the roof, as I could claim to be myself, the gentlemen calling about them lustily for such good things as the house afforded, and the ladies helping themselves unhesitatingly to the comforts of the parlor.

One of the latter showed herself at once to be a beauty and a pet, from the peremptory manner in which she treated her companions, and when a devoted admirer had provided her a warm seat by the fire, she tossed her head contemptuously, and throwing down her hood upon the table, and shaking free a mass of shining ringlets over her mantle, commenced a graceful pirouette around the room. She was petit, and pert, with a foot like a gazelle, a laugh like the sound of a mimic waterfall, and a skin like the leaf of the water lily in its first bloom. She paid not the least attention to the questions or remarks of the party until, breathless with her waltzing, she danced up to a tall, dark-eyed girl who occupied the only other rocking-chair, besides my own, which the parlor afforded, and with a series of bows and curtsies, exclaimed, "I'm tired, Lucy Ghellis—if you please ma'am, I'm tired."

"I presume so," replied the person addressed, settling back significantly, into her rocking chair. "I think any one would have a right to be tired after the performance you have just finished."

"Yes, ma'am," continued Alice, for so they called the little maiden, "and it was all for your particular benefit, ma'am, and I would like to rest, ma'am."

"Ah!" said Lucy, laughing, "then I beg you you will proceed to rest."

Alice turned round, as if despairing of success in that quarter, and folding her little round arms upon her bosom, exclaimed, with

her mouth drawn quaintly up, "I'll be so good as to ride home with any gentleman as will procure me the possession of that same rocking-chair that Miss Ghellis monopolizes."

This brought several at once to their feet, and various and laughable were the expedients resorted to, to drive Miss Lucy from her seat.

She retained it, however, with decided composure, and a pretended ignorance of what was demanded of her, until, in the midst of their merriment on the subject, supper was announced.

I had been sufficiently amused by the party to wait with some interest for their return, but before the rattling of the knives had ceased across the hall, the parlor door opened, and Alice Lyn slid quietly into the rocking-chair. When the party returned, however, the former occupant took no notice of her presence, somewhat to the chagrin of Alice, as I fancied, but, after a few moments, when the restless beauty had darted from her seat, Miss Ghellis resumed her former position with the utmost nonchalance, and the contest for the disputed chair was commenced with renewed vigor, very much in the manner of noisy child's play.

I now rose from the comfortable seat in which I had hitherto indulged, and passing it over to the party, offered it to Miss Lyn. She turned upon me with a frightened look, exclaiming, "Oh no, sir, thank you, thank you, I don't want a rocking-chair," and perching herself with astute dignity on the corner of a little lounge, she seemed to strive assiduously for the space of five minutes to look grave.

Miss Ghellis, however, with a dignity and politeness I had by no means expected in a party of hoydenish school girls, as I had decided them to be, apologized for having disturbed me with their noisy child's play; and I was just debating in my own mind whether I could take advantage of the opening, and continue the conversation—for there was something in her looks and manner that pleased me—when Alice Lyn once more started to her feet, and declared that she was going to Mills Falls. Some of the party remonstrated that it was quite too cold for such an expedition, but Miss Lyn, with native pertinacity, asserted that it was not cold at all, but, on the contrary, we were going to have a thaw—she had no doubt it would rain before morning. This assertion drew forth much merriment, and various proofs

of the severity of the weather were adduced, but to all this Alice replied very positively—

"I don't care for that, I know it is going to thaw, for our yellow hen crowed to-night, and she never crows except it's going to thaw."

In the midst of the laughter which this occasioned, a young man, who had that day travelled some twenty miles from the southward, asserted that it was raining in B—that morning, when he left.

"I told you so!" exclaimed Alice. "This is the last snow we shall have this winter, and I wish to see Mills Falls in the ice, before I die. Who knows but I shall be under the snow myself before another winter?"

Alice Lyn's plea prevailed, and the party were soon equipped, and set off gayly to the Falls. For myself, I sat listening till the sound of their voices died away, and then, possessed by a singular curiosity to know more of the party, and the place they were so anxious to visit, I looked for the landlord, that I might inquire the direction, and follow them.

I had recently finished my medical studies at an eastern university, and had been, for two or three months, travelling through the Western States in search of a location where I might win a comfortable way in the world. This was the first party of sociable young people I had seen during the winter, and, as they were the kind of people with whom I expected to pass my future life, I felt an unusual degree of interest in them.

"They have gone round by the road," said the clerk at the bar, in answer to my enquiries. "But if you don't mind the snow, you will find it much shorter to strike off right through the woods east from the village. The noise of the Falls will direct you—it is not far, in that direction."

I hesitated a moment about taking this advice, as I saw it would bring me on the opposite side of the river from the party whose steps I was following, but a second thought convinced me that this would give me all I had a right to desire—a good view of the Falls, and would lay me open to no charge of intrusion; so I took the path which had been recommended.

Once out of doors I perceived that the snow no longer crackled under the feet as it had done at nightfall, and other signs of a sudden and decisive change in the weather were so evi-

dent as to surprise me. "I should not wonder if it rained here before morning," I said to myself, as I wended my way among the tall trees that stand so grimly in a Western forest.

The black branches were now laden with their picturesque foliage of snow, and the moon, wading through thick masses of floating clouds that were gathering in the sky, left the night just dark enough to give free scope to the fancy, in the images with which it peopled the dim wood. Occasionally an owl, from some quaint niche amid the branches, would send out its shrill "tu whoo" in acknowledgment of my approach; but there was nothing else to break in upon the monotonous sound with which the rumbling Falls filled the air. The wood through which I was passing, skirted the village at no great distance from the hotel I had left; and I had not gone over three quarters of a mile, when I found myself standing on the banks of the river, at the foot of a waterfall of unusual beauty. The river leaped suddenly over a precipice of some thirty feet, and the volume of water had worn its way in the centre, so as to give a crescent shape to the fall, while the ragged points of the rocks jutted far out on either side, fringed with dropping cedars—heaped with snow, and adorned with icicles of such various and beautiful forms, that a less enthusiastic person than Alice Lyn might well have wished to see Mills Falls in the ice before he died. The dance and turmoil of the water was sufficient to keep the river clear from ice for some little distance below the Falls; and tempted by the white spray that was rolling up at my feet, I stooped and dipped my hand in the water, and was surprised to find how much warmer it was than the atmosphere. The stream was one of those that take their rise on the high ridge between the lakes and the Ohio, so that its source was many miles away to the south. While I was still wondering about the warmth of the water, my attention was arrested by the appearance of the party that I had followed from the hotel, but who, having taken a longer road than I, had only just arrived. I could hear their voices calling gaily to each other, and could distinguish the form of Alice Lyn as she danced about, and clapped her hands with bursts of unbounded admiration. Presently, a tall, dark figure advanced to the very

verge of the rocks, and stood, with folded arms, gazing with silent and absorbing interest on the scene.

"Don't stand there, Lucy Ghellis—don't stand there," shouted a voice behind her, but the warning came too late. There was a crackling of the ice—a sudden shriek—and the poor girl was struggling in the mad waves below. It was no time for thought. I knew no more, until, plunging myself in the stream, I had rescued her from the turmoil of the water, and was bearing her insensible form up the bank to a naked ledge of rock that attracted my attention. On—on—I bore my fainting burden. I did not notice how or where, until I laid her down upon some withered hemlock wreaths that lay heaped up in a sheltered place among the rocks.

I set myself at once about the task of resuscitation, but it was long ere I succeeded in rousing the feeble signs of life which she exhibited, and when, at last, she opened her eyes, it was only to fall off into a succession of fainting fits which must have lasted for two or three hours. I threw together some of the broken branches about me, and kindled a fire, both for the purpose of imparting warmth to the figure of my charge, and of relieving the increased darkness of the night. I was too much confused by what had occurred, to think clearly on any subject, but still I did not forget occasionally to send out my voice in a prolonged shout, in hopes of attracting the party who, I thought, must be searching for their companion. I did not then observe, though I afterwards remembered distinctly, that the rumbling of the Falls had so much increased as to render it impossible for any human voice to be heard above the tumult.

It must have been near midnight before she was sufficiently recovered for me to attempt to leave her in search of help, and when I did so, I had proceeded but a few steps, when, horror of horrors! my feet plunged suddenly in the water of the river, and, glancing about, I saw the arch of rock that spread above us stooping darkly down unto within a few inches of the water. I had not before observed that the spot we occupied, formed a wide-mouthed cave, somewhat in the form of a horse-shoe, except that the floor was an inclined plane, the upper part of which was higher than the roof of the arch that formed its mouth. This mouth was

now almost concealed by water which was rapidly approaching us, and from which I could see no way of escape.

"Do you know where we are?" I cried, rushing hastily back to the spot where I had left my companion.

She half rose from her seat, and with a rapid glance about her, replied:

"Certainly; we are in the cave at Mills Falls. I know the way perfectly well. Shall we go?"

"And is this the whole of the cave?" I asked breathlessly, casting my eye back at the water upon which the fire was now throwing a fearful glare of light.

Lucy sprang to her feet with a sharp cry of alarm.

"Overtaken by a freshet in the cave," she shrieked. "The Grotto—quick! we have scarcely time to reach it;" and, gathering her shawl about her, she rushed towards a distant corner of the cave. Seizing a blazing pine-knot from the fire, I followed her steps, and leaping over the water, where it crossed my path, ascended a few steps cut in the stone, and entered, through a small aperture, into the apartment she had designated as the Grotto. The floor of this room was several feet higher than that from which we had come—it was indeed, a lofty, spacious apartment, with ragged arches of rock hanging dismally from the thick gloom overhead. Unconscious as I had hitherto been, I became, in a moment, painfully alive to the horrors of our situation. I could hear the crackling and crashing of the ice above us, and the swelling and roaring of the infuriated waters, as they howled madly through the cavern we had left.

"Is there no escape from this?" I asked of my companion, after holding my torch aloft, and ascertaining the capabilities of the apartment.

Lucy shook her head hopelessly, with her white lips pressed tightly together.

"I must go back for wood," I said, "we must have a fire;" and I was about to return for some of the drift wood with which the lower cavern was thickly strewn, but a quick motion of her hand arrested me.

"Here is wood," she said, pointing to a place well stocked with broken branches: "we always have an illumination when we come here, and we were ready for a picnic last fall when Emma Martin died." She spoke with an

effort, as if her faculties were becoming more and more benumbed with a consciousness of her situation.

"Does the water ever rise to this apartment?" I asked anxiously.

"Yes—no. I don't know," answered she confusedly, "I beg pardon; yes, I remember they were talking about the water-marks here, but the gallery yonder is higher than the summit of the Falls."

I went with my torch, and examined the place she designated. It was somewhat in the shape of a huge, old-fashioned pulpit, very high, but perfectly accessible, and could hardly fail to form a safe retreat in case the water should rise to the apartment we occupied.

"We are secure from the water at least," said I, returning, while my hands instinctively sought the pockets of my hunting-coat, for I had made a pleasure as well as a business of this tour of discovery, and had frequently carried to the primitive taverns where I lodged a sufficient supply of game to furnish my supper and breakfast. On the evening in question, however, I had been more fortunate in the choice of a landlord, and my little stock of game remained untouched. Little enough it was, but it was all we had, dear reader, to sustain life during those long days that we remained water-bound in the cave at Mills Falls.

My examination of the cave had lasted but a moment, and I sat hastily about kindling a fire, for I was young and active then, besides being prompted to activity by the wet and cold state in which we were. The dense smoke, which at first rewarded my efforts, was quickly succeeded by a rapid, crackling blaze, which threw its light over the centre of the grotto, and brought out in strong relief the marble figure of my companion, who still stood where she had first paused, watching my movements with a wistful, frozen look. A cloth pelisse fitted closely to her slight, graceful figure, and the unbound masses of her raven hair felt dripping over her bloodless cheeks, and swept like a mantle of night about her shoulders.

That statue-like figure has remained faithfully daguerreotyped upon my memory ever since. I think I made some drawings of it subsequently, but when Lucy came at last to be "endowed with all my worldly goods," I suspect she destroyed this portion of them. Would you believe, dear reader, that, amid the

many causes of terror around us of that moment, she was most afraid of me?—of me! who would not only then, but at any, and every subsequent moment of my life, have sacrificed every thing for her comfort!

I have never fully believed it myself, though she continues to assert it, as a fact, to this day.

Her raven hair is streaked with silver now, and its heavy folds combed soberly away beneath a matron's cap. I see her, as I raise my eyes from my paper, and peer at her through my spectacles. She sits there knitting warm stockings for our youngest pet—our Alice—asleep in her cot. Years have passed away since then, but she is still to me the same Lucy, that I have loved from that moment until now.

Reader, do you wish to know how we escaped? how we appeared at last among the startled villagers, who had worn themselves out in a vain search for our remains?

For me it is enough to know that we did escape, and have been blessed with a long life of happiness since as a reward for our frozen courtship in the Cave at Mills Falls.

Buffalo, Sept. 1854.

AUTUMN LINES.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

A pensive call my spirit hears,
To where the fading wood uprears;
And Autumn, down the windy glades,
Goes rustling in her gay brocades.

Here gloom and gorgeousness indwell;
Upon me seems a graveyard spell;
As though 'twere eyes grief-led apart,
Scanned marvels of the sculptor's art.

Than smiling sky, and daisied green,
Dearer to me this mournful scene;
Like idle love 'mid healthful breath,
Grown worship by the bed of death.

The unclothed statues of the grove,
Faith's suited emblem, point above;
Nature, beyond her urn, describes
Spring's resurrection morn arise.

A wise traveller will push forward to the end of his journey, intent on the business he has in hand. If we feel the importance of the business of life, we shall not loiter on our way to eternity.

A POOR MAN'S WIFE.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

Her dainty hand nestled in mine, rich and white,

And timid as trembling dove:
And it twinkled about me, a jewel of light,
As she garnisht our feast of love;

'Twas the queenliest hand in all lady-land,
And she was a poor Man's wife!
Oh! but little ye'd think how that wee, white hand

Could dare in the battle of Life.

Her heart it was lowly as maiden's might be,
But hath climb'd to heroic height,
And burn'd like a shield in defence of me,
On the sorest field of fight!

And startling as fire, it hath often flasht up
In her eyes, the good heart and rare!
As she drank down her half of our bitterest cup,
And taught me how to bear.

Her sweet eyes that seem'd, with their smile sublime,

Made to look me and light me to Heaven,
They have triumph'd thro' bitter tears many a time,

Since their love to my life was given:
And the maiden-meeek voice of the womanly Wife

Still bringeth the heavens nigher;
For it rings like the voice of God over my life,
Aye, bidding me climb up higher.

I hardly dared think it was human, when

I first lookt in her yearning face;
For it shone as the heavens had open'd then,

And clad it with glory and grace!
But dearer its light of healing grew

In our dark and desolate day,
As the Rainbow, when heav'n hath no break of blue,

Smileth the storm away.

Oh! her shape was the lithest Loveliness,—
Just an armful of heav'n to unfold!

But the form that bends flower-like in love's caress,

With the Victor's strength is soul'd!

In her worshipful presence transfigur'd I stand,
And the poor Man's English home

She lights with the Beauty of Greece the grand,
And the glory of regallest Rome.

No one can know what temptation is unless he has been in it.

BURIED YOUTH.

BY MRS MARY H. EASTMAN.

I had been making preparations for the departure of my son, a little midshipman, who was about to brave the perils of the ocean, for the first time. There was but one thing more to do—to obtain his daguerreotype likeness, in the new uniform that was so becoming to him. We went to Whitehurst's gallery; I, with a sad heart; he, full of joyous anticipation, as are always the young when there is something untried and novel before them. His bright, happy face imparted something of its gaiety to mine, but I knew too well how near are the dark waters of disappointment to the crystal waves of hope.

While he was within the enclosure, under the direction of the artist, I remained in the front part of the room, looking at the representations of faces—many of which were familiar to me. I observed several groups of persons as they left the gallery; but soon my attention was arrested by a few words that I heard uttered behind me, and as I turned towards the speaker, she repeated her sentence.

"I know it is like me," she said; "but is the expression of the face pleasant? I tried," she continued, "to look cheerful and happy, for I want this likeness for my mother."

The speaker was a very young girl; hardly. I should judge from her appearance, past sixteen. She had a low forehead, but her glossy, black hair was pushed back from it, and arranged in its luxuriance on the back of her head. It waved in satin masses, and the carelessness but taste with which its owner had twined it around a small comb, that supported its weight, made it a great ornament. The dark eyebrows were, it may be, a shade too heavy; and while the young lady looked down at her own picture, I noticed the long sweep of her eyelashes, and the general cast of her features. They were not regular, but were far from being indifferent. Her cheek was full but pale, yet the countenance and the handsome bust indicated health. She sat in a large chair, and behind it, with her white arms resting on its back, stood a very fair girl, who was looking at the picture, too.

I could not turn from them; it was a charm-

ing group upon which the eyes and mind might rest. Once more the young girl said softly to her friend—

"Tell me if the face looks natural and cheerful?"

As she spoke, she raised her eyes to look for the answer that was not readily given. Perhaps it was because I was so intently regarding her that, for a moment, she fixed her gaze upon me as she looked up. Only for a moment, and in the depths of those beautiful eyes dwelt—what was it? a joy? Oh! no. Deeper was the darkness of her eyes, from the long lashes that curtained them; but there was a softness, a melancholy sweetness there, that fascinated me. I was sure there was some cause in that young heart for the twilight beauty of the face. I longed to ask if sorrow had already fallen on one so young? If—

She arose, and addressing herself to one of the persons in attendance, desired him to have the picture finished by the afternoon, when she would send for it. Then, putting on her bonnet and mantilla, she and her companion left the room. Soon after, an acquaintance joined me.

"Did you observe," she said, "that lovely girl that has just gone? She was having her likeness taken for her mother. She will very soon take the veil, for she is going to be a nun."

Going to be a nun! Oh! could it be that such was the sad destiny of that young creature! Health and beauty, and youth—and all youth's graces—were these to be crushed by the gloomy life of the cloister? Was that beautiful hair, woman's glory, to be cut off, cast aside, and trampled upon? Were those eyes to close to the lovely visions of earth, those ears to shut out the music of the voices of friends, the harmonies of life for ever? Was that form to be enclosed in the mock sanctity of a nun's garment, that brow to be shadowed by the heavy veil, the funeral badge of a living death? Were all the love and genius, and beauty and thought that met in the wondrous depths of those eyes—were they to be, as

"When the lamp is shattered,
The light in the dust lies dead?"

Was that voice (the echo of its sweetness still dwells within my ear) to be heard no more in its once happy home? I could have wept as these sad thoughts rapidly passed through my

mind; and one, who stood near, as if reading their import, said—

“Poor girl! poor girl!”

* * * * *

And will she ever awake from this dream that even now bewilders her? How full of meaning were her own words, “I tried to look cheerful and happy” “Poor girl!” indeed. Already the mask presses against the soul it would hide in its struggles to illumine or to sadden the ingenuous face of youth. The effort of her life has commenced. For the rest, it will be required of her to “try to look happy.”

But not for the sake of the mother who has so tenderly reared thee, young maiden! who bore thee on her bosom in infancy, who hoped to have guided thy joyous youth, to have seen thee, in thy turn, a mother—and to have been cheered by thy society in her failing years. Thou wilt make the last return for all she has done when thou shalt place in her hand the transfer of thy sweet, sad features. Thou hast not, as did thy Redeemer, with His last breathings, provided for a mother's comfort. Thou hast deserted her! Hereafter, in sickness and in sorrow, another voice than thine will cheer her, another hand administer to her need. Thou, in thy solitary, cheerless cell, will, one day, arouse from this illusion, clasp thy rosary, and look back sorrowing to the time when, ere seeking thine own pillow, thou, resting thy head beside hers, pressed upon her lips a loving good night. Ah! the remorse that will lengthen those gloomy days! the penances and prayers that will, in vain, be performed, through those dreary nights! The useless wish that there were a friend, who would bear to that mother's ear a desire to return! But then, as now, thou must “try to look happy,” until the grave will enclose thee and thy strange secret within its embrace, for ever.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 4th, 1854.

The “Plough, Loom and Anvil” gives the following solution of a phenomenon which many have observed:—“A wheel made to revolve with such velocity as to render its spokes invisible, is seen, when illuminated by a flash of lightning, for a moment, with every spoke distinct, as if at rest. The reason of this is, the flash has come and gone, before the wheel had time to make a perceptible advance.

RELIGIOUS THOUGHTS.

It is an eternal truth that man does not live from himself; yet unless he appeared to live from himself, he would not live at all.

Whilst man is engaged in temptation combats, he is at times gifted by the Lord with a state of peace, and is thus refreshed.

Truth becomes beautiful, spiritual, and innocent, in the degree that we acknowledge that it is of and from the Lord.

The worst kind of natural poverty is continually to create to ourselves new wants; the worst kind of spiritual poverty is not to be sensible of our wants.

The philosophy of the Pagans carried its professors to such an elevation that they rose above riches, above honors, above the world, but it never enabled a man to rise above himself. Outward propensities were resisted, the world was degraded, but self was enthroned. Let every one esteem others more than himself, would have been accounted the dictate of folly, when self-estimation was the actuating principle; and that humility which forms the very basis of the Christian character would have been judged only to express baseness.

Repentance not ending in reformation is worthless. Devils have that kind of regret and sorrow; but they never turn to God—never renounce iniquity. “He truly repents of the sins he has committed, who does not commit the sins he has repented of.”

Nothing is more unwise than to delay repentance. Augustine says, “The repentance of a dying man often dies with him.” Speaking of a death-bed repentance, Ambrose says, “I will counsel no man to trust to it; because I am loath to deceive any man, seeing I know not what to think of it. Shall I judge such a one a cast-away? Neither will I declare him safe. All I am able to say is, let his state be left to the will and pleasure of Almighty God. Wilt thou therefore be delivered of all doubt? Repent while thou art yet healthy and strong. If thou defer it till time give no longer possibility of sinning, thou canst not be thought to quit sin, but sin has rather quit thee.” “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.” “The night cometh when no man can work.” “God now commandeth all men everywhere to repent.”

A PLEA FOR THE COUNTRY.

BY FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH.

MR DEAR ARTHUR:—It is a constant source of wonder to me why so many sensible people consent to be shut up in the city, when they have abundant means for living among the birds and flowers. I can't see why they don't at least get a taste of the farmer's life. In other words—an Irishism may be pardoned—I marvel that all the city folks don't move into the country. Why, such are now the facilities of communication between the country and all our principal cities, that the business-man may reside thirty miles from his shop or his counting-room, and reach it, in the morning, with the utmost ease, as soon as his man has taken down the shutters. What need is there, then, of his confining himself to an area of land twenty-five by one hundred feet in dimensions? What is there to hinder his breathing fresh air by the hog's-head? Why can't he let his children have the benefit of romping over acres of meadow and forest, instead of a few feet of brick flagging?

"Perhaps he can't afford it."

Afford it, forsooth! I am not sure but he would do well to turn farmer out and out. But suppose such a thing is impracticable, it need not cost any more to live in the country than it does in the city; and if it should, why a family will gain enough in health by inhaling a plenty of untainted air, to warrant the additional cost, to say nothing about the pleasure of the thing. For my single self, I could not be persuaded to live in the city, unless it were absolutely necessary, on any account. I verily believe I am as much delighted in raising a superior Shanghai rooster, head and shoulders above any in my neighbors' chicken-yards, than I am in completing one of my best articles; and were I to gain the premium from the Agricultural Society of our county for producing the largest pumpkin, I should feel as proud as if I had walked off with the prize for the best ode at the opening of the Crystal Palace.

Among the objects of interest connected with my country residence on the Hudson—you see I am getting garrulous in these agricultural matters, though I don't mean to bore you—is a large swarm of bees which are domiciled in my study. I have a hive provided

for them, which is so managed as to prevent the necessity of a new colony, and consequently obviates the evil of swarming. This hive, elegantly enclosed in a mahogany case, has the appearance of a wash-stand. But when it is unlocked, an inner glass case discloses many thousands of bees, hard at work, forming cells and storing up honey. They have a communication with the world by means of an aperture cut in the wall of the house. I have abundant opportunity to watch their interesting and ingenious arrangements, and make them pay me besides a pretty generous rent in the shape of honey. You would have stared last fall, I imagine, had you seen me remove my annual supply from the hive. I inverted their store-house, and, with a long knife, cut out so much of the comb as I wished to remove, carefully brushing off hundreds of the bees which adhered to the comb. Though the poor little things evidently disliked this wholesale robbery, they took the matter very philosophically, as something which must happen. Not one of them offered to sting me, though many of them, in their confusion, alighted on my face and hands, which were entirely bare. I half wished I might have been stung once or twice, as I thought it might allay somewhat the sting in my conscience for the robbery. But my wish, in this particular, was not gratified.

To my mind, there is something exceedingly delightful in watching the progress of vegetation, from its first development in Spring, until the season of flowers and fruit, and the pleasure is greatly enhanced, when one has himself a share in the nurture of this vegetation. Cucumbers and tomatoes were never so delicious to my taste in the city, as they are now, that I keep the weeds from them, destroy the bugs that infest them, and give them water when they are suffering from thirst. And speaking of the artificial watering of plants, what a change has taken place in the facilities for so doing, since the period when I was a little boy, and when my good uncle was vainly endeavoring to make a farmer of me. There are pumps now-a-days, which not only draw up the water from a well or cistern, at a great depth, but force it fifty or sixty feet, in a large stream. There is a pump, for instance, made by Messrs. W. & B. Douglass, of Middletown, in the good State of Connecticut, so

fruitful in ingenious and valuable inventions, which will operate as a fire engine for the highest houses, and play its part in watering the garden, into the bargain. It is of inestimable value to the farmer. I know that there is a great deal of enthusiasm connected with the old well-sweep and the "moss-covered bucket." I share in that enthusiasm myself. But for all that, I think the age has outgrown such rude and clumsy things. If it would gratify me to meet with them now and then, it would be on account of the associations connected with them, or purely because of their merit as antiquities—for no other reason. They are exploded ideas, exploded by a higher state of civilization and the swift march of improvement.

The whole routine of agricultural labor is, indeed, totally transformed by this march of improvement. Thirty years ago and few farmers stirred an inch from the old beaten path in which their grandfathers walked. They never originated a new idea in relation to the management of their crops. They shook their heads sceptically, at any suggestion from men of science. They were content to plod along in the dark, without any fixed scientific principles to guide them. The case is now widely different. Enterprising farmers nearly all take some agricultural paper, and many of them take several. They make themselves acquainted with chemistry, at least so far as it concerns the composition and adaptation of different soils. Agriculture is reduced to a science, and even the farmer does not need to resort to experiments, but knows well enough what class of agents a particular soil needs to adapt it to his wants.

Whatever the art of farming, therefore, might once have been regarded, there surely is no ground now for considering it a suitable employment mainly for those who are fit for nothing else. It is one of the noblest professions a man can choose, and in the study of the science on which it is based, there is no room for all the energies of the most gigantic minds.

"But you never can be a farmer," you say. "That is out of the question. I am engaged heart and soul in another calling." Very well, stick to that thing, if you will. But buy you a snug little place in the country, where you can practice farming in a small way. It

will be better for you, every way. Depend upon it, it will be better for you, and your family, too.

HINTS FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

THE DEAD BABY.

How beautiful it looked there, in its little coffin, my cousin's baby! It seemed not at all like death, so sweet was the smile resting on its tiny features. The little hands, folded as itself had folded them before it died, looked sweetly and charmingly graceful; and as we placed therein a simple cluster of white blossoms, I could almost see it winding the little taper fingers round it, as erst it did when well. It was only when I laid my hand upon its forehead, and felt the death chill, that I could realize we should have it no more with us on the earth.

We placed the sweet blossoming wild clematis about its face and upon the coffin's lid, and it was borne to the room where the funeral services were to be. The young father and mother sat there in all the agony of a first grief. It was their first, their only child; and keenly did they feel their bereavement. The "man of God" offered a few appropriate remarks, addressed a prayer to Heaven for strength and consolation to the stricken mourners, and the little one was borne from its earthly home to enter therein no more for ever.

We followed it to the village grave-yard, beside the sweet flowing Contococock. The coffin was placed in its little grave, flowers were strewn upon it, the earth was filled in, and we left it, there to repose by its grandparent, and great-grandparents, in its earthly form, for ever. But its little spirit has already ascended to Heaven. There those young parents have still their child. The cares and the trials of earth it will never feel or know. Ah! blessed are they who die young! E. J. H.

GENTLE REPROOF.

I recollect seeing an anecdote, several years since, which seems to me to illustrate, quite forcibly and pleasantly, the best form of maternal influence. It was related by a lady, as an event of her own childhood.

One Sabbath morning, she was taken to church, by a lady residing in the family, as

her mother was too ill to go out. It was the season of Christmas, and the village church was gayly decorated with wreaths of evergreen.

Ellen thought it very beautiful, and she immediately commenced playing with the spruce and myrtle, which hung about the pew. The friend who had the care of her constantly reproved her by angry looks and words, but Ellen still persisted in plucking the leaves and throwing them about in every direction, and, at last, she put some of the dried pieces in the foot-stove to make a smoke. In this she succeeded quite beyond her expectations.

When the service was ended, her friend *twitched* her along through the aisle, and said to her—

“Now, you wicked child, I shall take you to your mother, and she will whip you.”

Ellen made no reply, for she felt that she had behaved improperly, and that she deserved punishment.

When she reached home, she was taken to her mother's chamber; and the scene which took place there was one which could never be effaced from her mind. Her mother was seated in an easy-chair, supported by pillows, and on her cheek was that “fatal beauty,” “the sure precursor of the tomb.” She greeted Ellen with a sweet smile as she entered the room, but it faded from her lips as she heard the recital of her child's misdeeds. After a moment's pause, she begged that they might be left alone. She drew Ellen to her heart, she laid her hand upon her head, and her tears fell upon her cheek, and in tones the most gentle and affectionate, she said to her—

“My child, you have grieved your poor, sick mamma!”

Her words sunk into Ellen's soul: there was no need to say more. She threw her arms about her mother's neck, and wept as if her heart would break.

Those gentle words had effected more than punishment could have done. The hallowed influence of those loving tones followed Ellen when she left her early home, and never ceased to influence her daily life. It made her ever kind and considerate of the feelings of others, and more careful to avoid sin in all its forms.

The way to preserve a relish for such worldly pleasures as are innocent is to know how to do without them.

ANECDOTES OF MR. WEBSTER.

A correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*, writing from Marshfield, gives the following touching incident about the last illness of Mr. Webster:—

“During his last sickness, he called for Hatch, one of his laborers, and told him to keep a favorite sail-boat moored by the shore of the lake, within sight of his bedroom window, with a lantern burning perpetually at the masthead until his life should be extinguished. Just a night or two before his death, while he was momentarily expecting the arrival of his last hour, a tremendous gale blew over the land, from the ocean, all night, carrying wreck and destruction in all directions. At an early hour, the dying statesman looked from his window to see the fate of his boat and lantern. There they were, the boat still safe at her moorings, and the lantern glimmering still as bright as ever in the gray of the morning. Turning to a friend, who was sitting by his bedside, where he had been watching all night, he said, with a faint smile of satisfaction, ‘Well, you see our home squadron seems to have ridden out the gale.’ He appeared to think that his own fate was in some way connected with the safety of the boat.”

This calls to mind, says the *New York Times*, another characteristic anecdote of the great statesman, which has never been published:—

At the dissolution of President Tyler's or, more properly, General Harrison's cabinet, as they were originally appointed by him, the north-eastern boundary question was unsettled, and Mr. Adams told Mr. Webster that on no account should he resign till after the settlement of that delicate and important issue. He said that his country had higher claims upon him than any party. The sage of Quincy knew the confidence of the British Government as well as that of his own countrymen, and particularly those most interested in the disputed territory, the people of Maine and Massachusetts, in Mr. Webster, and the utter want of it in the President at that time. On the other hand, some of Mr. Webster's friends in the House thought it safest for him to resign, and had he done so, it might have enhanced his chances for the Presidency, but he followed the dictates of his own will and judg-

ment, which accorded with the advice of the ex-President.

The same day that the resignation of his colleagues was published, in reply to a gentleman, who waited on him at the State Department, he said—

"I am sick, sir, and ought to be in my bed. Ill as I am in body, I am worse in mind, but I am determined to ride out the storm! Let the consequences be to me what they may, the country shall suffer from no action of mine."

How he rode out the gale is matter of history; but how many weary hours of anxiety and watching on the part of the pilot who steered the ship of State through all the difficulties of that negotiation till its ultimate ratification, when he gave up the office that he had so illustriously dignified, no one can know but He that heedeth the sparrow's fall.

STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

WHAT'S THE USE?

"Where's Sam?" asked Joe Dennet, coming into Mr. Powers' yard, and seeing Mr. Powers at the door.

"Up in his study," answered Sam's mother.

"And where is that?" asked Joe; "I did not know that Sam had a study."

Sam's mother smiled, and told him to go in the garden and maybe he would find it. He did so, and shouted—

"Sam, where are you?"

"Hallo!" said a voice from above.

Joe looked up, and saw his friend perched in the crotch of an apple tree, with slate and book in hand.

"Come," said Joe, "the boys are going a boating, and want you to go."

"Can't," answered Sam, "I am trying to master this algebra; we all missed to-day."

"Why, it is Wednesday afternoon, and that is *our* time. I would not study, I am sure—what's the use?" asked Joe.

"Well, for my part, I am bound to get this lesson the first thing I do," said Sam.

"Pooh! it's too hot to study; besides, I hate algebra—what's the use of puzzling your brains over x plus y ?"

"I think it is of use to get our lessons," said Sam.

"What are you going to do after that?" asked Joe.

"I am going to weed the onion beds."

"Oh! it's too pleasant to work. What's the use of tying yourself up here, all the afternoon? I know I would not," said Joe Dennet.

"Well, I think it's of use to do what needs to be done," was Sam's answer.

This was a fair sample of Sam Powers and Joseph Dennet, two boys who lived in the same neighborhood. It is twenty-five years since this kind of talk took place, and the boys are now men. Sam Powers is called a man of "iron will," because he lays plans and carries them out with a patience and energy which never gives up. He is one of the first business men in the State, and a truly pious man too. How is it with Joe? He goes through life a man, just as he did a boy. If there was any extra exertion to be made in his business, he asks, "What's the use?" and goes to it with so little heart that he is sure to fail. He is always complaining of hard times, and wondering how people get ahead so. As for his religion, he does not live as if it were of much use to him or any one else.

There are some boys who, when they have anything to do, or are called upon to do a little more than usual, try to shirk off by asking, "Oh! what's the use?" The fact is, boys, there is *use* in doing like a man what you have to do. There is *use* in getting your lessons, and getting them well, and making extra exertions to get them, if they are difficult. There is *use* in weeding the garden, chopping at the wood-pile, finding the cows, cultivating a taste for reading, and in doing what your parents ask of you. Whenever I hear a boy trying to excuse from duty, by asking, fretfully, "Oh! what's the use?" I mark him as a lazy, shirking, shuffling boy, who will be very likely to be good for nothing when he grows up. You must have a hearty interest in your work, and always feel very suspicious of yourself, if you find an inclination to dodge duty with this meaningless excuse.

TROUBLESOME CHILDREN.

Do not look at this title, dear children, and fancy it is meant for your mothers to read. It is meant for you. Some of you who read this are, I know, troublesome children. You are troublesome in various ways. A great many of you are continually teasing you parents and friends: "May I do this?" or, "May I do that?"

or, as I have often heard children do, calling, "Mother! mother! mother!" till even *her* ear is weary of the sound of your voices.

Some troublesome girls and boys always interrupt older persons when they are talking. They ask questions or make remarks so that their elders cannot hear what is said. This is very rude and very annoying.

Other troublesome ones are always complaining, "It is so hot, I am almost melted," or else, "Oh! dear! how my feet ache with the cold!" or, "I've cut my finger, and how it aches!" and a thousand of other complaints. Think a minute, little grumblers. If you live to grow up, you will have, probably, very severe pain to bear. You will very likely be obliged to endure more burning heat and sharper colds. If you complain now, what will become of you then? You need not say that you will be older then, and better able, unless you accustom yourself to patience now.

A troublesome child may be amiable, generous, and obedient, and yet have very few friends, because her disagreeable ways will make her appear unlovely.

Last summer, as we were riding in the cars through the beautiful Berkshire hills of Western Massachusetts, we saw a very happy-looking little girl, sitting all alone by herself, with a book and a large doll. We called her, and began to talk with her. She told us that she, with her father and sister, had been to visit their grandparents, and were now on their return home. Her father seemed to fear she would trouble us, and called her back to her place. We soon, however, made his acquaintance, and that of the younger child, and had occasion to remark upon their quiet, pleasant, agreeable manners. It was noon when we crossed the boundary line into the State of New York, and the ride from that point to Albany was very warm, dusty, and uncomfortable; but our little friends did not complain, though their faces, flushed and covered with cinders, showed that they were as uncomfortable as we were.

Through the whole day we were their companions, and could not sufficiently admire the thoughtfulness of the elder sister, who, at every change of cars, looked back to see that nothing was left, and questioned her father about various articles of their baggage. In

the afternoon, we began to tell them stories, and great was their delight; but, when the noise of the cars was too loud for us to speak with ease, they did not tease, as some children would have done, but waited till we came to a stopping-place. We were very sorry to leave the dear little girls, at nightfall, at one of the great inland towns in the heart of New York; and if this ever reaches them, Alice and Carrie L—— may be assured we often speak of that day's journey with the greatest pleasure.

Now, what made these little girls so attractive?

It was their kind, cheerful, gentle spirits, and their freedom from all annoying, fretful, disagreeable ways. A long day's ride in the cars is a pretty good test of a child's disposition; and we fear all our little readers would not prove as agreeable companions as Alice and Carrie. But try, dear boys and girls. Don't be troublesome, and, in nine cases out of ten, you will be agreeable.

THE WHITE ROSE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

She was a sweet child, little Enna Willis, and her face shone like some rare old picture out of its world of golden hair, and her young widowed mother folded her to her heart, and blessed the Great Father that Enna's eyes and hair were like those that had lain ever since the early June-time under the white shroud plaits.

"Look, mamma, its leaves are beginning to unfold, and it will be entirely opened by New Year's night, so that I can wear it to Helen's party," and Enna lifted her fair, eager face from the flower whose snowy petals were just breaking through their sheath of green. That winter rose bush was a gift from Enna's father, and it was his last one. No wonder the child loved it.

"Yes, darling, you shall wear it, twined right here in this bunch of curls," and the small fingers lifted the bright tresses tenderly from Enna's forehead, while the mother's pensive features reflected somewhat of the light in her child's.

Every day, every hour, Enna watched it as a miser watches his gold. Every day the large creamy looking petals curled outwards, and lay in exquisite contrast with the world of green leaves amid which the flower's beautiful life was opening.

"Do you want to come in and see my rose, little boy?"

Enna was returning from school that afternoon when her eyes first rested upon the child. He was standing before the window in whose embrasure her mother had placed the exotic, that the pale winter sunbeams might grant it a brief visit. The boy's large mournful eyes were fastened eagerly on the large blossom, for it was now only two days before New Year's. His clothes were greatly worn, and patched with many colors, but Enna did not mind that,—she only saw the eager light in those large brown eyes.

"Then you love flowers, do you, my child?" said Enna's mother in her soft tones, as they all three stood before the plant.

"Oh! yes, ma'am; but not so well as Mary does. I was thinking when I stood out there on the pavement, looking at it, if Mary *could* only see it!"

"Who is Mary? Can't you bring her here?" asked Enna eagerly.

"No!" said the boy, shaking his head mournfully. "Mary is my sister, and she is sick. Mamma says she cannot live much longer, and at night, in her dreams, she moans about the white roses that grew so thick in the low meadows, just west of where we used to live. They were just like those, and Mary used to weave wreaths of them, every May. Oh! dear, if she *could* only see it!"

"Mamma," whispered Enna, while her blue eyes were moist with tears, and she pulled her mother's dress, "please give the rose to the little boy for his sick sister, I do not want it now."

"My good child," and the mother's tremulous lips dropped to Enna's forehead, "God will reward you for this."

"Do you mean it, ma'am? do you really mean that I shall take this to Mary?" questioned the child, while his deep eyes grew radiant with joy, as Mrs. Willis placed the precious branch in his hand. "Oh! how glad she will be," and at the thought of his sister's great delight, the little heart gave way, and the tears dashed over the boy's brown lashes.

It was New Year's night. Very beautiful looked Enna Willis in her pink dress and shining hair, amid which her mother's tasteful fingers had twined a few green leaves, as she put up her little ripe lips for a parting kiss,

before she started for her schoolmate's soiree.

At that moment the door opened, and the little stranger boy entered. His face was very white, as he glided up to Mrs. Willis, and said, "Mary is dying, and she has sent for the little girl, who gave her the white rose. Please, ma'am, may she come, and will you come with her?"

"I've brought them, Mary, I've brought them," cried the boy eagerly, as he ushered his guests into the chamber, where the light flickered with a strange, wan smile over the bare walls and the old chairs. A pale, grief-worn woman tottered forward, and led them toward a low bed in one corner. The sick child lifted her head. It was a very beautiful one, with its brown hair, and blue eyes, but the death chill was in it. "Come nearer," she said faintly, "for somehow my eyes are growing blind," and the little cold fingers closed round Enna's. "I held it all day, and at night I went to sleep with it in my hands. Yesterday the leaves dropped away, but an angel came to me and said, 'Don't cry for the rose, Mary. In a little while you shall come with me, and gather fairer ones. Oh! I see them! I see them!'" and the light surged once more into those blue eyes, and lighted up the rigid features with exceeding glory. "They are growing there, thousands and thousands of them by a great shining river, and the angel stands there, and its white robe flows in great shining billows to its feet. Mother, Charley, good bye! Little girl, for that white rose you gave me, I will weave you a crown of those that blossom up there. They are larger and fairer, and I will have it ready when you come, and you shall wear it in that bright world."

The brown head sank back, the light went out from those blue eyes, and Mary had gone to braid Enna's rose wreath in the great meadow lands of Heaven!

New Haven, Conn.

The New York Dutchman says that it is so dry up in Iowa, that the steamboat people have to sprinkle the rivers to keep the dust from choking the water wheels.

The hen-pecked husband is happy enough if he were only left alone, but he generally has some kind friend, who is perpetually urging him "not to stand it."

TRUE WORDS BETTER
THAN TEARS.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

"What could I say? To offer consolation would have been a waste of words. Nothing was left for me but to weep with my poor friend."

"Nothing?" was the calmly spoken enquiry.

"There are griefs so deep as to demand only our tears," was replied.

"Yet the physician, no matter how virulent the disease, will tell you that while there is life there is hope. Is it not the same in mental diseases?"

"What medicament can reach this case?" was asked.

"There is only one remedy to be applied in all cases of mental pain."

"What is that?"

"The truth."

The first speaker, a lady, looked doubtfully into the face of her friend.

"To sit down and weep with those who are in trouble or affliction, may do for a brief season; but to make tears a substitute for consoling words, is to say that earth *has* a 'sorrow that heaven cannot heal.'"

"But what could I say that her own heart would not suggest?"

"Much. There is usually a selfishness in sorrow that obscures the perception of truth. The grieving one narrows down all things to a little circle, in the centre of which she sits weeping. Darkness obscures her mind. She forgets the great truth that all sorrow is for purification; and that, while she is in the furnace of affliction, the Refiner and Purifier is sitting near, and will see that only the dross of self-love is consumed. Far better would it be to say, 'It is good for us to be afflicted;' thus throwing a truth into the mind—than merely to mingle tears with the child of sorrow!"

"In her state, she would reject the sentiment," said the lady friend.

"A marked symptom of diseased mental action," was answered, "that imperatively calls for skilful treatment."

"But, if she reject the truth, how can she be healed?"

"A wise physician will use his utmost skill in the selection of a remedy that will not be rejected."

"I am neither wise nor skilful, so far as my unhappy friend is concerned."

"Say not so. If we desire to be instruments of good, He, who is seeking the good of all His creatures, will show us the way of accomplishment. Do you not think that some merely selfish considerations are seriously aggravating this trouble of Mrs. Edwards?"

"I am sure of it. Dearly cherished ends of her own have been utterly destroyed. Blending with her fears for her child are mortification and wounded love. While she sees no promise of happiness for Lucy, in the future, her sympathy for the erring one is swallowed up in an almost maddening sense of filial disobedience."

"Why not seek to awaken her mind to this perception? Until she sees her error, she cannot rise above it."

"But how is this possible? She will not bear to have Lucy's name mentioned?"

"Another marked symptom of a malady that calls for better remedies than sympathetic tears. She must be told the truth."

"Who will speak the words?"

"You, if you are sincerely her friend," was the firm answer.

"She will be offended."

"No matter. The truth will be seen after the blinding excitement of anger has departed. If you truly love her, you will brave even the risk of offending for the sake of doing her good."

The lady who was thus reminded of her duty in the case of a friend in great trouble—a friend with whom she had mingled her tears, but failed to speak words of consolation in which was a healing vitality—went thoughtfully to her home, brooding over what she had heard. It was an easy thing to weep with the weeper; but to speak words of truth that would hurt, and might offend, was a duty from which she shrunk with instinctive reluctance. But she now saw the case in clearer light, and a genuine regard for Mrs. Edwards led her to act the part of a wise rather than a weak friend.

An hour for calm reflection was permitted to elapse, and then the lady went to the suffering one, with her mind clear and her purpose strong. Reflection had thrown a light upon her way, and she saw the true path in which she must walk, clearly.

The pale weeper was still sitting under the shadow of her great life-sorrow, when her friend came back to her darkened chamber, in which reigned an almost death-like stillness. A hand was laid in that of Mrs. Edwards'—only a feeble pressure was returned, and the tears of the grieving one flowed afresh. But the friend gave no answering tears. She had not come to weep with her sorrowing sister, but to offer words of consolation in which lay the power of healing.

"I am going to speak with you about Lucy," she said.

"If you love me, name her not," replied Mrs. Edwards, almost sternly.

"It is because I love you that I speak of her," answered the friend, with as much firmness as she could assume. "Lucy is not all to blame for the unwise step she has taken."

"Who is, then?" was the natural enquiry.

"You and her father may be quite as much to blame as your unhappy child."

A sudden flush came into the pale face of Mrs. Edwards. There were few who did not think just as the friend had spoken; but she alone had ventured to utter the truth where, of all things, its utterance was most needed.

"We to blame!"

A curve of indignation was on the lip of Mrs. Edwards.

"If you were sure this were the case, would it not greatly soften your feelings towards Lucy?"

"But I am not sure of it," said the lady, whose tears had already ceased to flow.

"You are not the only sufferer in this case."

"Who else suffers?"

"Your unhappy child."

"She deserves to suffer. What else could she expect, in such a union, but a life of suffering?" Mrs. Edwards spoke severely.

"Why do you so object to the marriage?"

"He is not the man to make her happy. In all respects, they are unsuited to each other."

"Can you imagine a sadder life than that which a woman must lead, who broadly errs in the choice of a married partner?"

"None."

"Pity your child, then. If such a lot is to be hers, let your love make softer the pillow on which her poor head must lie. Oh! my friend, do not fill it with thorns!"

Fittingly spoken were these words, and they

found a lodging place in the mind of Mrs. Edwards; yet she answered—

"She deceived us! She broke her solemn promise not to marry this man."

"Had you any right to extort such a promise?" calmly asked the friend.

"Was she not our child?"

"Yours to love, guard, guide, and educate for Heaven, while a child. And yours to advise and lead into right ways, when a woman. But not yours, after the child became the woman, to extort promises in violation of that freedom to love which is the heart's God-given prerogative. The attempt to constrain in this direction was the very way to thwart your own wishes. Are you a woman, and ignorant on this head? Commune with your own heart, my friend, and you will see that you have erred. Pardon me when I say that you had no right to bring your child into the agonizing strait of choosing between her parents and the man she loved, no matter how you might estimate him—no, not even if he were utterly unworthy of her, which I will not believe to be so. For the breach of a promise to yourself you are more to blame than she; for you forced her to make a promise that she *could not* keep; and the necessity of the case absolves her."

"Her father will never forgive her," said Mrs. Edwards, her voice subdued from its recent sternness. "This act has separated him for ever from his child."

A step was heard in the passage, at this moment. The ladies glanced towards the door, and saw Mr. Edwards. There was a dark shadow on his face. He nodded coldly to the visitor, who said to him, speaking from the moment's impulse—"This cannot be true."

"What?" he enquired.

"That you will never forgive Lucy for the step she has taken?"

The shadow on his face grew darker, as he answered—

"She was forewarned of the consequences."

"But you will relent and forgive."

"Never!"

"You have a father?" said the visitor, impressively.

Mr. Edwards looked with a half-doubting, half-startled air into the face of his interrogator.

"A Father in Heaven!" and a finger, slowly raised, was pointed upward.

"Madam!"

The voice of Mr. Edwards was far from being steady.

"Have you never offended—never acted in disobedience to the will of that Father? What if He were to say, 'I will neither relent nor forgive?'"

"Pardon this freedom of speech in one who claims to be a true friend," added the lady, in a changed and lower tone of voice. Then rising, she passed from the room ere they could prevent her departure.

They were true words, spoken resolutely, and at a fitting moment—and they sunk deeply and disturbingly into the hearts of Mr. Edwards and his wife, awakening doubts and questionings which they vainly tried to thrust aside. Had they ever lived in obedience to the will and word of their Heavenly Father? Had they nothing to be forgiven, that they so resolutely refused to forgive?

Mr. and Mrs. Edwards were in a calmer frame of mind, as they sat alone on the evening that followed this day—calmer for the words of truth which had found a lodgment in their minds. To see and acknowledge the duty of forgiveness was to soften their hearts towards their erring child. And now the mother's spirit began to have a realizing perception of the unhappy life that awaited her daughter, united as she was to one who possessed not, in her estimation, a single attribute of genuine manhood. Yearning love followed the motions of pity. Forgiveness became spontaneous. And when she spoke to her husband, it was in entreaty for the absent one. He received her words in silence; but his heart did not reject them.

How changed was all! From the lips of Mr. Edwards fell no harsh and denunciatory language—from his brow had passed the deep lines of stern anger or fiery indignation. And tears no longer filled the eyes or glistened on the cheeks of Mrs. Edwards—in her tranquil face the anguish of a hopeless sorrow was not seen. Truthful words, though harshly sounding, had been far better for them than weak sympathy or idle tears.

And now they were in a better state to meet the great sorrow and disappointment of their lives, and to extract from the cup both they and their child would be called to drink what-

ever of sweetness yet mingled in the bitter potion.

The marriage of Lucy was not a wise one. It involved so many incongruous elements that happiness, in her new relation, was a thing impossible. Yet, in the forgiveness of her parents and in their tender sympathies, she found a strength to endure and bravery to meet her life-duties, from which, but for this, she would have fainted and fallen by the way.

Anger towards the erring and the disobedient springs from a selfish feeling—forgiveness is the God-like spirit that loves out of itself, and blesses all upon whom it desires a blessing.

LIGHT.

BY ABRAHAM COWLEY.

Thou tide of glory, which no rest dost know,
But ever ebb and ever flow!

Thou golden shower of a true Jove!
Who does in thee descend, and heaven to earth
make love.

At thy appearance, Grief itself is said
To shake his wings, and rouse his head:
And cloudy Care has often took
A gentle beaming smile, reflected from thy look.

At thy appearance, Fear itself grows bold;
Thy sunshine melts away his cold.
Encouraged at the sight of thee,
To the cheek color comes, and firmness to the
knee.

When, Goddess! thou lift'st up thy wakened
head
Out of the morning's purple bed,
Thy choir of birds about thee play,
And all the joyful world salutes the rising day.

All the world's bravery, that delights our eyes,
Is but thy several liveries;
Thou the rich dye on them bestow'st,
Thy nimble pencil paints this landscape as thou
go'st.

A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st;
A crown of studded gold thou bear'st;
The virgin lilies, in their white,
Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked
light.

WILLIAM C. MACREADY AND J. P. KEMBLE.

IN THE CHARACTER OF MARCUS BRUTUS.

EXTRACT FROM A LECTURE BY CHARLES REECE FEMBERTON.

My memory can trace distinctly the first deep impressions which were made on my senses by a perusal of this drama, (Julius Cæsar;) the noble, gracious, and beautiful qualities of head and heart, which are so conspicuous in Brutus, were struck indelibly on my mind—they grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength: and how much did I wish to gaze on a living representation of the man! There came one before me of whom all spoke as the realization—a second life—of Brutus: all voices were loud in his praise: the sympathies of all glowed in admiration of this noble impersonation of the noblest of Shakespeare's characters. I gazed with fixed delight. I listened with concentrated eagerness of eye and heart. The stately beauty of his form, the glowing grace of his gestures, and the majesty of his repose, touched me with a feeling of reverence. The rich and piercing light of his intellectual eye, was haloed round with an intense sorrow:—he looked an eagle speculating in deep grief. The tones of his voice came upon the ear as floats the continuous breeze through the multitudinous foliage of a forest:—it swept through the auricular channels, into brain and heart, with a mighty and irresistible influence. I was at once astonished, delighted, and subdued,—I admired equally with the most admiring—I applauded with the most enthusiastic. *But it was not the Brutus which my imagination had created out of Shakespeare's glorious illuminations.* I could not recognize in that, *the living soul and throbbing heart;* yet its power over me was sufficiently strong to obscure for a while the massive substantiality, and distinctness of outline of my former creation: but time and thought brought it back again, in mightier strength and deeper beauty than ever: and I longed "till hope had hopeless grown"—though I was not one of those who thought that with John Kemble had died the last representative of "the last of all the Romans." I saw Macready—my desire was accomplished. If the stately form, and the cautious though beautiful, artistical elegance of Kemble, manifested in the gorgeous folds and abundant drapery of his toga, and entire personal cos-

tume, struck one with admiration, how much more intense was the effect of Macready's invisible art and profounder acquirements,—the massive simplicity of thorough gracefulness—the strict though bountiful preservation of all that combines to make a picture of pure, noble, spontaneous, and exalted manly beauty! So he stood, as the light lifting of the folds across his bosom told of the painful presages that were heaving in his heart beneath them. I will not attempt to go into detail of this masterly development: to particularize the beauties, the graces, and the grandeur of the massive strokes, the delicate touches, the sublimity of tenderness, the heart-crushing gentleness, the soul-elating strength, and swelling magnanimity, would excite my nerves to a sympathy far too intense for my enfeebled body to endure, without a reaction of physical suffering. All was the exactness of masterly talent catching, swaying, and directing the impulses of genius—the expansive blaze and the subtle sparks—the vast soarings of imagination, were thrown forth or kept back at the volition of reason; helmed on their undeviating course by the steady hand of perfect judgment. I soberly regard that personation of Brutus as the noblest intellectual triumph that ever was exhibited on the English stage;—I doubt whether it has been surpassed by anything of dramatic power the world ever saw. It was a lovely thing—it was beautiful, gracious, pure, and, ay, holy—holy is the word; for every sympathy which it awakened was generous, or kind, or gentle, or soul elevating. From first to last the voice was a varying and noble music—but who that heard the words—

"You are my true and honorable wife,
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart,"

can forget, during life, the tenderness of the rich melody in which they passed through Macready's lips into the heart of every hearer? Who that remembered the stately and gorgeous demeanor of Kemble was not penetrated to the very soul by the truer, nobler, the more exalted and melting kindness of Macready towards the boy Lucius? In one, we saw and admired the lofty superior, graciously condescending to a consideration of the comfort or convenience of his humble servant:—in the other, a gentle and generous nature impelling the holy and beautiful sympathies. How

strong was the contrast! how heart-grasping was the thrill of approving delight with which Brutus was then gazed upon. But I must quit this theme, dear as it is in every intellectual and moral sense of my being.

THE MOTHERLESS CHILD.

BY FANNY FALES.

Come hither, youngest of the flock,
That gathered round her knee;
Draw closer to my side, and lean
Thy fair young head on me.
Oh! I could weep to see thine eyes
Turn mournfully to mine,
And feel thy little loving arms
Around my neck entwine;

For oh! *she* loved to feel their clasp,
And press to thine her cheek,
When bounding in from school, or play,
Her presence thou didst seek.
“Dear little lamb”—she called thee so
Full often, ere she died;
While thou, with bowed head on thy hands,
Wert weeping by her side.

I saw her on thy finger place
A ring of shining gold;
“Accept it with a mother’s love,”
She said, “and when I’m cold,
If ever tempted to do wrong
Look on this gift of love;
Be it a talisman of good
Until we meet above.

“Lean upon God, my little lamb,
I’m breaking from thy hold;
Prepare to meet me in the fair,
The blessed upper-fold.”
Oh! how those words, those tender words,
Bring back the darkened room;
The holy light in her blue eyes,
The peace that banished gloom.

The love—the care for all around—
The faint, the fainter breath—
Last kisses—looks of deathless love—
The triumph over death.

I love thee for thyself, dear boy,
But oh! thou canst not tell
How much, because thou art *her* child
Who here no more can dwell.

Draw nearer, youngest of the flock;
Thou shalt not give in vain
Affection—oh! deep agony
When answered not again—

I’ll kiss away thy tears, and fold
Mine arms around thee, so;
I told thy mother that I would,
Before I saw her go.

How could I bear to see thee wronged?
To see thee sin—and fall?
God help thee in this cold, cold world!
He watches over all.
The sparrow falls not to the ground
Unnoticed by His eye;
Thou art more precious in His sight,
Thou child of one on high.

We cannot tell, we cannot tell,
How near us she may be;
Perhaps she smiles to see her “lamb”
Lean lovingly on me;
And when thy hands have scattered flowers,
Where but her dear dust lies,
Unseen, unfelt, she may have kissed
The tear-drops from thine eyes.

Oh! ne’er forget thy mother, boy,
Remember all her cares,
Remember all her pleasant ways,
Her teachings, and her prayers;
And let her memory in thy heart,
A blessed angel, rest,
And guard it, as you graveward go,
From each unholy guest.

THE TREE OF GRATITUDE.

We have two dear friends, aye friends most true,
And a neat little garden have we;
And one wintry day, these angel friends came,
And in it they planted a tree.

That it groweth so green, and blossometh fair,
That its fruits all golden be,
We owe to the tender and vigilant care
That watcheth our evergreen tree.

For every day, of every year,
Whatever the weather may be,
These very dear friends to our garden come
And water the evergreen tree.

Hence we fear not the tempest nor lightning shock,

For no blast, however rude,
May blight the blossom nor blast the fruit
Of our tree of gratitude. E. B. H.

We may live without a brother, but not
without a friend. In order to deserve a good
friend we must become one.



CHAPTERS ON BIRDS.

NUMBER THREE.

THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

The Baltimore Oriole takes its name, according to Catesby, from its colors, which are black and orange, being those of the arms, or livery, of Lord Baltimore, the founder of Maryland. From its fiery appearance, when seen darting through the green leaves, it has been called the fire-bird. It is also termed the Hanging-Bird, from the singular way in which it constructs its nest. This is a pendulous, cylindric pouch, from five to seven inches deep, usually hanging from near the extremities of the high, drooping branches of various kinds of trees. "It is begun," says Nuttall, "by firmly fastening natural strings of the flax of the silk-weed, or swamp hollyhock, or stout artificial threads, round two or more forked twigs, corresponding to the intended width and depth of the nest. With the same materials, willow down, or any accidental ravelings, thread, sewing-silk, tow, or wool, that may be lying near the neighboring houses, they fabricate a sort of coarse cloth into the form intended; towards the bottom of which they place the real nest, made chiefly of lint, wiry grass, horse and cow hair." Sometimes, they line "the interior with a mixture of slender strips of smooth vine bark, and rarely with a few feathers, the whole being of a considerable thickness, and more or less attached to the external pouch. Over the top, the leaves, as they grow out, form a verdant and agreeable canopy, defending the young from the sun and the rain." In Wilson we read that, "so solicitous is the Baltimore Oriole to procure proper materials for its nest, that, in the season of building, the women in the country are under the necessity of narrowly watching their thread that may be out bleaching. Skeins of silk and hanks of thread have often been found after the leaves were fallen, hanging round the

Oriole's nest." These petty depredations weaving their stolen threads into the nest, they sometimes result fatally to the bird; for in have been so entangled as to render their cap-



THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

ture easy; and there is one instance of the string looping a female's neck, and strangling her.

The eggs of the Baltimore Oriole are usually four or five, white, with a faintly-bluish tinge, and marked, generally at the larger end, with dark brown spots, and serpentine lines, resembling hairs. In Louisiana, according to Audu-

bon, two broods are frequently hatched during the season. To protect their young, the old birds have been known to hazard the greatest risk. On one occasion, Nuttall met with a male bird "so bold in the hopeless defence of his offspring, as to suffer himself to be killed by a stick, rather than desert them."

The Oriole inhabits North America from Ca-



THE BLUE BIRD.

nada to Mexico. It is not a constant resident of the United States, generally spending the winter in South America, and appearing among us about the first of May.

The food of the Oriole consists principally of caterpillars, beetles and bugs. Its song is a clear, mellow whistle, repeated at short intervals. It molests none of our garden fruits, a few cherries excepted, and is one of the most useful, harmless, and beautiful birds of our country. Occasionally it has been caged, being fed chiefly on soaked bread, with a due intermixture of seasonable fruits. In confinement it is a lively singer, and becomes, says Nuttall, "very docile, playful, and friendly, even going in and out of the house, and sometimes alighting at a whistle on the hand of its protector."

THE BLUE BIRD.

This beautiful bird—"the harbinger of spring"—is, in our own country, as well known to almost every one, as is the Red-breast to the people of England and the European continent. "It shows," says Wilson, "as much confidence in man by associating with him in summer, as the other by its familiarity in winter."

If the weather is mild, the Blue Bird makes his appearance in our Middle States, as early as the latter part of February, or the first of March. Storms and deep snows sometimes succeeding, he is lost sight of for a short time; but presently reappears, accompanied by his mate, and visits the box in the garden, or the hole in the old apple tree, or fence-post, the cradle of generations of his ancestors. "It is pleasing," says a curious and correct observer, "to behold his courtships, his solicitude to secure the favor of his beloved female. He sings to her the most endearing warblings. If he espies an insect delicious to her taste, he takes it up, flies with it to her, and puts it tenderly into her mouth."

The food of the Blue Bird consists of large beetles, spiders, and other insects, besides berries, seeds, and fruits. The prevailing color of its plumage is a bright, azure-blue. The throat, neck, breast, and sides, are of a reddish-chestnut hue; the rest of the under plumage white, or nearly so. Its nest is generally built in holes in trees and similar situations. Though the eggs, which are of a delicate blue,

seldom exceed six in number, the bird is very prolific, for two, and sometimes three broods are produced in a season. Its "usual spring and summer song is a soft, agreeable, and oft-repeated warble, uttered with open, quivering wings." In the fall, as if in sympathy with the dying year, its song changes to a single, plaintive note.

With regard to the geographical distribution of the Blue Bird, Catesby remarks that it is common in most parts of North America. Wilson gives the United States, the Bahamas, Mexico, Brazil, and Guiana, as its localities. It leaves the United States about November.

LORENZO DOW.

Dow, in one of his quaint, original discourses, declared that he had "known sinners who were so very wicked that they had actually burst."

This statement threw an old, ignorant, and fat impenitent present into a state of great alarm and perspiration, and he went home in mortal terror. At night, in the horror of his anticipated explosion, he rolled about until he could no longer bear it. He fancied he was already swelling!

He rose and attempted to dress himself. Who can paint his consternation, when he found that he could but just strain the garments over his limbs, and even then they would not meet! He was suffering a rapid and fatal sin-dropsy: his iniquities were coming to light. He screamed in the agony of his fear; and a lamp being brought in, he found that in his haste he had put on his brother's clothes!

The impression, however, it is stated by the informant (himself a clergyman,) was a favorable one. It changed the whole course of the terrified culprit's after conduct.

Probably Dow had, as usual, some odd similitude in his mind, but he was taken literally by his alarmed hearer.

The natives of Australia are a simple race. Their superstitions are curious. They believe that after death they return as white men. One of them, hanged at Melbourne, said—"Never mind; I jump up white fellow with plenty of sixpence."

THE EDUCATION OF BOYS.

The following, from the New York Times, taken with some grains of exception, is worthy the thoughtful consideration of every city parent:—

There is one matter in which some excellent parents are verily guilty. They think they "give their boys a chance," while they insist upon such employments as are calculated to make them dullards, drones and dyspeptics.

Take a case. Sam is a fine stout lad of a dozen years. He has a strong frame, full, round cheeks, but rather a thick head, his good mother fears. She suspects that while they lived in the country he was neglected, since now he shows a more decided taste for running in the street and for play than for any school-book he brings home with him. Being an attendant upon one of the best of our public schools, he spends five hours of each day in the school-room; but, to be entirely punctual, he must leave home at eight o'clock in the morning. A brief recess is all the chance he gets to "cruise" or "cut up" until he gets home at half-past three or four.

Then Sam is disposed to take it easy awhile, but the spirit of the age has got into our mothers and fathers, and Sam's parent shames him out of his laziness. He dashes into the street, and with a hurra is off among the other lads on a chase. But boys will tumble if they run hard, and pantaloons will tear if they are violently strained. By the time the tea-bell rings, or a little after, the young "rip" comes in with beads of sweat on his forehead, broken pants, and a shoe-sole off. Perhaps he has rubbed the skin off of his hand or blackened his eye in his rough play, but he'll not complain of them. Sam's poor mother is in distress. Her boy is a scapegrace, she is afraid. Poor woman! she sighs over her dull boy, and wishes he would take to his study as her neighbor's boy does, who is two years younger and two classes ahead of him. With the lighted lamps, Sam snatches up his new magazine, or the paper to read where the fire was. But little comfort gets he of his reading. The anxious mother hints and coaxes, and at last compels him to get his school-books. At it he goes sluggishly, and at it works sleepily, but at last succeeds. He has learned his spelling lesson—with an absurd definition for each

word; his geography lesson—which happens to be the names of the South American rivers; his grammar—which was to remember a page of unintelligible formulas; his history—which was a compilation of dates; and his arithmetic—any one of whose sums his father, though just from the counting-house, would hesitate to do without a slate. He pokes off to bed an hour past the time when he should go, and is up early to go through the same round again. Saturday, he writes composition and copies, and steals a little play. Sunday, he blacks his shoes, goes to two meetings and two Sunday schools, gets a sly taste of the Arabian Nights, while pretending to be asleep, and so rests.

Now, mother, is this the way for your stout boy to get an education? Probably, in spite of your bad management, he will continue in health, obtain exercise enough by stealing it, and get along well. But what folly possesses you? You could not sit five hours on the comfortable seat, and in the illy-ventilated room, that Sam is caged in five days out of the seven. You could not, to save your best ring from pawn, commit to memory those definitions that disgrace the spelling-book he uses. You could not learn and keep in memory the catalogue of names that compose his geography lesson. Your head would ache well nigh to splitting, to spend as many hours a day poring over books as he does.

Take a different course, and see how he improves. Give him a nice breakfast before he goes to school, or eat none yourself. Give him prime lunch for his recess. When he gets home, don't let him look into a book unless he begs with tears in his eyes to do so. Send him into the street, with full permission to run his eyes out if he chooses. Don't worry if he cries aloud, spares not, and yells like an Indian, while playing. Every whoop he gives saves him another month from consumption, and there is no harm in it unless the M. P. objects, or the next neighbor is nervous. If he allows any boy to outrun him, shame him for his sloth. When he comes in to tea, his appetite will resemble a bear's. Let him eat then. When the father leans back to tell a story, let him hear it out and enjoy it. Encourage him to tell his story, too—why it is thus he will learn the eloquence you so much envy for him. When the family gathers around the table to

work and read, set him at his lessons. His active mind will grasp now in an hour what he would doze over for three hours but for the after-school racing and play. Let him read a little in the book he prefers when the lessons are learned, and then get him early to bed. Let the Saturday's lessons be very short and his play-spell long.

"But he will tear his clothes to rags."

Well, what are trousers worth by the side of health? What are shoes, which are but the skins of dead cattle, compared with elastic and excellent spirits?

"But he will grow rude and unmanageable. He will run with bad boys to learn their wicked ways."

Keep an eye on him then. Learn the names of the boys he goes with, and get him to tell where he has been at every tea-time; not as a spy or a judge, but because you are interested in his sports. It will do a deal toward keeping him within bounds and making him honest toward you. Boys cannot grow in flower-pots, nor shut out from sun and air. They must have exercise, or grow up minnies. School them as much as you choose, but with ribbons for muscles and nerves that are as tender as those of a broken tooth, uneducated Young America will lay them panting on their backs. The education we advise would give them rousing appetites; but when you turn potatoes and beefsteaks into hard boy's flesh, you make a capital investment.

FOREST TREES.

What kind of a world should we have, without trees? The very first scenes of human history open to us among "trees pleasant to the sight, and good for food;" the memory of the first man lingers always under the dark shadow of the "tree of the knowledge of good and evil;" the first conscience-stricken offenders against Right strove to hide themselves from an outraged Presence among the "trees of the garden," and the last and best promise of Revelation points to a rest in the shade of the "Tree of Life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations."

And even before man had a history, there were trees. Vast fern-groves waved in graceful majesty over misshapen forms and unappreciating eyes, until their charred trunks were overthrown to make a foundation for our

family mansion; and now we are undermining that foundation to make ourselves warm in the blaze thereof.

To appreciate trees, one should live for a time where there are none. Put yourself down in the middle of a prairie at the West, where for miles in every direction there is nothing but grass and sunshine, and rail-fences, where the shelter over your head, if you are so unfortunate as not to live in a log-house, is only a thin "weather-boarding," and if you do not cry out earnestly—

"Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade!"

it must be because you have something of the salamander in your temperament, and nothing of the romantic in your disposition.

And yet the original Western farmers seem to have a natural enmity against trees. One after another they are compelled to bow before the axe; the light-leaved honey-locust, whose thorns furnished hair-pins for the fair daughters of the cabin, and the stately cotton-wood, which answered for both an umbrella and a sun-dial—because the people inside want to "see out." Then, when every ghost of a shade is fairly laid, somebody comes along from a region where trees are above par, buys out the sun-dried farmer, and immediately sets to work to plant a miniature forest around his dwelling, while his predecessor looks on, and wonders if he "calculates to bury himself alive in the timber!"

But it was the forest-trees, the glorious October woods that were waving before our mind's eye when we sat down to write. Not before the outward eye, for alas! there has been a storm, a fierce northeaster, that has shaken off the many-colored leaves which clung to the trees, robing each in its own peculiar beauty, and now they lie huddled together, or scamper about like homeless beggar-children, through streets and by-ways, and woodland paths.

The forest scenery of New England in October stands without a rival, if travellers and paintings tell the truth. One would think that the Persian story-teller must have taken a pilgrimage here, on his own enchanted tapestry, to learn how to describe the subterranean grove in the tale of Aladdin, where the trees shone with all manner of precious stones. Pyrotechnists might find splendid models for election and Independence fire-works, in the

illuminations which the frost kindles in the woods.

So long and so beautiful an Indian Summer as has just gone by, has rarely been known, even in New England. There was a torch-light procession in the woods, at the funeral of the year,—oaks and walnuts burnt brown and steady in the back-ground, among sturdy pines and hemlocks. which, like immovable conservatives, refused to take any part in the parade. Then the birches and poplars hung up their quivering tapers, which now and then scattered yellow sparks upon the grass. Brightest of all, the sumachs lit up their pointed flames, and the maple-leaves flashed like red stars high and low, and the blueberry-bushes dropped their foliage like red-hot coals, to burn the wayfarer's feet.

One evening the low-hung sun glowed with the dim, red light of a half-extinguished lamp, while a dun cloud rose above it, like a wreath of smoke. The sun slipped down out of sight; the cloud rose higher, and with it the wind and rain. In the morning, the lights were all out in the woods, and the boughs which they had decorated, were bare. And now "Ichabod" is written upon the trees. L. L.

Beverly Mass.

AN AFRICAN WIZARD.

I had heard on the Rio Pongo, of a wonderful wizard who dwelt in this region, and took advantage of the last day of my detention to inquire his whereabouts. The impostor was renowned for his wonderful tricks of legerdemain, as well as for cures, necromancy, and fortune-telling. The ill came to him by scores; credulous warriors approached him with valuable gifts for *fetiches* against musket balls and arrows; while the humbler classes bought his charms against snakes, alligators, sharks, evil spirits, or sought his protection for their unborn children.

My interpreter had already visited this fellow, and gave such charming accounts of his skill, that all my people wanted their fates divined, for which I was, of course, obliged to advance merchandise to purchase at least a gratified curiosity. When they came back I found every one satisfied with his future lot, and so happy was the chief of my kroomen that he danced around his new *fetich* of cock's

feathers and sticks, and snapped his fingers at all the sharks, alligators, and swordfish that swam in the sea.

By degrees these reports tickled my own curiosity to such a degree, that, incontinently, I armed myself with a quantity of cotton cloth, a brilliant bandanna, and a lot of tobacco, wherewith I resolved to attack the sooth-sayer's den. My credulity was not involved in the expedition, but I was sincerely anxious to comprehend the ingenuity or intelligence by which a negro could control the imagination of African multitudes.

The wizard chose his abode with skilful and romantic taste. Quitting the town by a path which ascended abruptly from the river, the traveller was forced to climb the steep by a series of dangerous zig-zags among rocks and bushes, until he reached a deep cave in an elevated cliff that bent over the stream. As we approached, my conductor warned the inmate of our coming by several whoops. When we reached the entrance I was directed to halt until the demon announced his willingness to receive us. At length, after as much delay as is required in the antechamber of a secretary of state, a growl, like the cry of a hungry crocodile, gave token of the wizard's coming.

As he emerged from the deep interior, I descried an uncommonly tall figure, bearing in his arms a young and living leopard. I could not detect a single lineament of his face or figure, for he was covered from head to foot in a complete dress of monkey skins, while his face was hidden by a grotesque white mask. Behind him groped a delicate blind boy.

We seated ourselves on hides along the floor, when, at my bidding, the interpreter, unrolling my gifts, announced that I came with full hands to his wizardship, for the purpose of learning my fortune.

The impostor had trained his tame leopard to fetch and carry like a dog, so that, without a word, the docile beast bore the various presents to his master. Everything was duly measured, examined, or balanced in his hands to ascertain its quality and weight. Then, placing a bamboo between his lips and the blind boy's ear, he whispered the words which the child repeated aloud. First of all, he inquired what I wished to know? As one of his follower's boasts was the extraordinary power he possessed of speaking various languages, I

addressed him in Spanish, but as his reply displayed an evident ignorance of what I said, I took the liberty to reprimand him sharply in his native tongue. He waved me off with an imperious flourish of his hand, and ordered me to wait, as he perfectly comprehended my Spanish, but the magic power would not suffer him to answer save in regular rotation, word by word.

I saw his trick at once, which was only one of prompt and adroit *repetition*. Accordingly, I addressed him in his native dialect, and requested a translation of my sentence into Spanish. But this was a puzzler; though it required but a moment for him to assure me that a foreign language could only be spoken by wizards of his degree *at the full of the moon!*

I thought it time to shift the scene to fortune-telling, and begged my demon to begin the task by relating the past, in order to confirm my belief in his mastery over the future. But the nonsense he uttered was so insufferable, that I dropped the curtain with a run, and commanded "the hereafter" to appear. This, at least, was more romantic. As usual, I was to be immensely rich. I was to become a great prince. I was to have a hundred wives; but, alas! before six months elapsed, my factory would be burnt and I should lose a vessel!

Presently, the interpreter proposed an exhibition of legerdemain, and in this I found considerable amusement to make up for the preceding buffoonery. He knotted a rope, and untied it with a jerk. He sank a knife deep in his throat, and poured in a vessel of water. Other deceptions followed this skillful trick, but the cleverest of all was the handling of red hot iron, which, after covering his hands with a glutinous paste, was touched in the most fearless manner. I have seen this trick performed by other natives, and whenever ignited coals or ardent metal was used, the hands of the operator were copiously anointed with the pasty unguent.

A valedictory growl, and a resumption of the leopard, gave token of the wizard's departure, and closed the evening's entertainments.

—*Captain Canot.*

Poverty is a cold place to write poetry in. It is not attractive to poetical influences. The Muses do not like entertainment which is not fit for man or beast.

TURN YOUR FACE TO THE SUN.

BY KATE HARRINGTON.

It was a bitter cold day, on which, in company with a female friend, I started home on horseback; we had ten miles to ride over the open prairie, where no hill or tree prevented the keen, cutting wind from laying its icy fingers on our brows.

"Are you not suffering from cold?" asked my friend, as she observed me press my hand to my cheek in order to warm it.

"Yes," I replied, "my face, especially, is almost numb."

"Turn your face to the sun, then," she said.

I did as was desired, and as Sol pressed a warm kiss upon my cheek, I wondered I had not thought of it before; then, as my eye took a range over the ocean of whiteness spread out before me, the glittering frost-work and gorgeous crimson clouds floating above, contrasting so finely with the pure snow flakes, I wondered again that I had thoughtlessly turned my gaze from so much loveliness.

"Turn your face to the sun!" How often since then have those words sounded in my ears! When I hear a professing Christian continually dwelling upon the proneness of the human heart to evil, the innumerable trials we must undergo in this vale of tears, and the terrors of that place where the fire is not quenched, I feel constrained to exclaim, "Turn your face to the sun!" Let the film fall from your eyes! think of the undescribable beauties of "the better land!" speak in a winning tone of the boundless blessings graciously bestowed by Heaven, the innumerable charms of Nature, the countless objects that gladden and beautify our earth; point to the delicately tinted flower, the sparkling dew-drop, crystal streamlet, and star-gemmed canopy above, and in the fulness of your heart exclaim, "O! Lord how manifold are Thy works!" Thus will words of gratitude draw and not drive souls heavenward.

"Turn your face to the sun!" Could this be our motto how much more of true Christian resignation and cheerfulness would we behold! How much less of despondency and gloom!

Weeping mother, as thou bendest over the lifeless form before thee, whilst pushing back the golden ringlets and pressing a parting kiss upon the cold lips, let not thoughts of the shroud, the coffin and the tomb overcome thee!

Wouldst thou know where the pure spirit has flown? "Turn thy face to the sun!"—its brightness may dazzle thy sight, but it is only a feeble reflection of the radiance that fills the heavenly courts; thy treasure is *there*.

Stricken mourner! robbed of thy heart's idol! rouse from thy lethargy! lift thine eye from that narrow mound! The loved one is not there! Wouldst follow with thy mental vision her upward flight? "Turn thy face to the sun." It was for this that she was taken; think of the first commandment, and while recollection holds sacred the remembrance of the dear departed, may thy affections be fixed on thy unchanging Friend.

"Turn thy face to the sun," aged pilgrim! Let not thy failing sight be withdrawn from his splendor! 'Twill but prepare thee for the glorious effulgence that will, ere long, burst upon thy view. Only a few more steps and thy journey will be ended.

"Turn thy face to the sun," dying Christian! Thou has fought the good fight, and art passing to thy reward. Let not the blinding tear-drop, or smothered sigh of friends gathered around thee, disturb the tranquility of thy last moments. Think who has promised to go with thee through the valley of death! Lean on Him; and, as loved ones bend over thee to catch the last accents that fall from thy tongue, let the words meet their ear softly as the echo of an angel's whisper: "Weep not for me when I depart. Let not your hearts be shrouded in gloom! think of the glorious exchange. Turn your face to the sun."

Prairie Cottage, 1854.

THE MAD QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

Leaving Belem and its fortifications and crossing two leagues of a fertile and cultivated country, we arrive at the residence of the royal family, which is situated in a solitary valley. Here dwelt the mad Queen, Donna Maria. She was at times raving mad, and was always haunted by the dread of hell-fire. Whenever her confessor, the grand-inquisitor, entered her room, she would exclaim that he was the devil. She used also to greet her daughter-in-law with the same appellation; but in this instance, at least, the mistake was not very extraordinary. The Queen was the mother of the two Princes of Brazil. One died

of the small-pox before he came to the throne: the other reigned in Brazil as he did in Lisbon. Heaven knows how gloriously that was! . . . The mad Queen was therefore the grandmother of Don Pedro and the great-grandmother of the young Queen Donna Maria de Gloria. Her majesty never left her royal prison except to enter another, namely one of the little Portuguese carriages, in which she was closely shut up until she got into the country, and quite out of the reach of the public gaze; then, sometimes her keepers would let her go out of the carriage and enjoy her liberty.

One day when I was strolling in a little romantic valley, in the neighborhood of Cintra, I met three ladies, one of whom attracted my notice on account of her strange appearance and wild stare. It was a windy day, and her hair, which was as white as silver, was blown over her face and shoulders. As this appeared to annoy her, one of the females who accompanied her, endeavored to shade the hair from her face, but for this kind office she received a box on the ear, which I heard. Three men were walking at some distance to render assistance in case of need. When I was perceived, one of these men came to me, and, addressing me in Portuguese, begged that I would retire. He did not, however, mention her Majesty, and it was not until afterwards that I was informed, by M. de Araujo, it was the Queen. I think her attendants must have told her who I was; for as I withdrew I perceived that she was menacing me with clenched fists, and darting at me looks which were absolutely demoniacal. This rencounter not only frightened me, but it gave rise to a world of melancholy reflections. The Sovereign of a great nation wandering in a solitary valley, and consigned to the charge of a few menials, whose impatience and ill-temper being excited by constant attendance on the unfortunate lunatic, were likely to increase her malady; her gray head, too, which in its *desen voltura*, seemed to reject the crown it could not support; all presented a picture which made a profound impression on my mind. When, on my return home, I mentioned my adventure to Junot, we could not help remarking the curious fact that all the Sovereigns of Europe, at least all the *legitimate* Sovereigns, were at that time either mad or imbecile.—*Madame Junot*.



HUGH LLOYD'S PULPIT.

The natural scenery of England is generally more pleasing than grand or picturesque in its character, yet there are some portions of the country which are considered attractive on account of their romantic beauty. Wales especially in this respect has superior claims to any other part of England, and is visited by tourists from all parts of the kingdom. It abounds in picturesque scenery, particularly in the northern districts. Snowden, the loftiest mountain in England, which rises to an elevation of 3571 feet above the level of the sea, is situated in Wales. A range of mountains, of which Snowden is the highest, traverses North Wales from south to north, terminating at Beaumaris Bay, in the tremendous steep of Peumanmawr. These mountains are traversed by intervening vales and wild romantic passes. Towards the south, these vales expand in many instances into broad plains, affording scope for the operations of the agriculturist, and the building of towns and villages; towards the north they become much narrower, and are traversed by impetuous rivers and torrents, according with the precipitous and savage character of the landscape. These mountain vales abound in romantic scenery. Among the lesser vales most famed for beauty is that of Festiniog, in which a number of streams unite to form a little river, which flows peacefully along

through verdant and wooded scenes. The beauties of this vale have been celebrated by all tourists, from Lord Littleton downwards. It is indeed a lovely spot, well watered, richly wooded, with enough of majesty and wildness in the barren mountain summits which bound the view, to enhance the value of its softness and fertility. The village of Festiniog, which has given this valley its name, affords the traveller a comfortable resting place. About half a mile from the inn are the falls of Cynfael. As the traveller approaches the cascade, the stream becomes gradually more agitated and noisy. Its course is now broken by three successive steps in its rocky bed, which are called the upper falls, its waters become additionally irritated, and it finally rushes with all the impetuosity and impatience of a mountain torrent over a shelving rock about forty feet in height into the ravine below. The rocky scenery of the river is very fine. Between the upper and lower falls is a columnar crag, called by Welshmen, Hugh Lloyd's pulpit, because a worthy of that name took advantage of this impregnable position in the middle of running waters, to preach a sermon to the devil! ! ?

Harsh words are like hailstones in summer, which if melted would fertilize the tender plants they batter down.

THE BOY AND THE MAN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Mrs. Bray told me you wanted an apprentice," said a woman, in a timid, hesitating voice, as she entered the shop of Bellrose, the carpenter. She held by the hand a lad not over twelve years of age, a mild, gentle-looking boy, with a fair complexion and clear blue eyes.

"So I do," was bluffly replied. "But I hardly think your boy will suit me. He looks too delicate for my use. I want a stouter and stronger lad."

"He is not very stout and strong, I know," returned the woman. "But, then, he is a very good child, and fond of working with tools. He will grow stouter and stronger by degrees, and as he will be obedient and learn his trade fast, I am sure you will find him of as much use to you as a stronger boy who has not his willingness to work."

"How old is he?"

"He was twelve last May."

"Twelve? Most too young. But see here, my lad!—do you want to be a carpenter?"

"Yes, sir," was timidly answered.

"Why do you want to be a carpenter?"

"I must learn a trade, and I'd rather be a carpenter than any thing else."

"You like to work with tools?"

"Yes, sir."

"But carpenters' work is very hard work, sometimes. I don't think you are strong enough."

"I will grow stronger," replied the boy.

"I think you'd better send him to school a year or two longer," said Bellrose, addressing the lad's mother. "He is most too young to be put out to a trade. 'I'd rather take him in two years from this time than now.'"

"But I'm not able to send him to school any longer," returned the mother, sadly. "I have three children besides him, all younger, and it's as much as I can do to get them enough to eat and wear. Frederick must go out now, and if you are not willing to take him, I must look for some other place. Mr. Sampson, the cabinet-maker, has promised to take him next spring, but I must get him to a trade now."

"Well, if that's the case, I suppose I must take him," said the carpenter. "When can he come?"

"As soon as you want him."

"Send him round to-morrow, then. What is your name?"

"Mrs. Marshall."

"And your son's name is Frederick?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well—you can come to-morrow morning, Frederick."

The mother retired with her boy, pleased that she had succeeded in getting him a place, yet sad at the thoughts of his going from home, where he had received nothing but kindness and affection, to become the uncared-for apprentice of a man in whose face there was little that attracted, if there was not much to repel. But with her, there was no alternative. She was a widow with four young children, and had no income beyond what arose from her own labor. Her husband was a clerk in the receipt of a good salary at the time of their marriage. He was a man of education and taste, and had looked to the preparation of his children for high and useful stations in life as a matter of the first importance. As they grew older, and the expense of maintaining his family increased, Mr. Marshall saw too plainly that his salary as a clerk would be inadequate to the support as well as education of his children to the extent that he wished them to be educated. In the hope of greatly increasing his income, he ventured into business with a friend who held out tempting inducements. By strict economy, he had saved a thousand dollars previous to his marriage, and this still lay in the Savings Bank, where he had at first deposited it. Interest added, the sum was now thirteen hundred dollars. The whole of this was ventured in business—the whole lost in the course of two years, and Mr. Marshall driven back to a clerkship at a lower salary than he had previously received. He lived only twelve months after this disheartening reverse. When he died, he left his widow penniless.

In this extremity, Mrs. Marshall, like a true woman, looked her situation full in the face. Her first act was to hire a small house at a moderate rent, and remove into it such articles of comfort and convenience as she considered indispensable. All the rest of her furniture she sold, and realized from the sale about two hundred dollars. One hundred dollars of this she deposited in the Savings Bank, and with

the other hundred furnished her front room below as a trimming store, on a small scale. A little sign, indicating that fine sewing, clear starching, etc., would be done by her, soon brought a small share of custom, both for work, and the little articles required to keep every woman's work basket properly furnished. Gradually, as she obtained more knowledge of her business, she was able to withdraw the hundred dollars that had been laid by in the Savings Bank, and use it to very good purpose in her store. Upon the product of this store, and the labor of her hands, Mrs. Marshall managed to support her little family. But, in doing so, she was compelled to labor far beyond her strength. Her eldest boy she had felt it to be her duty to keep at school as long as possible. But, as the other children advanced, and taxed the mother's income more heavily every day, until she perceived, with a saddened heart, that her stock of goods was gradually diminishing without her being able to replace it, she came to the reluctant determination of putting Frederick out from home. For some months she made efforts to get him into a store, but none to whom she applied were willing to take him, unless she would board and clothe him for the first two years. This she was not able to do. One or two neighbors urged her by all means to give her son a good trade, and pointed her to numerous instances where mechanics had set up for themselves and become well off. Frederick, himself, showed a fondness for tools, and always said that he wanted to be a carpenter. Hearing that Bellrose was in want of an apprentice, Mrs. Marshall applied, as has been seen, and secured the place.

The carpenter was a vulgar-minded man, who had no kind of feeling for his boys. He regarded them with little more consideration than he did his jack-planes. They were the means by which he was able to do work, and so were his tools. The tools required sharpening to make them efficient in his hands, and the boys feeding and clothing; and as the former was rather less costly than the latter, he always seemed kinder to and more considerate of his tools than his boys.

Bellrose was a very good workman, and, for an ordinary house, a very fair builder. But, in him, the physical so very nearly balanced the intellectual, that he advanced but little

beyond what he acquired as an apprentice and journeyman. His master had been in fair standing as a mechanic and builder of dwelling houses on the ordinary plan; and from being employed on these for some eight or ten years of his life as apprentice and journeyman, Bellrose was able to take and execute contracts for edifices of a similar kind when he set up for himself.

Such a man in power as a master, seems to have a natural dislike to an apprentice of a quicker turn of mind, but with less physical ability. And this feeling, in the case of Frederick, was added to the natural indifference of Bellrose to his apprentices. His other boys he scolded or beat, as the humor was on him, or as the offences against him were light or aggravated; and the impression upon them worried him rather than gratified his overbearing, tyrannical spirit—for neither scoldings nor beatings seemed to strike much terror into their hearts. But it was different with Frederick Marshall. He had not been an hour in the shop before the carpenter could see the blood rush to the lad's cheeks, and perceive his hand tremble as he spoke to him in a sharper voice than usual, in the effort to make him understand something that was at first not fully comprehended. He felt pleasure at this. Why, he did not know, nor stop to enquire. It was the pleasure that power in an evil-minded man causes him to feel over weakness.

Among the fellow apprentices of Frederick were two stout boys, older than himself by several years, named John Lamb and William Saxton. They were about as good specimens of the boy, as their master was of the man. From the beginning, they tyrannized over Frederick, and if the boy's natural indignation at the wrongs practised upon him vented itself in remonstrance or angry retort, a cuff on the ear, or a curse and a threat, made him shrink into silence.

The cruel beatings which some of the older boys received from their master, frightened Frederick terribly, and he strove, with all the power he had, to avoid such a visitation upon himself, by being industrious, prompt, and obedient in all things. But these availed not. The hand of Bellrose seemed to itch for an acquaintance with the ears of Frederick; but no good excuse offered for striking the lad for full three months after the indentures had been

signed which bound him for over eight years to a hard and unfeeling master. A worthy offence, in the eyes of the carpenter, was at length given.

Like too many younger apprentices, Frederick was more than half of his time put to domestic uses. He had all the wood for the house and kitchen to split; all the water to bring; the knives and forks to clean; the marketing to carry home; and all the errands to run, for the house as well as the shop. As the boy was fond of working with tools, and likewise ambitious to learn the use of them, to be kept thus away from the bench by menial employments, chafed his feelings. Though mild in his temper, he had spirit and independence; these caused his feelings often to revolt against what he felt to be imposition. One day the wife of his master called out to him, in the rough way that she generally spoke to the boys, just as he was leaving the house, after having brought in the market basket—

"You Fred! Come back here! You are in a great hurry to be off! You've got to take the baby down to Mrs. Grubb's."

Frederick came back slowly, muttering something to himself that Mrs. Bellrose could not hear.

"What's that?" she asked, in a quick, angry voice.

The lad was instantly silent.

"What did you say, sir?" asked the insulted Mrs. Bellrose. "Speak! can't you? How dare you talk back to me?"

But Frederick stood, with a half frightened, half defiant look.

"What did he say, Kitty?" This was asked of the cook, who was standing near.

"Why, he says, ma'am, as how that there is nothing in his indentures about carrying babies."

"He did? Ha! The impudent wretch!"

The face of Mrs. Bellrose became as red as a piece of flannel, and she would have made the ears of the boy quite as red as her own face, had she not waived the satisfaction of doing so for the higher pleasure of having him well flogged by her husband.

"Go off to the shop, you impertinent fellow! and tell your master that I want to see him. And d'you hear? come as straight back again as your feet will carry you. I'll teach you to give me impudence!"

A boy of less spirit, seeing the inevitable consequences that must follow a complaint to his master, would have humbly acknowledged that he had done wrong, and sought to appease the anger of his indignant mistress. But Frederick was proud as well as timid, and the influence of pride was strong enough to make him brave the cruel anger of Bellrose. As directed, he went to the shop and told his master that Mrs. Bellrose wanted him.

"What in the name of sense does she want?" said the carpenter, with ill humor, as he drew on his coat. "It isn't half an hour since I left the house!"

When Mrs. Bellrose, in a fever of indignation, related to her husband the insulting language that had been used by Frederick, that individual's anger was blown into a terrible flame.

"You little villain!" he said, catching hold of the frightened lad, who came in very soon after him, and dragging him up stairs, cuffing him all the way. At the bottom of the garret stairs he paused, and giving Frederick a vigorous push, told him to go up and he would be with him in a moment. He was as good as his word; for in a moment after the frightened boy entered the garret his master was by his side, holding a large rattan in his hand.

"Take off your jacket, sir! I'll teach you to give your mistress impudence," said Bellrose.

Frederick removed his jacket, and let it fall at his feet. He was trembling all over like a leaf, and his face was as pale as ashes. A petition for mercy rose to his lips, but it remained there unuttered. Pride, or a consciousness that words would be vain, kept him silent. Then came the cruel stripes, falling like rain upon his tender back, and leaving their purple marks from his shoulders to his hips. They were given with a strong, angry hand, and were continued until the poor boy felt as if he must die under the terrible strokes.

"Now, sir!" said the brutal man, as he pushed from him the writhing lad, who had uttered only a low moan, that answered to every cruel blow, "Now, sir! give your mistress impudence again! Put on your jacket, sir!" raising the rod he still held in his hand and brandishing it over the boy's head, "and be off to the shop in a minute."

The carpenter went down stairs. Frederick followed quickly, and was just leaving the house, when his master called after him.

"Here! stop! Mrs. Bellrose wants you."

The baby was yet to be carried out. Few mothers would have trusted a helpless babe with a boy under such circumstances. But the carpenter's wife was not of a very nervous temperament.

Frederick waited for half an hour in the kitchen, his back feeling bruised and benumbed. But he suffered far more in mind than in body. To be beaten like a beast was so degrading in his mind, that he felt as if he would never look up again. With this, however, was an indignant emotion, and a desire for revenge.

"I'll be a man one of these days," said he to himself, "and then!"

The exact thing that he would do when he became a man was not determined upon, but something by way of retaliation he was resolved to do. While thus brooding over his wrongs, he started at the voice of Mrs. Bellrose, who had come near to him, unperceived, as if she could read his thoughts.

"Here," said that woman, speaking with angry emphasis; "take the baby over to my sister's. And mind that you don't let him fall, or hurt him in any way. If you do, look out!"

Frederick received the babe in his arms, without lifting his eyes to the face of its mother. A sudden impulse to do it harm, by way of revenge, took hold of his mind. Sullenly he was turning away, when Mrs. Bellrose said, in a sharp, quick voice—

"Did you hear me, sir?"

The boy started, and lifted suddenly his blue eyes, that were swimming in tears. Their expression had a power over the passionate woman that she could not understand. Without replying, Frederick looked at her steadily for a few moments. The meaning of his look Mrs. Bellrose did not understand, but it subdued her, and made her more than half repent having been the means of subjecting the poor boy to the cruel chastisement he had just received.

"Be careful not to hurt the baby," said she, in a gentler tone.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Frederick, almost involuntarily, touched by the change in the woman's voice.

A thought of hurting the innocent babe did not again cross the boy's mind. He carried it gently in his arms to the place where he was directed to go, and then returned to the shop. His master greeted him with a dark frown as he came in, and ordered him to do something in an angry voice. It was many days before Bellrose gave the boy a kind word; by a *kind* word is here meant a word that did not seem the precursor of a blow.

From that time, the carpenter seemed to have a settled dislike towards Frederick Marshall. He was made to carry out the babe five times where he had been required to do it but once before, and to do menial and degrading offices about the house—degrading for a boy. This continued for nearly two years, when the lad's abilities at his trade made it his master's interest to release him from the galling drudgery. All this was borne by Frederick, with but few complaints to his mother.

The unkindness and oppression of his master were not all the lad had to bear. The two fellow-apprentices we have named, who were older and stronger boys, tyrannized over him in various ways. He suffered from them ridicule, cruel treatment, and wrongs of various kinds, often accompanied by blows. These his indignant spirit would sometimes cause him to resent, but it would have been better for him to have borne lesser evils passively, than, by resentment, to have them increased fourfold.

Thus passed the unhappy years of the boy's life until he was eighteen, by which time hard labor had given him strength, and a maturing mind had ripened into resistance a natural firmness and hatred of oppression. The two apprentices, who had practised upon him so many cruel wrongs, were men within a few months of their freedom; but manhood had not brought with it a sense of justice. They still took delight in imposing upon Frederick, whose disposition they had warped, and made fretful and impatient. Resentful words he had always given them in return, and sometimes blow for blow; but their physical strength greatly predominated over his, and he was, therefore, no match for them, but always received the worst in any contest.

One day, about this time, one of these apprentices, named Saxton, ordered Frederick, in a very offensive tone of voice, to hand him a

chisel. The latter took no notice of the order.

"Did you hear me speak?" said Saxton, in an angry, authoritative voice.

Frederick looked up at him with a frown, but made no answer.

"Hand me that chisel, I say! Don't you see that I can't move from where I stand without my work falling to pieces? Hand me a chisel, or I will throw this mallet at your head!"

Frederick did not pay the slightest attention to this order, but kept on with his work.

Angry beyond the power of controlling himself at the indifference displayed by young Marshall, Saxton actually threw the mallet he held in his hand at the head of his fellow-apprentice. The handle of the mallet grazed the temple of Frederick.

"It is well for you that it passed me harmless," said the latter, in a calm, resolute voice, while his lips closed tightly as he finished the sentence.

"Is it? We will try again."

And with that, Saxton threw a boxwood gauge at Frederick, with such violence that, striking him in the head, it nearly dashed him to the floor. Quick as thought the young man hurled back upon his assailant the heavy plane with which he was working. It struck Saxton on the side of his head and left shoulder, and knocked him to the floor senseless. Just at that moment, Bellrose entered the shop, and seeing the plane leave the hand of Frederick and strike Saxton a terrible blow, he seized a stout piece of wood, and sprung towards the former, with the intention of knocking him down. But Frederick, who saw the movement, snatched up a broadaxe, and brandishing it in both hands, like a tomahawk, warned his master not to approach him, or he would dash out his brains. There was an unwonted fire in the eye of his apprentice, and a fierce, scowling resolution on his brow, that made Bellrose, angry as he was, deem it best not to tempt him to put his threat into execution. He, therefore, threw the piece of wood he had taken up, to the floor, and turned his attention to Saxton, who was now in the hands of the other apprentices of the shop and the journeymen.

"Served him right!" muttered one of the latter. "I would have done the same. Flesh and blood couldn't endure for ever the insults and oppressions of that fellow."

Frederick heard this, and cast a grateful look towards the journeyman, which the latter saw, and returned with a glance of encouragement.

The blow which had told with such effect upon the head of Saxton, was a severe one. His shoulder was severely bruised, and his head badly cut. It was ten minutes before he was restored to animation, and then he was not able to stand. In about half an hour he was well enough to walk home, but it was ten days before he was able to go to work.

Many and cruel were the threats given forth both in and out of the hearing of young Marshall, to none of which the latter made any reply. These threats were never put into execution, however. Saxton had roused the lion once, and had no wish again to feel the weight of his armed paw. Nor was he the only one who was reluctant to kindle up the fire that slumbered in the young man's bosom. Bellrose himself, hard-fisted, brutal tyrant as he was, felt that there was in Frederick the courage to resist to an extent that he had no wish to encounter; and he had sense enough to know that, having once been driven to use the power within him, he would not shrink from doing so again, if pressed to extremity. John Lamb, or Jack Lamb, as he was called, the other apprentice, who had oppressed most shamefully the lad, while he felt that he was too weak to resist, did not again venture to encroach upon the rights of Frederick, although he talked very largely of what he would do if he were in the place of Bill Saxton.

From that time, the condition of Frederick Marshall was no longer one of actual suffering from the cruelties of those around him; and yet it had in it much to fret his mind. Bellrose had never clothed him well. This had always been a source of mortification to him, as it prevented him from going into such company as he liked, on Sundays. He would not associate with a class whose garb was too sad an index of their depraved characters—he preferred rather to stay at home with his mother. He would have attended church regularly, but his mother could not persuade him to go in his coarse, ill-fitting garments. She would have bought him a Sunday suit herself, had it been in her power to do so, but it was not. At eighteen, Frederick felt still more keenly the want of such clothing as would enable him to

go into respectable society. But, in his slop-made roundabout, coarse, blue cassinet pantaloons, and rough shoes, he could only venture forth early on Sunday morning to go to his mother's house, and return towards ten o'clock at night to the dwelling of his master. The food which was spread before him and his fellow apprentices was of the coarsest kind, badly cooked, and often unpalatable, even where hard work made hunger a sweetness. In the shop, or at the building, he was overworked; and at home, when work was done, there was no place where he could sit down in quiet, except the kitchen or garret.

Notwithstanding all these disagreeable things, and the absence of all chances for improving and elevating himself, Frederick looked upward instead of downward. His brutal associates in the shop and garret could not brutalize him. There was power within him, a power like that residing in a compressed spiral spring, and the moment pressure was removed he must rise.

During the last three years of the young man's apprenticeship, he applied himself, at every leisure moment, to the acquirement of all the information in architecture within his reach. He studied drawing at night, in the garret, while the other boys were in the street, and sketched plans of buildings that surprised his fellow-apprentices, by their correctness of proportion and beauty of design.

At last, Frederick Marshall was free from the slavery to which he had been subjected for more than eight years. A slight misunderstanding occurred between him and Mr. Bellrose two weeks before his twenty-first birthday, which was made the ground of a refusal by his master to give him the freedom suit of clothes to which he was entitled by his indentures. Some advised him to sue for them, but he said—

"No: I am done with him; and I wish never again to cross his path. This is but a small wrong to the many I have received from his hands. It has been wrong and oppression from the first."

It never seems to occur to persons like Bellrose that boys, in the course of a few years, become men, take their places as men in the world, and have to be met, dealt with, and treated as men, in every way equal and often their superiors. If such thoughts do ever cross

their minds, they appear to forget that boys have memories, and that the wrongs suffered in boyhood are remembered vividly in man's estate, even though the wish to retaliate has in most cases, departed.

Ten years from the day Frederick Marshall stepped forth from the shop of his unfeeling master a free man, he was known as the most skilful architect in the city where he was raised, and was engaged in the erection of some of the costliest edifices with which it is adorned. Steadily as he had gone up had his old master, Bellrose, the carpenter, gone down, until, from being a master-builder, he was reduced to the condition of a mere jobber and box-maker. Nor was this the worst feature in his case—he was in debt, and, hard pressed by his creditors, one of whom, more urgent than the rest, had seized upon the little lumber that was in his shop, all his tools, except a single chest, and the furniture in his dwelling, which were all advertised to be sold at sheriff's sale in about a week.

This was the state of things when Bellrose shut up his shop one evening, and went home with a gloomy brow. He was pretty well advanced in years, and all his children were off of his hands except one boy, about thirteen years of age, the youngest and the one most loved by both father and mother. All the other boys had learned or were learning trades. For Edwin, the youngest, they looked for something better. Him they intended to educate for one of the professions, and, as he showed great fondness for learning, their ambition to see him rise in the world, by means of a liberal education, was laudable.

The wife of Bellrose was not ignorant of the position of affairs. She knew that all they had was in the hands of the sheriff; and she also knew that her husband had, thus far, tried in vain to get some friend to aid him in his extremity. Anxiously did she look in his face, as he entered his house on that evening, but there was no light there. All was still gloomy.

"Can nothing be done, husband?" she said, when they were alone, after tea. "Will no one go your security, and thus save our goods?"

"I have asked two or three since morning, but nobody is willing to risk anything for me. As I am known to be heavily in debt, I cannot blame people for being cautious."

"Won't the man who has sued wait longer?"

"No. I have seen him, and begged him to give me more time. But he is as hard as iron. He will not bend an inch. Ah, me! man is hard and cruel to his fellow!"

As Bellrose said this, the image of Frederick Marshall came up suddenly before him, and, with the recollection of his old apprentice, came also the recollections of his own hardness and cruelty towards him when a boy. A flush of shame burned on his cheeks.

"Don't you think Frederick Marshall would assist you?" suggested the wife. "He's getting well off, it is said."

"No!" was the quick, stern answer, and Bellrose shook his head almost shudderingly. "I would see all lost rather than go to *him*!"

His wife sighed deeply.

Before either spoke again, there came a knock at the door, and a few moments afterwards a well-dressed man entered, and bowed respectfully. They knew him in an instant. It was he of whom they had just been speaking. Marshall advanced toward his old master, and extended his hand with a cheerful smile, and then shook the hand of Mrs. Bellrose quite cordially. He had not seen the latter for ten years.

In spite of the frankness and warmth of manner with which Marshall treated them, Bellrose and his wife felt constrained and conscience-stricken. The past came up before their minds too vividly. Bellrose remembered the cruel stripes, for light causes, that he had too often laid upon the shrinking boy, and the injustice with which he had treated him from the first to the last; the memory of his wife was also prolific of scenes and incidents that she would have given much to have blotted out at that moment.

"I was very sorry to learn to-day, for the first time, Mr. Bellrose, that you were in some trouble," said Marshall. "If I can aid you in any way, it will give me real pleasure to do so."

This came so unexpectedly, that Bellrose was unable to make any reply. He felt it as a keen rebuke, and would have firmly declined the services so timely proffered, had not a thought of his wife and son pressed itself into his mind.

"You have met with a good many losses, I understand," resumed Marshall, feeling that

he had, perhaps, too abruptly introduced the subject of his visit.

"Yes—a good many," replied Bellrose, sadly. "I have lost all, and more than all I ever made."

"It pains me to hear you say so. But we should never despond."

"A young man need not despond; but when a man reaches my age, and the tide of fortune sets against him, he has a small chance of making headway. I have but little hope in the future, Frederick."

"Do not say so. I trust you will have many prosperous gales yet."

But Bellrose shook his head.

"Who is pressing you so hard at this time?" Marshall asked, after a silence of some time.

"Parker," was the brief reply.

"The hardware dealer?"

"Yes."

"A man as hard as his own wares."

"Yes. He has an iron heart."

"How much is his claim?"

"Three hundred dollars."

"Are any others pressing you?"

"Whatever he leaves will be snapped up eagerly enough. There is no chance for me, Frederick."

"Don't say that. There is a chance for you, yet. I'll tell you what I will do. I will buy out your shop, lumber and furniture, and pay you for them as much as you owe Parker, so as to release them from his claim. As all will then be mine by right of purchase, no one else can touch them. Of course, I will leave you in full possession, and you can repay me whenever it is convenient."

The old man rose quickly from his seat, and grasping the hand of Marshall, said, with a trembling voice—

"Frederick, I did not deserve this of you. When our positions were reversed—when I——"

"Let the past sleep, Mr. Bellrose!" replied Marshall, interrupting him; "it can do no good to recall acts which we now wish were different. I have no feelings towards you but those of kindness, as you must believe when I tell you that I am here to offer my aid two hours after I learned that you were in difficulties. And I do it for a sincere desire to render you a service."

Bellrose was completely unmanned by

generous spirit of his old apprentice. He accepted the proffered aid, gladly. Nor was this the only obligation under which Marshall laid him. He threw a great deal of work in his way, and, in fact, set the old man on his feet again, where he stood as firm and even firmer than before. All his debts were in time paid off, and he was able to give his youngest boy the liberal education he so much desired him to have.

A few months after Marshall had brought to his old master such timely relief, two rough-looking men came into a building which he was engaged in erecting, and enquired if they could see him. There was something familiar in their faces, but he could not remember their names nor where he had seen them."

"You don't recollect us," said one of them, with a foolish expression of countenance.

"I remember your faces very well," replied Marshall, "but I really cannot recall your names."

"Don't recollect your old fellow apprentices?"

"Why, John! William! Is it possible!" exclaimed Marshall, grasping with cordiality the hands of Saxton and Lamb. "I did not know that you were in the city."

"We haven't been for the last five years, until within the last two weeks," said Saxton. "We both went out to Charleston, a long time ago, with our families, where we had the offer of higher wages. But living was so high in proportion, we didn't do much better for ourselves. Latterly everything has been so dull that we couldn't get work over half our time, and now we have come back to the old place, and it's dull here, too. We've tried all the shops, but can't get in, and have at last come to see if you don't want a couple of good hands."

"Why didn't you come to me at first? I could have made room for you," replied Marshall.

Both the men cast their eyes to the floor, and Saxton made an evasive reply, the meaning of which was clear enough to Marshall. The recollection of their cruelty and meanness towards him when boys, was too painfully present in their minds, and this had kept them away. But the pressing necessity of their circumstances, both with families on their hands, drove them at last to apply to one whom they

wronged and ill-treated when they had him in their power.

Marshall was as kind towards his old fellow apprentices as he had been towards his old master. He gave them work and the best of wages as long as they desired it.

Thus we see how the position of the boy and the man changes in a few years, and how short a time it takes to elevate, it may be, the one far above the other. The recollection of this alone, if no better feelings prompt the heart to kindness and consideration, should make those who have children in their power as apprentices or domestics, treat them with justice and humanity. All who do not, may be very sure that a day will come when their cheeks will burn in the presence of those who once shrunk from their frown, or writhed beneath their cruel hand. Whoever sows wrong, will surely reap retribution. It will come sooner or later in a plentiful harvest. If not in a retaliation of wrong, yet in words and deeds that will be as coals of fire upon the head.

THOUGHTS AND SENTIMENTS.

Let you be ever so pure, you cannot associate with bad companions without falling into bad odor. Evil companions are like tobacco smoke—you cannot be long in its presence without carrying away a taint of it.

Some men are very entertaining for a first interview, but after that they are exhausted, and run out; on a second meeting we shall find them very flat and monotonous; like hand organs, we have heard all their tunes.

Right in one thing becomes preliminary towards right in everything; the transition is not distant from the feeling which tells us that we should do harm to no man, to that which tells us that we should do good to all men.

Instead of saying things to make people stare and wonder, say what will withhold them hereafter from wondering and staring. This is philosophy: to make remote things tangible, common things extensively useful, useful things extensively common, and to leave the least necessary for the last. I have always a suspicion of sonorous sentences.

Good-nature, like the bee, collects sweetness from every herb. Ill-nature, like the spider, sucks poison from honeyed flowers.



THE FALLS OF MONTMORENCY.

This beautiful and magnificent waterfall is situated on a river of the same name, which descends by this cataract into the St. Lawrence, about seven miles below Quebec. These falls are about 300 feet distant from the confluence of the two rivers, and may be distinctly seen from the St. Lawrence. The banks of the river Montmorency are perfectly perpendicular both below and above the falls, and are composed of a soft stone, resembling in color and texture the stone which is brought from the Connecticut river, and which is so much esteemed. The softness of the rock and the rapidity of the current have produced the most perfect regularity in the banks, which are nearly as smooth as though they had been chiselled and polished by art. Although the average width of the Montmorency is not more than 150 feet, yet such is the rapidity of its current that an immense body of water is precipitated over these falls.

About fifty feet above the perpendicular cascade, the water begins to tumble over rocks at about an angle of 45 degrees, until it arrives at the great leap, when it falls in one unbroken sheet to the bottom. These falls can be measured with a much greater amount of accuracy than those of Niagara. The height of the perpendicular fall has been distinctly measured, and is ascertained to be about 240 feet. Therefore, the falls of Montmorency, although infe-

rior to those of Niagara in point of grandeur and sublimity, certainly rival them in beauty and excel them in height. By tourists they have been long celebrated for their picturesque scenery. They have been frequently sketched, and will still continue to furnish a subject for the pencil of the artist, and a theme for admiring poets, and the traveller who comes to this part of America, if he be a lover of nature, will never fail to visit them.

The river Montmorency is memorable in Canadian history, as associated with the military proceedings of the French and English armies. It was here that General Wolfe was repulsed by Montcalm, the French commander-in-chief. In attempting to cross the Montmorency, a little above these falls, he was driven back with the loss of 500 men and many brave officers. General Wolfe was so much mortified by this defeat, that it brought on a fever, and his anxiety to retrieve his reverses, and sustain the military superiority of the British arms, doubtless strung his mind up to that pitch of excitement and determination which prompted him to the display of such wonderful coolness, bravery and heroism at Quebec.

Boasting seldom or never accompanies a sense of real power. When men feel that they can express themselves by deeds, they do not often care to do so by words.

PRAYER FOR THE ABSENT.

BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

Father, be with them while the wings of night
Brood o'er our human hearts like sorrow's
pall;

While life speeds on its hushed, mysterious
flight;

Father, be with them all.

Sisters and brothers, that beside the hearth,

Or round the cradle of my childhood trod,

All gone, all scattered o'er the worn old earth,

Or 'neath the churchyard sod;

Where'er they wander from their home of birth,

Oh! shield them well, my God.

Dearer than life thou givest the household blest,

Whose cares and joys fill up the thronged to-
day,

Cheating the spirit of its fond unrest

O'er dear ones far away;

Of those whose love my infant fireside knew,

Not one is near my joys and griefs to share,

But memory seeketh, like the falling dew,

Night's loosening bond of care;

Then for the fond ones that beside me grew,

Upsprings the heartfelt prayer.

Young forms are round me as in days gone by,

Sweet tones recall the tones I hear no more;

And love looks on me from a laughing eye,

Like one I loved of yore.

Fainting lest my frail hand point not to heaven,

Hourly for these, to thee, my God, I pray,

While the loved household to my childhood
given

O'er earth forgotten stray,

But, like tired doves that homeward troop at
even,

They claim the closing day.

Buffalo, N. Y., 1854.

THE SERENADE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF URLAND.

"What sounds so sweet awake me?

What fills me with delight?

Oh! mother, look! who sings thus

So sweetly through the night?"

"I hear not, child, I see not;

Oh! sleep thou softly on!

Comes now to serenade thee,

Thou poor sick maiden, none!"

"It is not earthly music

That fills me with delight;

I hear the angels call me:

Oh! mother dear—good night!"

A COW IN MY BOX.

Webster's Dictionary has at least one advantage over others; there is more overcoming of the difference between *sight* and *sound* to the reader—a great advantage to any person, but an essential relief to foreigners learning our language. Surely there are enough words in our language that cannot be changed in their pronunciation, without perpetuating the number of those that can be changed, and changed for the better.

At a collegiate exhibition, some years ago, the following story was told, in illustration of the difficulty which a foreigner encounters in learning to pronounce the English language, whose orthography is so much at variance with its elementary sounds:

"The gentleman said, that the first time he ever visited London, he caught cold on the passage. He had studied English at the French University, and made about as much progress in giving correct sounds to the words as a green Yankee might be supposed to do in the French tongue, with nothing but a dictionary for a guide. Some things he knew, and some things he *didn't* know; one thing he knew, however, and that was, that he needed a physician to cure his cold.

"Accordingly he sent for a physician; and wishing to show Dr. John Bull how well he could talk English, he took a dictionary, and found that '*toux*' was '*cough*' in the latter tongue.

"'*C o-u-g-h!*' spelled the Frenchman: '*how they say that?—eh?* Oh, I have him!—*P-l-o-u-g-h* is plow, and *c o-u-g-h* is cow; ah, I have a *cow!*'"

"The doctor entered, and began to feel his pulse, and so found that all was right.

"'*I aves no troubles dere,*' said the Frenchman; '*I aves got de cow!*'"

"'*Well, I am not a cow-doctor,*' said the surgeon, indignantly; '*why do you send to me to visit your cow?*'"

"'*But you shall not understand me!*' said the disconcerted Frenchman; '*here is my cow—here!*' and he thumped his breast in desperation that he could not be comprehended.

"The doctor shook his head, as though he thought him demented.

"The Frenchman again had recourse to his dictionary; thinking that if he could get the precise locality of his '*cow*,' the doctor could

not fail to understand him. Accordingly, he looked for the 'chest,' and found the definition to be 'a box;' then shouting as loud as a Frenchman always does when excited, he exclaimed:

"'Now you understands?—eh? I got a *cow* in my *box*?'"

"The doctor burst into a roar of laughter, and the poor Frenchman almost died of chagrin.

"When the Frenchman told the story, the audience were perfectly convulsed; and they roared again when he added—

"'If you can do anything for my 'cow,' it will be great thing!'"

POLITICS AND THE PULPIT.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher thinks the Clergy in these days are favored with entirely too much advice from publicans, the press, and others, as to what they ought and ought not to preach. For instance:

"Our wonder is not that ministers do not preach better, but that they preach at all. A diffident young man, (and all young men are diffident,) with a subtle conscience balanced, like scales in a mint, on so fine an edge, that a mote will turn it, how shall he ever know his own mind, amidst advice that is not only so multitudinous in items, but so conflicting and contradictory? Our impression is that a young minister should put cotton into his ears, not into his conscience. Then, in the exercise of common sense, preach in such a way, as, in his circumstances, will do the work for which preaching was instituted. * * * *

"We have no doubt that a rigorous landlord, having sharked it all the week, screwing and griping among his tenants, would be better pleased on Sunday, to doze through an able Gospel sermon on Divine mysteries, than to be kept awake by a practical sermon that, among other things, set forth the duties of a Christian landlord. A broker who has gambled on a magnificent scale all the week, does not go to church to have his practical swindling analyzed and measured by the 'New Testament' spirit. A merchant, whose last bale of smuggled goods was safely stored on Saturday night, and his brother merchant, who, on that same day, swore a false invoice through the Custom House—they go to the church to hear a sermon on faith, on angels, on the resurrection.—

They have nothing invested on those subjects, they expect the minister to be bold and orthodox. But if he wants respectable merchants to pay ample pew rents, let him not vulgarize the pulpit by introducing commercial questions. A rich Christian brother owns largely in a distillery, and is clamorous against letting down the pulpit to the vulgarity of temperance sermons. Another man buys tax-titles, and noses about all the week to see who can be slipped out of a neglected lot. A mechanic that plies his craft with the unscrupulous appliances of every means that will win, he, too, wants 'doctrine' on the Sabbath, not these secular questions. Men wish two departments in life; the secular and the religious. Between them a high wall and opaque, is to be built. They wish to do just what they please for six long days. Then stepping the other side of the wall, they wish the minister to assuage their fears, to comfort their conscience, and furnish them a clear ticket and insurance for heaven. By such a shrewd management, our modern financiers are determined to show that a Christian *can* serve two masters, both God and mammon, at the same time."

THE RETINA.

This is a thin coat on which everything we look at is painted by the light with a wonderful clearness and accuracy. It is connected with the optic nerve, which is the messenger between the world outside and the brain inside. Beside many other parts which make up the machinery of the eye, there are muscles which are so placed, and are so obedient, that as quick as thought, you can pull one cord and the eye will turn to the right, or pull another and the eye will turn to the left, or up or down, or round, while one steadies and regulates the motion of the rest.

But the retina is the strangest picture gallery in the world. All the great galleries, and all the splendid paintings that have ever been seen, are nothing to it. If you stand on top of a high mountain and can look around you thirty, or forty, or fifty miles, all that great picture is painted by the light on the retina, with all the colors, and shapes, and sizes, more correctly than could even be done by any art of man. This great picture is painted with a finer pencil than any painter ever used. All the landscape, with hills, valleys, towns,

rivers, and sky, is painted on this delicate canvas only half an inch in diameter. There was in the Crystal Palace a gold dollar, upon which the Lord's Prayer was engraved on one side, and another curiosity of engraving in the shape of a merchant's business card, consisting of several lines of writing, all in a space which the head of a good sized pin would cover. But this is nothing in comparison with painting such a picture as may be seen from the spire of Trinity Church, New York, in a space only as large as a sixpence.

This is proved by actual experiment with the eye of some large animal, say an ox. By taking the two outside coats off from the back part of the eye, so as to leave the retina exposed, you have an opportunity of seeing any object which is reflected upon it. Now close the shutters of the room, and set the eye in a hole prepared for the purpose, looking out, and the light will paint everything in reach of the eye on the retina, the same as though the animal were alive. Houses, trees, men walking, and everything outside, will be painted in the small space, and upside down. The optic nerve sets them right again by the time they get to the brain.—*Wm. Oland Bourne.*

HOPE.

BY LAURA A. MACK.

See that toil-worn man—look at his broad, hard hand, and soiled garments, as he bends low at his work; but now suddenly his features expand with a smile, and to his movements is imparted a quickness and elasticity, that were not visible a few moments before; why this change? Hope has rustled her bright wings as she flew past, and bade him look up! for to-night he's to receive a deed, which will secure to him that little cottage by the hill-side, *aye that cottage!* where the sweet flowers always seemed to look up and smile, where the little rivulet runs laughing by; in which the birds moisten their tiny throats, to pour forth their richest strains of melody—yes, *that cottage* whose every nook and corner is sacred, around whose hearth-stone, little prattlers come every morn and eve, to clasp their soft arms around that toil-worn man, and lisp with the pure accents of childhood, father! father! Do you see that maiden upon whose cheek, the rose blushes—whose glad joyous

laugh echoes far over woodland, and meadow, as she brushes the crystal dew from her tresses, and commences her morning labors; yesterday she had intelligence from the absent one; and in those warm expressions of endearment hope has gathered something glad and joyous. View also that tall, manly youth, bending with eagerness over his task, while the clock chimes the hours of ten, twelve, one, two! now, with a smile he closes the book, for hope has just pressed her bright wings against some happy thought, and whispered of a future crowned with fame, power, and wealth—no wonder then, that the book is closed with a smile, and the long-needed repose sought. See that one, upon whose head is gathered the frosts of age—as the sun steals through the latticed window, and falls upon the Sacred Page; its golden radiance seems to point to hopes beyond—hopes more pure, more lasting, than those of the toil-worn laborer, the blushing maiden, or the ambitious student—because they reach from the ever-changing scenes of earth to Heaven.

LITTLE ACELIE.

Bright is the morning; the wild birds are singing
Carols of melody in the blue air;
Yet I hear not the voice of the merry child,
ringing
In silvery tones of joyousness, there.
Gay little Acelie gives me no greeting;
Dear little Acelie, thou must be sleeping.
It meeteth me not, the eye that beams brightly;
Nor the smile that is ready to light upon all;
Comes not the innocent, bounding so lightly,
Listening, I hear not her step in the hall.
Gay little Acelie gives me no greeting;
Dear little Acelie, thou must be sleeping.
On her pale brow lie the ringlets all flaxen;
Her cold lips part not with the breath of the morn;
Crossed are the hands so tiny and waxen,
And the dainty shroud-folds her light form adorn.
Hushed in repose is the voice of her greeting;
Blest little Acelie, yes, thou art sleeping.
Break not your heart, oh! mother, oh! father; ;
Angels' delights now your loved one employ
In the green fold, where the tender lambs gather
Round the Good Shepherd, with innocent joy,
Waits little Acelie *there*, with her greeting;
Heaven is prepared for the place of our meet-
ing. E. B. H.

FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

EGGS.

TO BOIL EGGS.—Put a pint of water into a small pan; when boiling, put two eggs in, and boil according to size—from two and a half to four minutes. Fresh-laid eggs will not take so long, and if only just set, are excellent for clearing the voice.

To boil them for toast, they require six minutes; take them out, throw them in cold water, remove the shell, and cut them into slices; put them on the buttered toast, a little pepper and salt, and serve. These are excellent with a little ketchup put on the eggs, then bread-crumbed, salamandered over, and serve.

BAKED EGGS.—Put half an ounce of butter into a small tin pan; break four eggs in it, keeping the yolks whole, throw a little pepper and bits of butter and salt over; put in the oven, or before the fire, till set, and serve. They will take about six minutes doing.

POACHED EGGS.—Put in a small pan half a pint of water, half a teaspoonful of salt, three of vinegar; when boiling, break carefully in the pan two nice eggs, simmer for four minutes, or till firm, but not hard; serve either on toast or fried bacon, or ham, or spinach, and on any minced and seasoned vegetable.

MIXED EGGS.—Break four eggs into a frying-pan, in which you have put two ounces of butter, a little salt and pepper; set it on the fire, stir round with a wooden spoon very quickly, to prevent sticking to the pan; when all set, serve either on toast or dish. Fried bacon cut in dice, a little chopped onions, or mushrooms, may be added to the above.

EGGS AND BACON.—Cut some bacon very thin, put into a frying-pan half an ounce of butter, or fat, lay the bacon in it; when fried on one side, turn over, and break one egg on each piece; when the eggs are set, put the slice under the bacon, and remove them gently into a dish. Ham may be done the same.

EGGS, CONVENT FASHION.—Boil four eggs for ten minutes, put them in cold water, peel and slice thin one onion, put into a frying-pan one ounce of butter; when melted, add the onion, and fry white, then add a teaspoonsful of flour, mix it well, add about half a pint of milk, till forming a nice white sauce, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a quarter ditto of

pepper; when nicely done, add the eggs, cut into six pieces each, crossways; toss them up; when hot through, serve on toast.

EGGS AND SAUSAGES.—Boil four sausages for five minutes, when half cold cut them in half lengthways, put a little butter or fat in frying-pan, and put the sausages in and fry gently, break four eggs into pan, cook gently, and serve. Raw sausages will do as well, only keep them whole, and cook slowly.

OMELETTES OR FRAISE.—Where is the man or woman cook but says they know how to make an omelette, and that to perfection? But this is rarely the case. It is related of Sarah, the Duchess of Marlborough, that no one could cook a fraise, as it was then called, for the great duke but herself.

The great point is, if in an iron pan, it should be very clean and free from damp, which sometimes comes out of the iron when placed on the fire. The best plan is to put it on the fire, with a little fat, and let it get quite hot, or until the fat burns; remove it, and wipe it clean with a dry cloth, and then you will be able to make the omelette to perfection.

OMELETTES.—Break four eggs into a basin, add half a teaspoonful of salt and a quarter ditto of pepper, beat them up well with a fork, put into the frying-pan one ounce and a half of butter, lard, or oil, which put on the fire until hot; then pour in the eggs, which keep on mixing quick with a spoon until all is delicately set; then let them slip to the edge of the pan, laying hold by the handle, and raising it slantways, which will give an elongated form to the omelette; turn in the edges, let it set a moment, and turn it over on to a dish, and serve.

It ought to be a nice yellow color, done to a nicety, and as light and delicate as possible. It may be served in many ways, but some of the following are the most common:—two tablespoonsfuls of milk and an ounce of the crumb of bread cut in thin slices, may be added.

OMELETTES WITH HERBS.—Proceed as above adding a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, and half ditto of chopped onions or chives, or a little eschalot; salt and pepper, and semi-fry as above.

BACON OMELETTE.—Cut one ounce of bacon into small dice, fry in a little fat; when done, add the eggs, and proceed as above.

THE FASHIONS.

No. 1.



No. 2.



DRESS BONNETS.

No. 1—Drawn silk, with a short plume, low on the right side; the cap of fine blonde and flowers. No. 2—Delicate gauze ribbon; a shell pattern on a foundation of silk.

No. 3.



CAP.

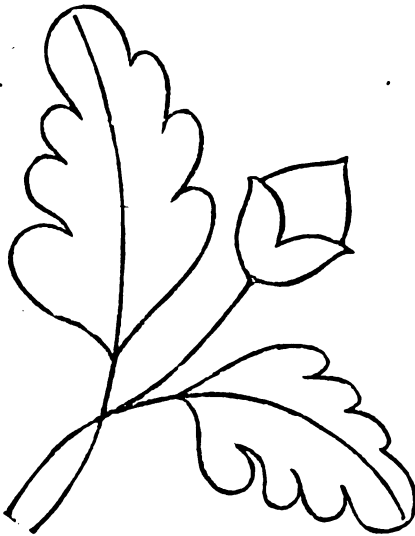
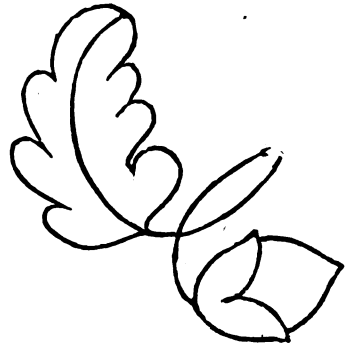
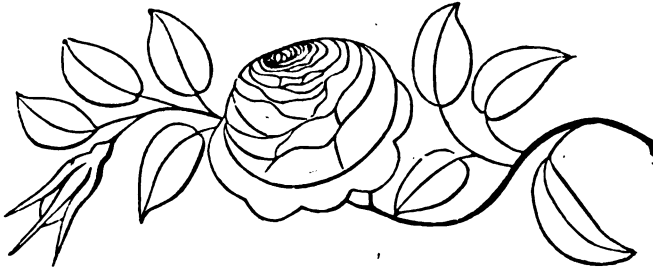
No. 4.



CAPE.

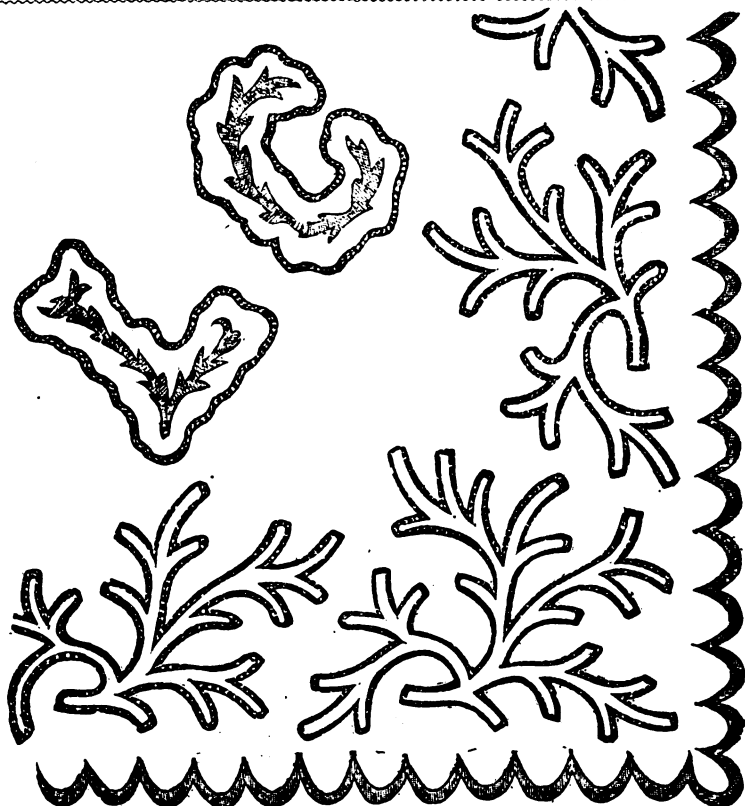
No. 3—Cap of Maltese lace, with bands of narrow black velvet. The trimming is a rich *ruban Ecossais*, with broad black velvet. The lace comes to a point on the forehead, and then allows the loops of ribbon to fall on the side of the face. Long floating ends fall from the point of the cap over the shoulders; these are of plaid ribbon, knotted on the ear with velvet.

No. 4—A rich lace cape or corsage, to be worn with a low-necked evening dress.



EMBROIDERY WITH CORD.

Trace the pattern on tissue paper, sew the paper on the material, and sew the cord or braid over the paper. After it is worked, the paper can be picked out.



CORNER FOR POCKET HANDKERCHIEF.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

"Friend Broadbrim," said Zephaniah Strait-lace to his master, a rich Quaker of the city of Brotherly Love, "thou canst not eat of that leg of mutton at thy noontide table to-day."

"And wherefore not?" asked the Quaker.

"Because the dog that appertaineth to that son of Belial, whom the world calleth Lawyer Foxcraft, hath come into thy pantry and stolen it—yea, and he hath eaten it up."

"Beware, friend Zephaniah, of bearing false witness against thy neighbor. Art thou sure it was friend Foxcraft's domestic animal?"

"Yea, verily, I saw it with my eyes, and it was Lawyer Foxcraft's dog; even Pinch'em."

"Upon what evil times have we fallen!" sighed the harmless secretary, as he wended his way to his neighbor's office. "Friend Gripus," said he, "I want to ask thy opinion."

"I am all attention," replied the scribe, laying down his pen.

"Supposing, friend Foxcraft, that my dog

has gone into thy neighbor's pantry, and stolen therefrom a leg of mutton, and I saw him, and could call him by name, what ought I to do?"

"Pay for the mutton; nothing can be clearer."

"Know, then, friend Foxcraft, thy dog, even the beast men denominate Pinch'em, hath stolen from my pantry a leg of mutton, of the just value of four shillings and sixpence, which I paid for it in the market, this morning."

"Oh! well, then it is my opinion that I must pay for it;" and having done so, the worthy friend turned to depart.

"Tarry yet a little, friend Broadbrim," cried the lawyer. "Of a verity I have yet farther to say unto thee. Thou owest me nine shillings—for advice."

"Then, verily, I must pay thee; and it is my opinion I have touched pitch, and been defiled."

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

HOME MUSIC.—There is plenty of music in some of our American city homes, but of home-music—music that gives voice to the heart-earnings and home affections of our people—how little is ever heard. So far, with us, the cultivation of instrumental music is merely an art; and its performance little more than an exhibition of skill. The young lady who takes her seat at the piano, selects, for the edification of her friends, the most difficult, or the most fashionable pieces, and simply makes for them an exhibition of her ability as a performer. Are their hearts touched? Does her music steal into their spirits like the presence of an angel-guest? Is a want of their nature supplied? No! The ear may be delighted, in the beginning, with a few appreciated harmonies; but, long ere the bewildering jar of sweet sounds is hushed, their minds have wandered from the performer; and a sense of relief is felt when silence reigns in the apartment.

It was not the music for which echo sat listening in their hearts. Not the music to awaken home affections. Not the music for which their spirits made ready to give joyful responses. Alas! How little of such music have we; and that is so unfashionable, that not one fair performer in a hundred will jeopardize her reputation for taste by venturing upon its execution.

Why is it that the voice of music dies out in the American home circle, when the young wife assumes her household and maternal duties? It is because she has only learned music as an art, and not loved it for the delight she felt in its performance. It is because she has been taught in the romantic school—that school which is based on the opera, whose music expresses strong, wild passion, and excites in the soul only grand, or tumultuous emotions. In this she finds nothing that harmonizes with her newly awakened mother's love, nor with the calm, sweet joys, or earnest cares of her new life. And so, she turns from the art divine; and the blessing of music falls not on her household.

Give us, say we, the people, a home-music—something that will come to us as we are, and must continue to be. As Mr. Giles says—

“Let the theatre have its music; let the camp have its music; let the dance-room have its music; let the church have its music; but let the home and the friendly gathering also have their music.”

BLACKWOOD A PLAGIARIST ON GLIDDON AND NOTT.—In the August number of Blackwood's Magazine is an article on the “Ethnology of Europe,” in which the writer has most unsparingly appropriated, without acknowledgment, the labors and investigations of Mr. Gliddon and Dr. Nott, as published in their “Types of Mankind,” often using their very words, though more frequently embodying their thoughts in his own language. Mr. Gliddon, in a communication to Norton's Literary Gazette, gives quite a number of parallel passages from Blackwood and the “Types,” which show the plagiarism in the clearest light. And, singularly enough, the writer in Blackwood, though using the American work largely, does not once, we believe, mention the existence of so important a publication.

This unacknowledged use of American literary labor by English writers, is very disgraceful to the latter. It is an act of injustice of which literary men on this side of the Atlantic have had occasion to complain for some years past. Of the publication of American works, without remuneration to authors, we can have nothing to say, for we have long enough appropriated the best of English books on the same principle. But, when our brain-work is taken without acknowledgment, and, in many cases sent forth in some slightly modified form as the brain-work of an English author, we think a word of remonstrance and disapproval quite in place. An American writer, guilty of similar conduct, would be for ever disgraced among his countrymen.

The third portion of the wire connecting the Island of Sardinia with the main land of Africa has now been laid down in the sea-bed. The telegraphic system of the State of Sardinia is now almost complete—so that even its remote villages and watering-places are connected with the great European system of lightning-signals.

BOOK PUBLISHING.—There are two modes of publishing and circulating books in this country. One includes the general bookselling business—the other is confined to what is known as subscription sales, and is conducted by means of canvassing agents or colporteurs. Those engaged in the latter branch of the business rarely, if ever, permit the books they publish to be sold in bookstores. Particular cities, counties, or sections of country, are assigned to certain agents, who have the exclusive right to sell their books in these particular localities. They do not publish many books, but, by their mode of circulation, succeed in selling, year after year, large editions of the same books. Fortunes have been made, in this way, from the sales of a single work. The "Cottage Bible" may be mentioned as a notable instance. From the sale of this alone, a very large amount of money has been cleared by the publisher. So quietly are these agency operations carried on, that the public are scarcely conscious of the existence of a system of publication and sale by which books to the value of millions of dollars are distributed annually.

In this city, we may mention Mr. J. W. Bradley, No. 48 North Fourth street, as one of our leading subscription publishers. He has been engaged in the business only a few years, yet in that time he has established a series of agencies extending from Maine to Oregon, and from Iowa to Louisiana, to all of which he is constantly furnishing books, published by himself, that, never finding their way into bookstores, are sold strictly on the plan of subscription. Uniting, as he does, the strictest personal integrity with shrewdness, caution, and untiring perseverance, Mr. Bradley cannot fail to build up a most extensive and profitable business. He has our best wishes for his largest success, for he belongs to the class of men who deserve to prosper.

CLERICAL ECCENTRICITIES.—We frequently meet in the papers anecdotes of what are termed "clerical eccentricities," and very sorry are we to read them. The calling of a clergyman is the very highest which a man can assume, and should be by him so regarded. It may not have the imposing character of worldly honor; nay, in the very nature of things it is without the pomp and display which attend

worldly offices. But there is a dignity inherent in the position of a minister of God—an ambassador of Heaven—which should confer character upon him who is invested with so sacred a calling. To fill it worthily, he who holds it should have a deep and continual sense of its importance, and of the unworthiness of any mortal man to stand forth before his fellow-mortals as their teacher and guide in things of the highest import, without continual reliance upon Him who has commissioned His ambassadors.

All men are not gifted with great intellect. All men cannot be wise or learned. And in the ranks of the clergy, as in other callings, there must, of necessity, be many who are remarkable neither for great natural parts, nor for extraordinary acquirements. But among these lesser lights are found many of the most useful and most highly respected of our clergy. A preacher's great hold upon his people is through their sympathy; and as a man of average talent finds the larger number in mental and spiritual union with himself, so is his influence extended over a wider circle than the gifted man controls; particularly if he possess what the gifted may lack—to wit, humility and earnestness, with a due regard to the sacredness of his position. Brilliant talents command a host of admirers—but in practical utility those men excel whose names are hardly heard or known out of their own congregations.

Genius is erratic; and not being always—we had almost said not being *often* accompanied by sound sense, some of our gifted men, in all callings—

Play such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make even angels weep.

Few men can afford to trifle—none can do their whole duty as preachers of the Gospel if they forget the importance, and lose sight of the nature of their profession. The very word "eccentricity" implies impropriety. Men look for gravity and wisdom, for decorum and propriety in clergymen. Their true sphere is bounded by the rule which imposes these traits of character. Their orbit is circumscribed by the command, "Let every thing be done decently and in order." By flying out of this sphere they become eccentric, and all such eccentricity as diminishes respect is a betrayal of their trust.

A thing grotesque is amusing. He has the best opportunity to make the foolish smile and the judicious grieve, who is placed by his profession in a position to which men properly look for sobriety and wisdom. What a man in ordinary circumstances might do without exciting remark, or even calling notice to his acts, the clergyman cannot do. The slightest patch of harlequin upon his sables is seen at a glance, and provokes notice, and in the end causes contempt for the man, if not for his calling. The duties which the clergyman has to perform may not innocently be trifled with. The words of instruction, of warning, of encouragement and of wisdom, which he is called upon to utter, must not be made powerless—the sacred function must not be burlesqued. Burlesqued it will be, if the clergyman is eccentric; and the cause of religion is thus injured in the house of its friends.

It is not difficult to play the fool, as any man may prove, by trying it. But it is difficult—it is next to impossible to regain the weight which may thus, in a moment, or by a single act be thrown away. We would not have clergymen ascetic, or pompous, or dull, or stupidly precise. But if they cannot preserve their dignity without falling into these faults, the error in such a case is at least on the right side. It is better to make such a mistake than one of an opposite character. No clergyman, we repeat, should forget his dignity. None should desire to be known as a wit or humorist. Still less should any dare to descend to colloquialisms, or amusing antithesis or apparent paradox, or unexpected trifling in the discourses which he professes to deliver as illustrations of the word of God, or explanations of the way of duty. "Amusing anecdotes" concerning clergymen are the cause of more mischief than any direct assault upon religion can be.

THE SANATIVE INFLUENCE OF RELIGIOUS WORSHIP IN THE CASE OF THE INSANE.—The following observations are from the pen of our respected townsman, the Rev. Edward C. Jones, who for the past six years has devoted his energies untiringly to the moral amelioration of the insane patients in the Blockley Almshouse, with a success which has elicited the interest of our own community and called forth expressions of regard from physicians in

several of our State Insane Asylums. We bespeak for his observations a candid attention on the part of our numerous readers:—

"There is no question that stated religious ministrations, in the case of the mentally affected, exert a remedial influence. The religious instinct survives the wreck of intellect, and this instinct finds its correlative in the ordinary means of grace. It has been my uniform experience in the past six years of effort as a clergyman among this interesting class of my fellow-creatures, that those efforts were appreciated, and that the Gospel in its plain and simple presentation diverted the thoughts of my hearers into new channels by breaking up the old train of association. The influence of music, as a collateral branch of our worship, has ever been most beneficial. Upon the wings of sacred harmony, hundreds of depressed souls appeared to mount into the tranquil and serene atmosphere of a restored intellect. The expressions of unalloyed gratification which meet me as the patients salute me after worship, clearly attest the fact that the message of salvation is welcomed by those who in the providence of God are deprived to a greater or less degree of man's distinguishing endowment. Surely, to give the wrecked mind if it be but an hour of tranquilizing feelings is an achievement which an angel might covet to perform."

"FAST YOUNG MEN."—This phrase, if we understand it, describes—or rather indicates, for it can hardly be said to describe anything—those of the rising generation who set at defiance old-fashioned notions of prudence, economy and prosperity. It is a bad symptom when a bad thing or state of things is spoken of lightly. We are forced to conclude that the standard of propriety—not to say of honor and honesty—is lowered, when dissipation and extravagance are treated rather as a good joke than as any serious drawback on a young man's character.

Indeed, we are inclined to fear that there are too loose notions prevalent upon the old-fashioned virtues for which "fast young men" are not remarkable. He who should begin life with a determination to observe in good faith the maxims which were the guides of the old school merchant in his clerkship, would be pilled by not a few, as "verdant." Many

young men we do think play the hypocrite—not as of old counterfeiting virtue, but obtaining the coveted reputation of “fast men,” without really indulging in the follies and vices which mark that class; and what a pitiful hypocrisy this is, to be sure!

After all, the young only imitate their elders. Show and extravagance have been too much the fashion for a few years—but have, we hope, reached their culminating point, and will now diminish. It has been discovered, in some cases by bitter experience, that glare and tinsel are not comfort; and that high rents, handsome equipages, stylish parties, expensive tours, lavish expenditures for amusement, and costly offerings to fashion, are bitterly atoned for by the “bank-note fever,” and two per cent. per month. Pay-day is a sure day, and comes sooner or later; and when it comes must be provided for. It is hard to be compelled to “foot the bill” when the excitement of pleasure has passed away, and headache succeeds hilarity. We can’t all live like princes, and it is time that the fact were practically acknowledged.

The “fall business” throughout the country has been a disappointment—but probably a salutary one. So much money has been locked up in expensive investments in real estate, or in improvements and enterprises not yet in the way of re-embursing the outlay, that the channels of trade and exchange have run rather dry. The capitalists out of business have made a rich harvest by doling out the needful to those who were compelled to have money at any rate. There is, however, this consolation, that the difficulty in the money market which has been felt in all our great commercial marts has been an advantage. It has brought a nation to its senses. It has checked over-trading; and, better than that, it has checked extravagance. “Fast” middle-aged men and seniors have been compelled to retrench. Fast young men will, we hope, go out of fashion; or at least be compelled, by the force of public opinion, to abate their speed, and if they do not fall back quite into what has been called “old fogysm,” to hold wisdom and experience in higher respect.

A DENTAL EXPERIENCE.—The author of “Memories of a Grandmother” relates the following early experience:—Dr. Holmes, the

village dentist, was a kind man, with a good heart—the strength of which passed mainly into his knees; for no ether of modern times could have effected such utter annihilation of soul and body as did the iron tenure of these same joints. As I passed into his room, I entered a Paradise of rest; because the tooth ceased to ache the moment the instruments of torture were drawn forth. These came from a pigeon-hole in the desk, where he kept his tobacco, iron spectacle-case, bills of lading for mackerel, &c.; having also a set of shark’s teeth, that looked particularly white, causing me to wonder if *they* ever ached. Appalling, indeed, was the sight. Judging from the first sensation, one of his instruments seemed very like a small wheel running along the jaw, to upset in my brain; and my distinct memory records a mingled odor of fish and tobacco, as a blood-red handkerchief was wound around a handle to something designed for an awful execution somewhere. The *artist* seated himself in a chair, requesting me to “take the floor” with my back to him, placing my head on his lap. Picture to yourself, gentle reader, the “divine” original of the portrait in this position; and then, if you have seen plates representing Chinese torture, or the gymnastics of the Japanese, you will discover a striking resemblance. Chloroform in this day is humbug compared to the effect of that held upon my head by his iron knees. It was the *knee plus-ultra* of capital punishment. The philosophy of this performance was to the effect that the crushing *in* of the temples overpowered the sensation of the crushing *out* of the tooth.

ENGRAVINGS.—We give another choice Steel Engraving in this number, and also one of the Colored Engravings—a series of which will be offered during the next year. In addition to the more beautiful typography which will mark the new volume of the Home Magazine, we shall illustrate with even more liberality than heretofore. Among the illustrations to be introduced, will be a great variety of Needle-work Patterns for our lady readers, with other designs of interest and use to our fair friends. Arrangements having been made for Engravings of the latest Styles of Dress; these will be regularly introduced. In a word, no pains or expense, within the limits of our ability, will be spared, to make the Home Magazine one of the most desirable periodicals for home reference, as well as home reading, issued in this country.

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nov-3m

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The undersigned, having occasion to employ Mr. J. Frederick Foster in making and fitting Trusses for the relief of Hernia, takes great pleasure in recommending him to the favorable notice of persons who may be afflicted with that and similar complaints. Mr. Foster's success in the manufacture and fitting them to the body, giving ease and comfort to the wearer, surpasses—so far as our experience goes—any other manufacturer of the article.

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nov-6m

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Organized for the Encouragement and General Diffusion of Literature and the Fine Arts, on a New and Original Plan!

THIS NEW ASSOCIATION is designed to encourage and popularize the Fine Arts, and disseminate pure and wholesome literature throughout the country. For this purpose a Gallery of Arts is to be permanently founded, which will each year contain a choice and valuable collection of Paintings, Statuary, etc.

FOR FREE ANNUAL DISTRIBUTION.

The Association will also publish and issue to its members each year the best literature of the day, consisting of the most popular Monthly Magazines, Reviews and Pictorial Library works.

The Officers of the Association for 1854 have the pleasure of announcing that the Subscription books for the current year are now open, and the

FIRST ANNUAL DISTRIBUTION

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Published for disseminating among the members of the Association for 1854, will consist of the following monthly Magazines, Reviews, etc., viz:

Harper, Putnam, Blackwood, Knickerbocker, Godey's Lady's Book, Magazine of Art, and Graham's Magazine. Together with the following Quarterly Reviews, reprinted in New York, viz:—

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THE ASSOCIATION IS OPEN TO ALL.

Any person may become a member by the payment of \$3, which entitles him to a membership and any one of the above Magazines or Reviews for one year; and also to a *free ticket* in the annual distribution of Statuary, Painting, etc. All who take five memberships are entitled to any five of the Magazines for one year, and six tickets in the distribution.

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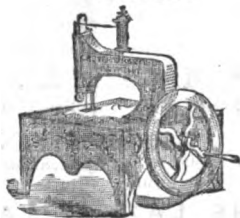
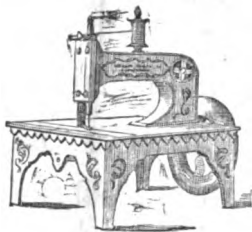
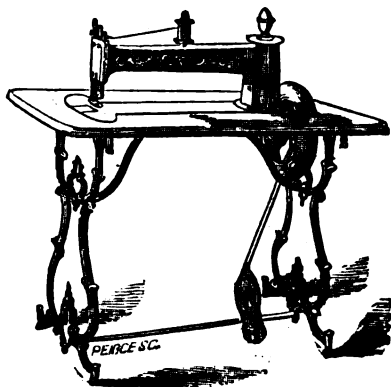
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